











BELL SMITH.
ABROAD.

J. G. DERBY.
PUB.

1855.

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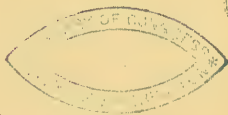


B E L L S M I T H

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P58

To my dear Father
These Trifles,
Making up my First Book
are
Affectionately Dedicated.



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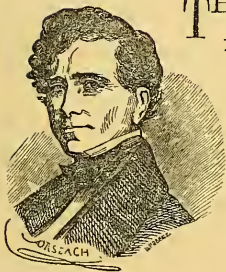
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Ada P. Smith.

1856

INTRODUCTORY.

Europe by the Way of Washington.



THACKERAY names one of his most entertaining books of travel, "*A Trip from Cornhill to Cairo*," and devotes quite a notice to his unpretending starting point. I believe it is no ordinary custom, to wanderers who leave their tracks in ink, to devote much of it to the first scenes. I am justified in opening with Washington, for it was the cause of my acquaintance with the many peopled houses of Paris. I said Toledo or Paris, and the last named won as a residence, but won by the way of Washington. In no imitation of Thackeray, not even an humble imitation, I commence with the place I saw almost the last before starting, and remember most frequently, for it continually rises in contrast to what I find abroad. Of all our cities the capital is the

most original and purely American. Other places are under the influence of trade, or religion, or a society that apes Paris, or a society setting up to be English; but Washington is itself. As Governor C—— told me one day, while looking from the terrace, upon its scattered existence, it was the first child of our independence, and has grown to its present state upon the thinnest of all diet—political patronage. Its character is political. Deprived of the right of suffrage, it is political without power, and listens in high excitement to questions it cannot influence, and lives in a continual whirl of excitement about affairs over which it can have no control. Depending for many years upon boarding-houses and hotels, for a meagre subsistence, it has learned to regard the inhabitants of such as the source of all wealth and influence.

The great majority in these hotels and boarding-houses, are persons connected with the Government, and give birth to the moving, the respected power. The millionaire of New York, the Barclays of Boston, the wealthy creole from New Orleans, find themselves thrown into the shade, unnoticed, unknown, amid a crowd that follows Jones of the House, or Smith of the Senate. A society made up in this way, and influenced in this manner, must necessarily be peculiar. Nor is it disagreeable. The fearful pressure

of the money market, felt so sorely elsewhere, loosens and dissolves at the corporate limits, and the tone governing its social world is nearer approach to one of intellect, than when the bow fashions itself over a counter, and the staple of conversation originates and ends in silks and calicoes.

To the same humorous gentleman I am indebted for an analysis of the class, starting from hotels and boarding-houses, who set notable examples to the inhabitants, and have given tone to the society of Washington. They are, he said, two sorts, the office-seekers or office-holders, and the lobby members.

The first comes in great force upon the 4th of March, which sees a new administration take its place; and crowding hotels, and thronging streets, waiting in antechambers, soliciting assistance, flourishing documents, and all the time drinking oceans of bad wine, thins out as the money fails or the offices are filled, until, in the heat of mid-summer, the avenues and antechambers are silent and deserted.

This is a temporary attack, but the other class may be styled chronic. Washington is never free of its presence. You meet with it at all times, and in all places, from the wealthy agent at Brown's or the National, with his reception rooms, wines, cards and suppers, to the poor widow who half

starves at a third-rate boarding-house, or the old man in homespun, who gets there as only heaven knows how, and subsists as heaven wills only the poor shall subsist. Prying, boring, insinuating, and corrupting. Think of a vast granary, surrounded by rats, nibbling through stout planks to the rich stores within.

The comparison would be very incorrect and unjust, for I am assured the vast majority of these claims are proper and should be paid, and am further told, that while the needy and honest are crowded back, the unprincipled and reckless too frequently succeed. But here it is influencing society; the poor patient and humble—the cunning, polite, and insinuating—patiently, continuously at work, and giving a sadder and a darker tinge to the society of Washington.

While this society is a nearer approach to an intellectual one, it is also nearer a democracy. The so-called circles of other cities have no existence there. The President's levées are open to all, and to gain admittance to any reception given by a Government official, one has only to send a card and the door opens. Fresh linen and a whole coat make up the court costume of a gentleman, while a woman may wear anything crazy imitation or crazier originality gives birth to. The blue cloth

coat, ornamented with brass buttons, that holds uneasily to the back of the gentleman from the west, rubs against the exquisite fit of New York or Philadelphia in the small and densely-packed rooms of a Secretary, who, caring alike for all, poisons with bad wines indifferently.

Oh! what a heterogeneous mass, and what a leveling! The dainty miss, sole heiress to immense funds, in perspective, with a name worshipped in aristocratic saloons, hesitates about giving the light of her lovely countenance to one, whose only title to an acquaintance is his place in Congress, and that gained through the fascination of his own bar-room. But a whisper from her father, on the subject of a certain claim, breaks down the reserve, and gives her delicate hand for the dance, though she blushes in terror at his awkwardness. Yet although Hon. Jo. Bingham has a doubtful footing in the ball-room, he stands firm enough in his place upon the floor, where he will "roar you like a lion," and so the strangely-mated dance goes on.

This is not saying how Paris, instead of Toledo, came to be my place of residence—but it came by the way of Washington, and a whim and some medical advice, all in this manner. We drove into that miraculous lake town, that, against difficulties, nay, impossibilities, to any other place, has started

into a city—astonishing its denizens with unexpected wealth—one cold October evening, and found, as Park Benjamin had promised us, a great deal of mud, and all the planks of the town in the streets. The sky was of a leaden hue, reflected in the wide bay, well as a violent wind would permit, and altogether the scene was rather dismal. The feeling originating in such a reception, was much alleviated on finding ourselves comfortably roomed in a hotel, that would have appeared well in New York. The society, cultivated and refined as it is, came to our assistance, and we were fast becoming contented, when, one morning, after the packet had poured out its weary voyagers, we found opposite us at breakfast, two piercing eyes, looking from a bronzed countenance, over which a huge quantity of black hair had invaded, hiding entirely a mouth, into which, however, a large quantity of food disappeared. Suddenly these eyes fell upon us, and after a stare, eyes, hair, beard, overcoat, top-boots and all came round the table, and we were shaken into a recognition of our eccentric friend L. B.

“What on earth are you doing here, and where do you come from?”

“I saw a California bear, caged in New York, and crossed the plains to have a shot at one.”

“Well, and how many did you bring down?”

“Not one, I assure you, the confounded stupid beast, enemy as he is to all law and order, instead of permitting me to kill him, had the ridiculous design of killing me. This, the first I met, and I contemplated him for some time, as he slowly clambered a ridge, looking as if crossed in love, or was soured by early disappointment, and I thought from the time he was making, I could load and fire from any position a long while before an assault. Bless your soul! the report of my rifle called his attention to the fact, that an enemy was about, and something to be done. With a quickness amounting to genius, he started towards me. It was the most awkward gallop I ever witnessed, and I should have died laughing, but from the fact that he was coming in my direction, and making extraordinary time.”

“What did you do?”

“I retreated up a small tree.”

“But bears climb.”

“This one’s education had been neglected then. He made several attempts, but required so much boosting, that he gave up at last, and contented himself with waiting until I should come down. You may rest assured I was in no hurry, and we held that position over twelve hours. ‘To sit on rocks, and muse o’er flood and fell,’ as Byron

says, may be pleasant, but a contemplation of nature, and a California bear in disagreeable proximity, is not delightful."

"He went away at last?"

"I say, thankfully, he did, in search of refreshments. I feared at first he was indulging in a little stratagem, and only let on to go away; but while hesitating, I heard a terrible roaring, and as the noise continued in one spot, I came to the conclusion old shaggy-sides was in trouble. Sure enough he had fallen into a log-trap, set for some of his family by the hunters, and was filled with disgust at his unpleasant situation."

"Of course you rendered him some good service."

"I could not forbear giving a few pokes, to call his attention to the fact that the tables were turned, and how very superior intellect was to mere brute force."

So much for our friend's bear story, which was followed by another to the effect, that his next winter would be in Washington, and the winter following in Paris. I will not go into the persuasive arguments—indeed I do not remember them—by which we were induced to try a winter at the capital. It was, as I said, a whim, and then I was told the climate on the lake shore would be found too severe for my health.

We arrived in Washington at midnight, and I was awakened by the confused noises indicating a city. I ran to the window. Nothing can exceed the disappointment I experienced. It was a cold, wintry morning, with snow falling scantily and in shivers from a heavy sky, and upon such a scene. Below was the wide street, with its line of hacks and noisy drivers, bounded by houses, low, ill-built, and irregular, while beyond I saw other houses of the same character, in groups and alone, with barren ground between, looking as if a dozen villages had said, "Come, let us be a city,"—while the grotesque Smithsonian Institute, the unfinished Washington Monument, and a windmill, gave to the landscape a still more singular appearance.

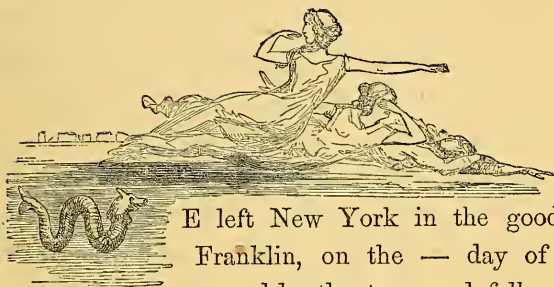
I found our administration preparing to give way to an incoming, and yet as merry over their departure as if it were mere jest, and they not the laughed at either. Writing this in Paris, where no one dares breathe an opinion opposed to the Government, where one hears continually the roll of the drum, or sees the glittering of the bayonet, I can scarcely realize the grand freedom of my home—dear, dear home, with its pure, free air. Oh! it is in another land one learns to appreciate the blessings and grow enthused over the beauty of our own.

The gay season was at its height. There is such

a wide difference between its getting up and the same thing here. I am inclined to give elaborate details as if I were telling something new. I must not linger upon scenes so pleasant in the remembrance, the very names I love to cherish, trembling upon the tip of my willing pen, would fill pages. The merry season passed, and then came the inauguration, and the sea of hungry office-seekers—said in no disrespect, the hungriest one I knew is a very esteemed friend of mine, quite unnecessary to name here. This crowd too passed, roaring out of sight, and the long halls of the National Hotel were deserted, and the sun began to warm the public grounds into beauty, when orders were given to pack up and go. So came about these trifles—trifles light as air, pressed into the service of a book. But let none be deceived, and open it expecting to be improved, or benefited by a single fact, or an original expression. I would have a book, and “A book’s a book, though there be nothing in it,” though by it one I wot of will find his political opinions distorted, his descriptions stolen, his sentiments flattered, and his good stories spoiled. If he can forgive me, my few readers can.

I.

At Sea.



WE left New York in the good ship Franklin, on the — day of —, graced by the tears and followed by the blessings of Pier No. 4. I had intended, for months before, to devote that hour of parting to sublime emotions; but, to tell the unromantic truth, I was so heated and confused by the little annoyances and unlooked-for occurrences of the morning, that I had nothing but a feeling of a dense crowd under a low awning, and a confused notion of the whereabouts of six trunks, four boxes, two carpet bags, three cloaks, guitar-box, and a bird-cage, which seemed to me certainly to have been left in the Astor House, or distributed over the dirty

streets of New York. On the morning of our departure, I found a multitude of necessary things undone. Lucy, poor child, could not help me; and D. had gone off to get shaved, which I knew would last until half past twelve; in which time, by the closest calculation, our steamer would have been outside the bay of New York, and beyond the successful pursuit of even a business character. D.'s shaving consisted of reading all the papers, chatting with everybody he met, eating breakfast, and the startling discovery, just at twelve o'clock, that he had business in bank, and letters which must be mailed before leaving. To sum up all, that man's departure with us was an especial act of Providence; for at the corner of two narrow streets, just as George S. on one side was advising me to take champagne in case of sea-sickness, and Mrs. W. on the other was beseeching me to send her the latest new bonnet, I caught sight of the anxiously-sought-for individual, seated in a hack, calmly surveying a barricade of hacks and omnibuses which, probably employed by the hour, were content to remain there the entire day. We captured him, under protest, and arrived at the boat as the clock struck twelve. Immediately the floating-world slipped cable, and with a great waving of handkerchiefs, loud huzzas, and a shrill shriek

from the engine, which seemed a cry of angry dismay, we splashed into the bay, "outward bound."

The choicest bits of emotion I have ever been blessed with have come unexpected. I never sat out to be delighted, awe-struck, or astonished, that I did not mourn over a total failure. An ordinary picture, in an unexpected corner, has won more admiration and given more pleasure than whole galleries of famous old masters. I saw New York gradually disappear, and my mind, in place of bidding adieu to the great world we call our own, and which for so many days, months, and perhaps years, would be dreamed over or remembered, kept running on a handkerchief that I was satisfied I had left in my room at the Astor House, and, of course, never to be seen by the real owner again. A small matter, that handkerchief, light and delicate enough to have been a gift from Oberon to Titania, and yet it was large enough to cover New York bay, Brooklyn, and all the surroundings so generally seen through tears by departing travelers. By force of will, I disposed of the handkerchief, and was becoming tranquil, when D. asked what had become of our passport—if I knew any thing about the keys—had not the brandy and Jamaica ginger been forgotten? All of which sent me from the

deck to our cabin, before unvisited. Our entrance was greeted by a combination of odors, which at once answered half his questions. The ginger, hair oil, brandy, and cologne, had all been tumbled by poor little Lucy into a carpet sack, which, when opened, presented, as D. said, a "considerable smash"—the mingled liquids dyeing our night-dresses, which by the process seemed to suffer a "sea change unto something rich and strange." I sat down, and laughed and cried, as D., with a rueful countenance, pulled out the various articles and held them up, making queer comments. He wanted to throw them all out the window, and let the fish experiment—asserting that they would play "Old Gooseberry" with the sharks, as he did not think any digestion would be good against such a quantity of excellent preventives. He argued, however, that taken by some larger creature as a homeopathic dose, and as all the ills that fish were heir to must be some species of *sea-sickness*, we might be the means of saving the life of some aged and infirm whale.

Upon our return to the deck, the engine had ceased its throbbings, and we were heading in towards a low, sandy island, graced by a lighthouse, but otherwise barren enough for Willis to run out and play Robinson Crusoe on. A boat was being

lowered, with a dozen men in it, and, I was informed, a party made up of patriotic Frenchmen in reduced circumstances, who had hid themselves in the vessel, hoping in this way to win a passage to their sunny land of grapes and gayety. Poor fellows! what golden hopes they had seen melt away upon foreign shores, and now, sick at heart, were willing to undergo any hardship to get back once more to wives and children. My heart ached as I saw them turned homeless and penniless upon the sands. But such sympathy is in great danger of being misplaced. I but a few days before began crying over the parting scene gotten up by some Irish in the cars; but, before I could get at my pocket-handkerchief, Paddy and Co. were laughing as heartily as before they had howled. And even in this instance the unfortunate exiles indulged in several merry capers upon the sands, and gave us a parting shout, mingled with laughter, that, ringing over the waves, cheered me up considerably. Wives, children, and French generally, were not in such a bad way, after all.

We saw the sun go down at sea. I was surprised at the number of passengers possessing a taste for this beautiful finale to a summer's day. Indeed, they preferred it to their dinner, and clung to the decks, while a few ancient mariners were

uncorking champagne and enjoying substantial below. Among the rest, Lucy and D. hung over the railing, and seemed to be in raptures; at least, they came back and so informed me. Came back; for, to tell you the truth, in a confidential way, I took one look along the huge vessel, and saw the bow playing bo-peep with the horizon, and a deathly feeling came up, that carried me miles beyond admiration. I resolutely denied being at all sick, and, indeed, enjoyed some hearty laughs. Colonel H. and D. had been boasting of their power of resistance—claimed to be “old salts,” “sea dogs,” and other expressive names. The first waves brought D. down. He said he was “a miserable man, and nary salt to speak of,” “wished he was dead,” &c.; and in the midst of his miseries Colonel H. rushed up, with his handkerchief instead of his dinner in his mouth, and for the space of fifteen minutes was speechless. His first utterance was a gasping remark that he had no idea he was so bilious. Both wandered about, looking like star candles. I heard D. proposing to the colonel that he should step out and make affidavit to the effect that he was a “sea dog, and rather admired the briny deep than otherwise.”

One can never be on familiar terms with old ocean. I am satisfied the last night at sea will be

strange as the first. The sailors, who all their lives have been tossed upon its restless waves, until their birth-marks of character are washed out, and they become a people unto themselves, I am convinced never look upon their habitation as we do on the dells, hills, and meadows, of our homes. "It's a flyin' in the face of heaven, for men to be goin' up in smoke bags," said an old countryman to me, once, while witnessing a balloon ascension; "if the Lord had intended us to fly, he'd a given us wings." And so I think of going down to sea in great ships. We have not been provided with stomachs nor fins. I looked around the little room in which we were to live twelve days, and wondered whether I should get used to and love it at last. Your thousands of readers out West, who never saw such a thing, must imagine an exaggerated store-box set on the top of a tee-totum, with two shelves for berths, and a port-hole for a window, through which, when open, the sea roared, making you feel as if two huge shells were clasped over your ears. Of the berths from first to last I could make nothing; the mystery of getting in and out puzzled my weary brain the last night. I felt so like being confined the first evening, and feared so positively that the upper shelf would break down, that I pulled my mattress on to the floor, and in

the morning waked with my feet higher than my head—feeling so miserably ridiculous that I did not know whether to laugh or cry. I did the first; for I saw D. balancing himself on the upper shelf, in evident doubt whether to climb or tumble down; and on asking how he felt, he responded, with a most rueful countenance, that he was “an ancient mariner, whose home was on the mountain wave.”

We had a motley collection of passengers. Captain Noah, when commander of his high-water craft, had not a more singular collection of creatures. Next to me, at table, sat a German Baron, with an immense quantity of hair on his countenance, and a castle on the Rhine. He is a gentleman, however; and, like Cardinal Wolsey, possesses an unbounded stomach. He can eat any thing, almost—almost, I say; for pine-apple dipped in beer, with sea biscuit and cheese, did prove too much, and for some days the baron was not seen by men.

In the way of eating, and discoursing thereon, however, the fashionable author of the “Upper Two Dozen,” and an English officer, who had places not far from us, carried things to “a high pitch of perfection.” I had not, until enlightened by these learned gentlemen, the remotest idea of the art cul-

inary. What superb dinners these savans had partaken of; what peculiar, delicate dishes it had been their fortune to be ravished over; how often they had been poisoned, cruelly poisoned, and suffered extreme penalty, from vile compounds prepared by villains disguised as cooks, I cannot pretend to remember. To such an extent has the art been cultivated, that many things which would disgust an unsophisticated stomach, are to be considered prime luxuries. For instance, one day at dinner, when our vessel was rolling in that easy sweep over the long swells that keep one in such a state of distressing uncertainty between hunger and sca-sickness, our author began:

“The prejudices, my dear sir, against some delicious articles of food, is really astonishing—remnants of barbarism, I assure you. Now, for instance, some species of snake are quite as good in the hands of an artiste as your eel. It has only been of late that frogs are put to their proper use, and now science has been able to get over the hind legs only. I tell you nothing has been made in vain, and the day is not far distant when buzzard-fricassee will be esteemed a famous delicacy. Permit me to give you an illustration: I had a cook once, a capital fellow—indeed a man of infinite genius—had he stooped to books, I have little question but that

he would have at once been recognized. I got him at a great bargain. He cooked once as an experiment, impelled by his wonderful genius, the Empress Marie's favorite monkey, and had to fly for his life; and this proves how nearly the affections are allied to our digestive organs. The Empress was so delighted with the dish that she never rested until she discovered of what it was composed. The Bible, you know, speaks of men without bowels. Well, as I was saying, I was surprised at my house one day by a party of distinguished diners, who came purposely to try my cuisine. There was not an article to speak of in the house. Barbetti looked puzzled for a second, but only a second. Hang me if I knew half the time what I was eating. We had a dinner—superb, wonderful dinner—and, in the midst of our raptures at its conclusion, we begged Barbetti to give us the real bill of fare. My dear sir, a little wine, if you please. It consisted of a Cincinnati ham, my favorite pointer, a poll-parrot, six kittens, and four rats—the last done up in sugared pastry as a dessert.”

“What became of him?”

“Died. True to his character, died trying the effect on himself of an ordinary New York dinner—died in horrible agony.”

A party of young gentlemen from the South

and West—some proposing to be students in Paris, others on pleasure bent—messed together, and consumed great quantities of wine in a very merry way. Their dinner began at half-past four, and ended at midnight, or thereabouts. We were generally notified of the breaking up, as one of the company always made an attempt to climb into the machinery, and was repulsed with loud outcries, while another, descending into the cabin, invariably turned to the right instead of the left, which brought him to the state room of a dyspeptic old gentleman, and a pitched battle was the consequence, which disturbed the entire community before peace could be proclaimed. These gentlemen—all bearers of dispatches, by-the-by—by their great good nature and fine flow of spirits, did more to enliven the passage than all the others together. There was no resisting their continual jokes, and lively, rattling conversation.

Mrs. T., the celebrated traveler—having, as you know, girdled the earth, and alone; a German savan, who had an entire state-room to himself—the boat was not crowded—with the upper berth, and every corner, indeed, full of geological specimens, who kept diving down and bringing up startling rocks, whenever he could get one to listen to his theory, that the earth was originally nothing but fog—a

theory we were much inclined to accept, for we saw nothing but this article, and of the densest kind, two-thirds of our way—I believe the largest-class world could be made several times during our trip; an eccentric Frenchman, who had been speculating in American lands—made the rest of our notable passengers. We had, the captain assured us, a large collection of unknowns, who would keep their state-rooms, in various stages of disgust and misery, until the steamer arrived at Havre.

On Friday we had rough weather—Captain Wotten would not permit us to call it a storm. It was sublime to me; and I sat upon the deck all day, and until late at night, spell-bound in the rain and wind, watching the breaking waves. I have a queer way of giving character and will to these things. Looking at the rapids of Niagara, it always seemed to me as if a portion of the waves were struggling back from the fearful precipice. Old, gray-headed conservatives, who vociferated and fought the mad progressives, shouted earnestly of bad times ahead, of crisis, and crash, and ruin, to no purpose. And now, as the waters roared around us, it seemed as if a portion were doing battle in our behalf—how the immense waves would dash fiercely at us, and other huge waves would meet them, and struggle and break, and fall back in wildest tumult—how way off

a terrible billow would lift its head and seem suddenly to get sight of our vessel, and with a wild roar start in pursuit, with an army pressing after—how, just as we seemed about being devoured, other waves would rush abruptly round our bows, and give battle, while the old boat strode bravely on, leaving them blindly fighting way abaft. For hours way into the night I listened to and looked upon the uproar, until D. dragged me below.

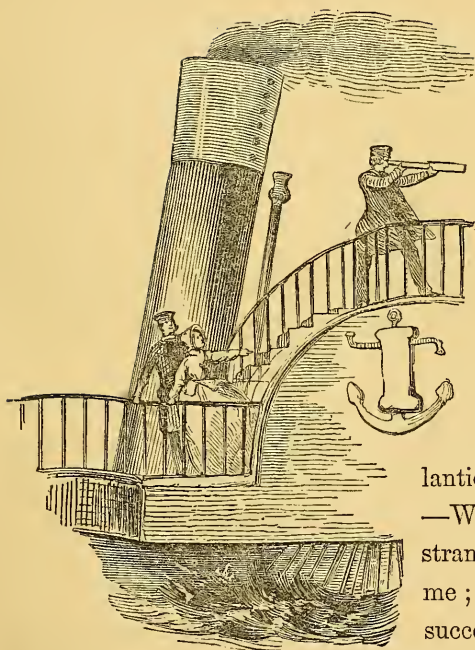
Below, the old boat was making a terrible pother. Every timber, every plank, seemed possessed of a voice, and complaining bitterly to each other. “Bad times”—“sorry they come”—“wished the thing done with”—seemed whined and groaned out in every conceivable tone. I fell asleep, watching a stool and a wash-basin dance a stately minuet over our floor. With what dignity and ease the stool chassé’d; how they met and crossed; how they forwarded to a sturdy pair of boots, and seemed soliciting the honor—which boots surlily declined—and gradually the stool lengthened into a stately old gentleman, with powdered wig and slender shanks, and the basin changed to a fleshy dowager, all brocade and fan. And still the stately minuet went on, and on, and on, to music that seemed made up of trombones and squeaky fiddles.

I was startled from my dream by a fearful outcry

near us; and we rushed out, frightened terribly, to find that the German savan's specimens, placed in the upper berth, had fallen down and nearly killed him.

II.

At Sea.



MAKE a
Cook's voy-
age of my At-

lantic experiences.
—Well, it was
strange enough to
me ; but, as one's
success in story-

telling is not in what is seen, so much as in the manner of its relation, I do not hesitate for the purpose of asking, is this new or old? We go through the

world with the same pair of eyes, and looking at the same things; but, back of those eyes, what various brain and widely-differing experiences! If I cannot interest you in the passage across, I will drop my pen in despair; for the fault is not in the great Atlantic, but the penholder. I realized this with Mrs. T. Gathered round her, under the shadow of the wheel-house—when the fog permitted us to have that luxury—she delighted a large circle with the graphic description of things we should have seen a thousand times in our own land. I stopped in my usual way, to analyze my happiness, and found its cause in the pleasant way in which she presented old, familiar things. I am smitten with an ambition to do the same thing; so, no searching for untrodden paths, or even unfamiliar things.

The lady, Mrs. T., somewhat shocked me in the beginning of our acquaintance. My first view was not the pleasantest, as it startled all the old associations which surround me. On the second day out, I found her, after dinner, walking the deck, in boots with most decided heels, a traveling dress of sombre hue and stoutest material, a bonnet with brim broad enough to be of service, and a pair of buckskin gloves, with gauntlets of sufficient length to cover one-third the arm. These, upon rather a stout woman of thirty-five or forty, with a handsome face,

made up of a prominent chin, aquiline nose, and large hazel eyes, were sensible, and not unbecoming; but there she was, walking alone, in a very quiet, dignified manner, with her hands behind her, and smoking a cigarito. I had heard of such things; but here it was, under the broad daylight, and in public. Well, well, custom makes a wide difference; and I learned to love Mrs. T., but under protest when smoking.

She has, you know, a restless temperament, and is forever traveling. This is accomplished alone, and undisturbed, she says. But once, and once only, we were informed one day, was she ever molested. This occurred while riding alone through some woodland in England. A man of very unprepossessing appearance suddenly sprang from the side of the road and seized the horse by the rein, making a demand, at the same time, while flourishing a very ugly stick. Pretending to search for her purse, she quietly opened in her pocket a snuff-box, and suddenly threw the contents—the best Scotch—in both eyes of her new acquaintance. In a paroxysm of blind rage and pain, he released the bridle rein, and struck at her with the club. The blow fell upon the horse, and only made him gallop away the quicker. Looking back, she saw her late friend performing a high dance, far more remarkable for

activity than grace. The best use I ever knew tobacco put to.

When to Mrs. T.'s striking traits of character and peculiar habits, you add rare accomplishments—which enable her to converse fluently in five languages, paint like an artist, and gives a facility to her pen which only requires use to make her famous—you will not wonder at my fascination. I would not like to see my female friends making her a model. These things, which appear passable, and even pleasing, in her, would be sadly misplaced in others. After all, imitations of any sort are abominable. Let us live up to such traits as nature has given us, if any, and rest assured we cannot do better. If I were to venture upon a very profound observation, I should say that this spirit of imitation is our national characteristic. But no; I will not venture upon a profound observation—especial in reference to national peculiarities, until I have seen some other people than our own.

Speaking of national peculiarities, our little Frenchman seems to think, from the experiences he gave, that we had abundance. He had tried his intellect at speculating in lands. He began by purchasing on paper, ten thousand acres in Illinois, and, furnished with a portable saw-mill, and armed with his title-deeds, a little army of clerks, clergy-

man, and servants, he set out in search of his domain.

“Ma foi, I cannot find him; I look tree, five, ten day; all say dis no your land. Ver mad dat I look; but I find him; I make von grand discovery. Dey all be vat you call squattair; dam squattair, dey lie all ze time. I get my papier, I say you von dam squattair, brigand, pig—you go. Sacre, he takes de rifle vat shoot von leetle squirrel more zan von mile, and I go—go ever so fass. I nevere stop till I arrive at Cincinnat. I see von juge, two juge, all ze juge; dey say ver sorry, ver sorry; but vot I care for ze sorry? I am mad, broke man—broke all into leetle pieces of despair. I consider ze grand Republique von grand hombug. But von juge say, You see Monsieur ———, un brave homme—he will get you out of all care. Well, so he did, in grand victorie—grand triumphe.”

“How?” we asked anxiously.

“Oh! dis Monsieur be von gran advocat. He know more trick zan all dis country. He say, your title it is good, your land it is good. Ah! but ze dam squattair, I say. Nevere mind ze squattair, he say; your title it is good, your land it is good; we will sell him. I so delight, I jump ever so high, like von buck. Monsieur ze advocat make von, vat you call, map of ze subdivision of

all ze color of ze rainbow; it have ze church, ze saw-mill, ze court-house, but it have no squattair; and we sell—we sell ever so fass; ze lots go like ze hot cake, and I gets my money, and I gets nine, ten thousand dollair more."

On our expressing some doubt as to the morality of this proceeding, he added, hastily:

"No, no; ver morale, ver good. Ze man as buy, go viz rifle, too, and ze dam squattair run like ze debbl. It is vats you call ze diamond cut diamond."

The pleasure of a passage across the Atlantic to Europe is much marred by the heavy fogs, which hang over us two-thirds of the way—sometimes so dense we could not see from one end of the vessel to the other, and falling round like rain. Then the bell, with its warning clang, is dismal beyond description, especially in an evening, when night comes without its glory of a parting sunset; but the cold gray seems gathering up in fog from the rolling water, as if the ocean were throwing out the night from its blacker depths. What a time to lean over the rails, and think of great ships having gone down into unfathomable caverns, dropping like plummets out of the mind's imaginings—of tossing, hunger, thirst, and despair, in open boats, over which day and night flow like grim, unfeeling phantoms! I was one afternoon looking out into the dense, chilling

fog, and realizing, as I gave way to my fancy, the terrible fascination of the great deep, when the sound of a horn smote on my ear. It was such as I have heard, over and often, come ringing, winding, soft and long, over the prairies of the West—a dinner horn, common, unmistakable dinner horn; and to hear it there, far out to sea, where one looked for icebergs and whales, had upon me the most startling effect. At first, I thought it a delusion, and had scarcely time to ask the meaning, when a sailing vessel flashed past us, so near it seemed to touch. It came and went so silently and swift, that, with its singular announcement, I thought of the phantom ship, and almost expected to see the doomed mariner, in old-fashioned Dutch dress, spring upon the netting to hail us, and, in so doing, doom us; for, as the tradition runs, all vessels thus approached had fearful weather, and were wrecked, or met with some terrible fate, that sent few or none ashore to tell the sad story.

The ocean has lost much of its wild interest since commercial enterprise has left so little of it unknown, and swept piracy from its surface into novels. A voyage everywhere is such a safe, commonplace affair, that to tell of it is to appear exceedingly cockney. There is more peril, and infinitely more misery, in a night's ride on the New Jersey railroad, from New York to Philadelphia, than a trip from America to

England. We growl over our dinners, and loiter over our wine, in a very hotelish way, not in keeping with perils or adventures. Imagine, if your readers can, the *St. Nicholas* or *Astor* afloat for ten or twelve days, with all the exquisite interior of dress, eating, drinking, and manner, and they will have a pretty correct idea of life in the *Franklin*. We breakfasted at ten, lunched at one, and dressed for our dinner at five. The living on the *Franklin* and *Humboldt* is said to be superior to any other line. Certainly, we had nothing to complain of, and all the passengers—the six bearers of dispatches included—were loud in their expressions of admiration. I must say—and being an invalid I have a right to question—I have my doubts about game, fowls, and other delicacies, being kept fresh so many days, and in such quantities as the *Franklin* exhibited. And let me propose the doubt to the qualmy passenger, trusting it may induce him to eschew the tempting display, and abide by ham and biscuit.

Captain Wotton is my beau ideal of an officer—patient, bluff, hearty, handsome, and carrying in every lineament evidence of experience and capacity. There is no humbug about him. It were better had he more, and took some care in getting up the vote of thanks which so often drag other officers into notice. He had for every one a kind word,

and at all times a fund of good humor, that had treasured up a multitude of pleasant stories, which often set our table in a roar. I do not praise our officer for doing his duty, but I do admire the indifferent way in which he leaves reputation to take care of itself.

The queerest things about these sea voyages may be found in the fact of invisible passengers—people who take to their state-rooms, and are unseen from the port of departure until the vessel makes land again. The captain assured us that these mysterious personages were not uncommon, and that at Havre we would meet unknown faces; or tall ladies, in straw bonnets with green veils, would wander out, like sickly ghosts who had been deprived of exercise for a century or so; that on one occasion, after a protracted, stormy trip of more than twenty days, he had dropped anchor at Havre, and was about going ashore to report no passengers, when he met in the cabin a long-haired, unshaved, cadaverous-looking customer, who asked solemnly to be shown out of the boat. He had a misty recollection of a very neat-looking fleshy gentleman coming aboard at New York, but is in doubt to this hour as to the identity.

We had a state-room full of such odd creatures near us, and, of course, sleeping all day made them

miserably wakeful during the night, and gave time for the practice of various melodies, among which the whooping-cough seemed to be the favorite. One morning, I heard honest old Jonathan, the steward, inquiring kindly as to the health of one who was forever complaining of a seventeen-year headache. She responded, despairingly:

"Oh, ver bad; all ze night I vas more seek zan avair; ze head, ze back, ze limbs, so bad I can not tell"—

"Would you like some breakfast, madam?"

"Don't know; ver sick wiz ze sea mal—vot ave you?"

"Get you any thing nice, madam."

"Ave you ze beefsteak?"

"Yes, madam."

"I takes ze beefsteak. Ave you ze mouton chop—ze potate—ze tomates—wiz ze café and hot cake?"

"Any thing else you would like to have, madam?"

"Ah, mon Dieu! I cannot tell; I ver indispose. Stop, garçon; after leetle bit, bring ze lobstair, cow-cumber, and ze oil."

On the morning of the eleventh day out, I came up on deck to greet a most beautiful day, and see the rugged coast of old England; for we were in the channel. My heart did throb to see, for the first time, the cliffs of that, to us, classic land, and

loved in spite of ourselves. I found my mind listening to the world's song of praise, as uttered by Campbell:

"Her march is on the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep."

We took one of her water-dogs on board, in the shape of a pilot, who was immediately surrounded by the passengers, and robbed of a "Times" newspaper. We had been eleven days out, and thirsting for news, expecting to find Europe in a war over Turkey. The paper was read aloud by one, while the others listened in breathless attention. The intelligence sounded very familiar; and at last, on examining the date, the journal was discovered to be aged only three weeks. Indignation was boundless at the stupid pilot.

"Gentlemen," said our captain, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, "I am astonished at you; he is the most intelligent pilot I ever met in these waters."

The next day we were before Havre, too late to take advantage of the tide, and so we were shipped, pell-mell, into a nondescript craft, very like—if such a thing were possible—a cooking-stove afloat. For three weary hours were we paddled back and forward before the uninviting town, having no choice between resting in the sun, and broiling on the boilers. We

sadly contemplated the long beach, where some donkeys stood, evidently ennuied to death, and regarding us as bores of the largest magnitude, until at last the order was given to "bout cooking-stove," and the nondescript snorted and kicked through the water, over the mud, into a sort of canal, where it gave its last gasp at the foot of some ladders leading up over a stone work, that looked and smelled as if erected in Adam's extreme youth.

"Dear me," said one of the six bearers of dispatches, "were this New York, now, we would have been up in town, and paid a bill, three hours since."

From the end of the ladders we were dropped into the custom-house, with our baggage, and, to a vociferous demand for immediate search, were politely informed that nothing could be done until three o'clock. This was too much for American patience. Three hours already gone, three more to lose, and, in the meantime, miss the afternoon train to Paris. Impossible. The six bearers of dispatches had rights—the six bearers of dispatches would maintain their rights; and, to this effect, flourished such quantities of official papers, with such huge seals, in the face of the gens d'arme, that that functionary wavered. At this important moment, a French minister, one of our passengers, and a long Spanish priest, came

to the rescue. The functionary gave way, opened the door, in went the minister and priest, in rushed the six bearers of dispatches, and with a terrible tumult the whole crowd followed, and the examination began. Inside the uproar beggars description. The alliance between the foreign minister and six bearers of dispatches abruptly terminated—each party determined to have the precedence. The minister, backed by the priest and servants, came up gallantly to the combat. With a long trunk between them, that looked as if it might contain the mortal remains of a brother Jesuit, plenipo and church militant charged along the line; the six bearers of dispatches, armed with carpet-sacks and boxes, bore down bravely. Victory hung doubtful. At length, ministerial dignity stumbled and fell, dragging down the church behind a large pile of luggage, where, for the space of three minutes, they were invisible. The country was safe—the six bearers of dispatches were triumphant.

After our luggage was inspected, our passports had to be *viséd*, and this caused another stupid delay; but, while waiting for this important procedure, D. had our heaviest trunks forwarded to Paris. D.'s French not being of that practical nature which permits him to converse fluently on all topics, I had to act as interpreter on these occasions. We paid

two prices to have our things carried to the depôt; and when about leaving, to get a hasty dinner, as we had determined to proceed as far as Rouen that night, the hackman held out his hand, and said :

“ Quelque chose pour le pauvre garçon.”

“ What does he say now, Bell ?”

“ Something for the poor boy.”

“ Must I give him something ?” turning to Mrs T.

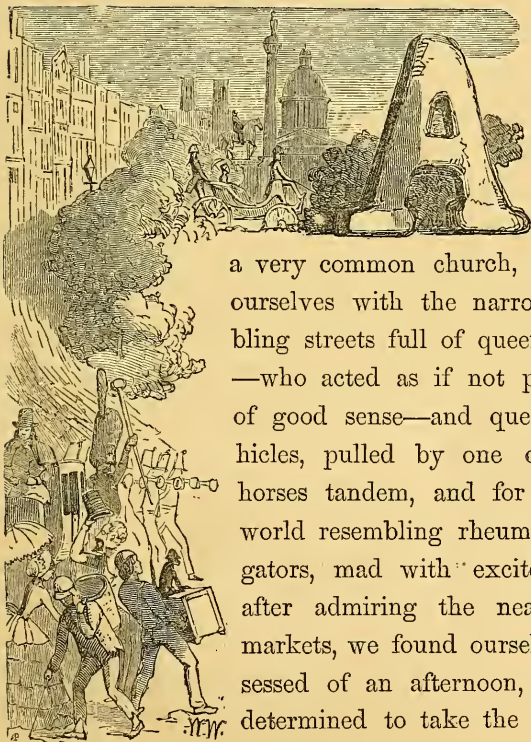
“ Yes—no—if you want to. Do as you please.”

“ Oh, very well. I’ll give him something—I’ll give him my blessing. Garçon, may Heaven’s choicest gifts be upon you, garçon ; may you prosper in all your outgoings and incomings, in all your uprisings and downsittings, now and forever, my sweet-favored garçon.”

Leaving garçon astonished at this oration, delivered with great gravity, we proceeded to take a hasty view of Havre, which looks, D. said, as if it had gone crazy some centuries since, and been forgotten.

III.

Paris.



FTER
exhaus-
ting
Havre,
by star-
ing at

a very common church, amusing ourselves with the narrow, rambling streets full of queer people—who acted as if not possessed of good sense—and queerer vehicles, pulled by one or three horses tandem, and for all the world resembling rheumatic alligators, mad with excitement—after admiring the neat little markets, we found ourselves possessed of an afternoon, and so determined to take the evening

train as far as Rouen. The express for Paris would reach Rouen the next day, about ten o'clock, A. M.; so that we would be blessed with a night's rest, and a glance at that ancient city. We found at our hotel the six bearers of dispatches, and they, too, had made the most of Havre, and, in high disgust, were prepared to go on with us. Their opinions of this incorporated antiquity, variously expressed, happily were not understood by its ancient burghers; otherwise, their official dignity might not have been respected. What most astonished and annoyed our friends was to find, as they expressed it, that the stupidities could not understand their own language. Two of the diplomatic corps had addressed themselves to the labor of obtaining a knowledge of French, and, indeed, during the long voyage of the Franklin they had devoted considerable time to investigating and acquiring that elegant and somewhat complicated tongue. They were prepared, so we were assured, to act as interpreters on all occasions; but strange to say, these Havreens had such a wretched patois they could not be understood at all, even when assisted by the most energetic pantomime.

The country between Havre and Paris appeared to me a continuous garden—so delicious in its golden fields, green hills, and cool dells—so quiet under the

bright summer sun—so happy with its farm-houses and villages, its brown reapers, merry lasses, browsing cattle, winding roads, and shady avenues, that I seemed flying by railroad through "*As you like it*," and I drank in the hay-scented air, that affected me as if the vineyards had filled the very atmosphere with intoxication. I clapped my hands and laughed like a child, exclaiming—"Beautiful France—sunny France—land of purple grapes and romance," and longed to roll into every dell, or bask forever in some patch of flower-encircled sunlight. But, looking back now in sober moments, I recognize the effect of contrast between ship-board and the first sight of the blessed country. I suppose the districts I ran through are carefully cultivated, and very beautiful, but not a beauty such as I really am enraptured over. I have now a recollection of Nature somewhat too closely cropped, too closely ploughed upon, and save, indeed, that she had heaved up hills, and sent the water sparkling beyond control, the whole resembled, fearfully strong, the Dutch gardens about Cincinnati. My own, my native land, with its inland seas, great forests, and plunging cataracts, has all that I dream over and love of the picturesque and beautiful.

We arrived in Rouen about dark, and, having neglected to learn the name of some good hotel,

had a nice time at the station-house. The six bearers of dispatches had opinions, and were loud in expressing them; but as no two were the same, and each positive in his own, we had the promise of an exciting debate. Our conduct was absurd in the extreme. We would all crowd into an omnibus, apparently unanimous; then, suddenly, at the suggestion of some one, all rush out again, to another, greatly to the astonishment and indignation of other passengers, and Rouen inhabitants. We were about, vociferously, to get out of the third, when the vehicle drove off—not with all of us, however. The bearer of dispatches to the Legation at Berlin fell from the steps, with the declaration that he would not be taken to such a den. But, upon second thoughts, and a hard run, that dignitary joined us again.

The Hotel d'Angleterre is good: that is, we had comfortable beds, in rooms not quite at an exhausting height; meals so so, and the landlord did not ask us for all the money we had. I may do the place injustice; but the night I passed under its roof was wretched. The fatigue and excitement of the day were too much for me, and, after resting five minutes, I found it impossible to move. After supper, I hastened to bed, thinking quiet was all I needed. I was too tired to sleep, too sick, indeed

and hour after hour I watched the night steal drearily away. Hotel d'Angleterre is on the quay, and on the quay the citizens of Rouen, male and female, are pleased to promenade. I heard, until midnight, the continuous tramp, tramp, mingled with voluble chatterings, until I was nearly mad, and so earnestly prayed for quiet. Quiet came at last, and seemed the worse. The slightest noise—the shutting of a door, the step in the hall—sounded to me like thunder; and, when sleep at last came in cat-naps, I felt the bed roll under me, and the great room shake, with memories of the ocean. I really slept about daylight, and was awakened at eight with the intelligence that we must set out immediately, in search of the ancient cathedral. I could not, and arranged with D. to let me meet the party at the depôt. The party had two hours, after rising, to look at the cathedral. One of these was lost in waiting for breakfast, engaging carriages, seeing to the luggage, paying bills; and at nine the sight-hunters set out.

We met at the station-house, five minutes before the train from Havre rolled in. D. and the diplomatic circle were, as usual, in an excited state of indignation. A merry twinkle about Lucy's eyes revealed the fact that there was something unheard, worth relating. I in vain questioned the gentlemen—

they evaded, so as to make me none the wiser. Their efforts at concealment were decidedly diplomatic. At last, out came the fact. To use their own phraseology, "The American people had been sold." After an hour's violent exertion, much expostulation, and attempts at an understanding, they had left Rouen without seeing any thing. Lucy afterwards gave me a very amusing account of the morning's adventure, which the officials, together with D., gravely admitted, with a protest at intervals. They had engaged two carriages, and, after many speeches and some pantomime, with the drivers in search of *the* cathedral—the cathedral old as the hills and worthy a sea voyage to behold—they rode quite a distance, and at last halted before a very beautiful building, but of yesterday build, undoubtedly. Our friends refused, positively, to enter the church, and, surrounding the drivers, expostulated and explained. The visitors talked, the drivers talked, several bystanders in uniform and blouses, soldiers and citizens, talked as loud as their lungs would permit. In fact, the less they were understood, the louder they shouted, until one of the drivers, driven perfectly wild by the assailants, uttered, with great volubility, a shower of "Oui, oui's," and jumped on his box; the assailants got in, and with numerous "pauvre garçons" hanging on, demand-

ing-sous for their valuable assistance, they drove off.

When the voitures again stopped, they found themselves in front of a long, low, straggling row of stone buildings, as much like a cathedral as a cow-pen. This they refused to enter—some pronouncing it a prison, others a palace; but, in reality, it contained the courts of justice—but unanimously decided by the party “a humbug, bore, stuff;” and again the vociferous altercation began. This time it had in it a good deal of decided, clear, hearty, English abuse. At last, Mr. —, of Virginia, one of the principal interpreters on former occasions, said:

“Now, stand back, all of you; you only deafen the fellows to no purpose; let me speak to them;” and speaking, or rather shouting, with tremendous emphasis, he exclaimed:

“Voulez vous aller nous a quelque chose vieux?”*

The response to this was, first, a very solemn stupid look of inquiry; then a light stole out in the shape of a grin, and gradually spread over the face, until it resembled a full moon; whereupon the other interpreter, the honorable bearer of dispatches to St. Petersburg, having consulted a pocket dictionary, came at the drivers, and in somewhat the same manner, and, if any thing, in a louder voice, said:

* Will you to go us at something old?

“ Nous avoir besoin voir un—un*—what the devil is cathedral in French. Un—un—comprenez vous?”

The answer to this, after quite an oration in his native language by one of the drivers, seemed to be an assent, and into the hacks again hastened the gentlemen, in search of an old cathedral. When again the carriages stopped, they were under a stone arch thrown over the street, of not very astounding dimensions, but covered with figures carved against the under side—an object of intense interest, doubtless, to one acquainted with its history and design; but to our friends, like the other works of art before seen, a disappointment, not worth the trouble—another “sale,” as they expressed it.

Again the clamor began, greatly aggravated by the discovery that they had but twenty minutes before the arrival of the cars. They probably would have ended the discussion by pounding the drivers, had not that rare bird, a good-natured Englishman, come to the rescue, stating that the drivers asserted that the landlord of Hotel d'Angleterre had requested them to drive to these points, and they had taken them in their order, so as to save time, but were now ready to drive to whatever place the gentlemen might request. This was clear enough, and would have ended all difficulties at once; but Mr. —,

* We too have need to see a —.

who had heard from some source that in Rouen might be seen a famous monument to the Maid of Orleans, insisted, that, as the time was not sufficient to justify an attempt at the cathedral, they should devote it to seeing the monument. Some seconded this proposition, others opposed; and so five minutes of their precious time were lost. At last, the majority decided for the monument, and away they all went.

The saddest disappointment was the last. The gentlemen in search of startling antiquities, drew up before a fountain, surmounted by a black, rude mass of stone, that looked, Mr. —— said, “like the Goddess of Liberty in reduced circumstances, chained to a rock.” They gazed in mute astonishment at this specimen of the dark ages—looked round at each other, and then burst into roars of laughter. It was too ridiculous. Their merriment was of short duration; for the discovery was made that they had just five minutes in which to get to the cars. They left the fossil maid and splashing fountain in great haste.

“Get in,” said Mr. ——, faithful and honorable bearer of dispatches to our Chargé at Naples; “hurrah, now, and hurry up; these cars run to the minute. Jump in, I’ll move ’em.”

Saying which, he mounted upon the box, took the whip from the driver—D. followed his example, and

away they went, at a harum-scarum gallop, through Rouen—down one street, up another—making people run for their lives, as they galloped round corners, and fixed the astounded stare of the quiet citizens. At the corner nearest the dépôt, one of the carriages took a fruit stand of an old lady, and plums, apricots, peaches, and melons, went rolling in every direction. I was watching anxiously for the party, and saw them dash into the court of the dépôt with an uproar worthy the departure of six bearers of dispatches.

Rouen may have an old cathedral—I believe none of our party propose to dispute that fact. That it may have a very old cathedral, every way worthy the attention of antiquary, architect, and artist, we will not doubt. Guide-books are not to be disputed, unless they speak of hotels; works of history are to be relied on; but, ask no honorable bearer of dispatches, no one of our party, for the old cathedral of Rouen. To such it is an unpleasant fiction—the base fabric of a dream; but that statue—Joan of Arc—we can criticize. It we have seen, walked round, and closely inspected; and let no man, woman, or child, after this, utter aught against Persico's group of Columbus and Squaw, for Joan of Rouen is somewhat worse.

We took the second-class cars for Paris, and found them more comfortable than the best on the Camden

and Amboy railroad. Each car is divided into three coaches, capable of holding fourteen persons, one-half with their backs to the locomotive; a lamp was burning in the top of each car, and of it we soon had an explanation. In a few moments we were plunging through a tunnel, and had under-ground railway, it seemed to me, half the distance. But the care, certainty, and comfort of these railways are beyond all parallel. No accidents here, no rushing into open draws, no collisions, or running over animals, or off the track. It seems something like tyranny, at first, the way in which officials bow you into your places, where you remain per force. But you realize a sense of security—a comfort that is worth all ill-regulated freedom I ever witnessed. These officials are in uniform, with the name of the office worked upon the collar of each coat, and their patience seems boundless. No pressure, no absurdity or wanton opposition, can draw them from the mild firmness which seems a second nature.

“Monsieur will please take his place.”

Monsieur, an Englishman, was looking with great indignation at a fleshy old lady who had seated herself next him, and, from some cause, very objectionable to him; and so he had taken himself out. The answer to this mild command was some voluble bad French, mingled with English swearing.

“Monsieur will please take his place.”

But Monsieur still declined, and the door was closed, leaving the malcontent standing on the platform. I could not see where he went; but directly the poor fellow returned, accompanied by an officer, and in a very sullen manner took the place first occupied. All this lasted but a limited time, and so quiet that but few of our passengers noticed the transaction.

Mr. C. gave me much valuable information in connection with these roads. The Government has a large interest in them, and the laws are not very severe, but strictly enforced. Every accident is taken as proof positive of criminal negligence, and, unless shown to be otherwise, punished. My friend thought the laws, when there are any, with us, too stringent. When an accident occurs, which endangers the lives of officers as well as passengers, to say they must be hung, or imprisoned for life, is to make a provision impossible to be executed; and in many instances, where the casualty was the result of gross negligence, courts have permitted the guilty to go unpunished, rather than sustain an absurd law. I do not know sufficiently well the facts, to say how correct these conclusions are, but they sound reasonable. I know that the insecurity at home is frightful. I left Cincinnati for New York, and near Dayton

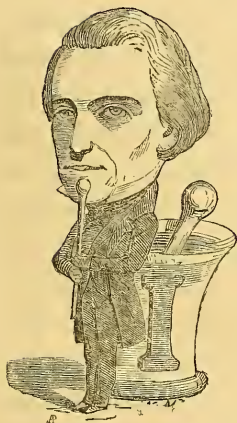
we ran over a cow, and off the track, escaping with life only, from the fact of the ground being unusually level. A short distance from Bellefontaine we passed a huge locomotive that had struck a fallen telegraph post, and fairly leaped from the road, falling a frightful wreck, and killing the engineer. On the lake, we narrowly escaped a collision with a returning boat. At Auburn, in New York, we ran through a burning station-house, a portion of the track itself on fire, and the flames on all sides. The conductor, without consultation, ran the train through at a frightful speed. Since leaving New York, at sea and here, I have met with no approach to accident. Since my arrival in Paris, a hundred thousand men, women, and children, have been conveyed to and from Versailles, in one Sunday, by railroad, and no confusion, no accident, not a second's delay. I may not be right as to the causes of the difference, but I know the facts. At home, the traveler puts his neck in the keeping of cows, uncertain bridges, and reckless officers; elsewhere, there is a regard for life and limb, as well as money. Have that railroad between New York and Philadelphia any where else than where it is, and its respected President would be laboring usefully in a prison, and its conductors and engineers expelled and disgraced. This appears harsh language; but,

while I remember the suffering caused me by an accident, and the consequent delay near Philadelphia, I could, with good heart, utter more.

I was ill with fatigue during the ride from Rouen to Paris, and took little note of the handsome scenery of the Seine. The country is very beautiful, and we regret, now, not taking a boat and ascending slowly, as we would have surely done, to Paris. But we had enough of steamboating. I dropped into a feverish sleep, between D. and Lucy, and had home come up with its dear, dear, old familiar voices. Oh! how clear and sweet the visions do start up in those seconds of feverish sleep! One instant I was listening to the loved ones at home, each voice dwelling so pleasantly in my ears; and the next, the cry of "Paris" awakened me to a sight of a clear sunlight bathing the roofs of a vast city, above which towered the Arch of Triumph. A plunge into a tunnel, a shrill shriek from the locomotive, and we were in the gay city of a thousand associations and one great name.

IV.

First Day in Paris.



FELT the influence of a strange place long before I awoke, and dreams had so fashioned themselves, that, when opening my eyes, to look from the tented hangings of an elegant French bed, it was not to be surprised at the uncarpeted floors—waxed and polished until they resembled marble—the many mirrors, singularly artistic appearance of the paper-hangings, the carved ceilings, scenic paintings, little marble mantel-pieces, surmounted by such a mass of gilt and burnished brass candelabras, vases, and card-racks, one could scarcely recognize the eternal little French clock, which ticked out its fussy life in the center. All the adornments and utilities made the room as much resemble an American chamber as a well-dressed

French lady does an American woman done up in the same style.

The hasty beating of the little time-piece at the hour of ten, echoed from another in the adjoining room by a single stroke in its companion, showing a difference of only half an hour, reminded me that it was somewhere in the neighborhood of time to get up. This passion for clocks is one of the "mysteries of Paris" to me. Go where you will—in every room, the lowest to the most ornate, and you find these little satires on time. Except to dispose of the weary hours—destroy, annihilate, if possible—our gay Parisians have no use for works of art to measure the flight of Time. And in proof of this, no two of these in all Paris run together, or are unanimous upon any minute or hour in the day. Yet here they are of all conceivable designs. We have the beautiful clock, with Venus, or Apollo, or both, rising from a sea of gilt Cupids; we have the warlike clocks, made up of cannon and swords, and a miniature Napoleon; then you can see the learned clock, and the scientific clock, and the patriotic clock; no! these last are suppressed. Louis Napoleon's Government made a descent upon all such symbols, including pipes of Liberty, caps, canes ditto, red neckcloths, and superfine blouses. A Frenchman shall not have liberty rung in his ears—he shall

not smoke over it—he shall not clothe himself in symbols thereof—but believe in small Napoleons, and do him reverence. But to return to the time-pieces. At first glance, one would see in this multiplicity of time-pieces a resemblance to our own people. But the thought dissipates the resemblance. An educated American finds in his clock a dear friend, who gives to him sad, yet improving thoughts. A thrifty commoner writes “Time is money” on the face of his tick-tick, and sets his business by it. But French clocks keep no correct time. They are purely ornamental—generally excuses for setting up a Venus.

My own watch, as well as appetite, said breakfast; so I rang the bell, and Monsieur Charles responded, by bowing himself in, graceful as a dancing-master. To this hour I cannot determine whether Charles was the proprietor of Hotel de Tours, or its *garçon*. He was shrewd enough for the one, and serviceable as the other. My order given, he seized a diminutive table, with one hand persuaded it to the middle of our sitting-room, threw over it a snow-white tablecloth, rushed wildly, yet noiselessly out, returned with plates for three diminutive war-clubs, which we recognized as bread, and in twenty minutes, American time, from the giving of my order, the breakfast was smoking on the board. I beg pardon

for the misnomer; it was only a suggestion of a breakfast to a hungry American. The bread appeared as war-clubs, but not of a size to knock down a stout appetite. The butter pats were the most delicate hints at butter ever thrown out; the fowl was but a Miss-chicken of very slender, genteel proportions; while the beef-steak could never have been missed by the noble ox, its former proprietor. He might have been at that very moment roaming over pleasant fields, quite unconscious that a homeopathic portion of himself was before three dismayed and hungry Americans.

“Monsieur Charles,” said D., with eminent solemnity, “if compatible with the larder of Hotel de Tours, we would like to have some butter. I don’t mean several pounds, such as a Western American is accustomed to, but sufficient—sufficient, Monsieur Charles—and, Monsieur Charles, another fowl—say the twin-sister of this late unfortunate—and, Monsieur Charles, if it would not create a famine in the Empire, cause barricades to rise, and a Government go down, we would like to have a little more bread, and another beef-steak.”

This, translated into French, brought forth, first a stare of astonishment, then the viands. The breakfast, with these additions, was excellent. True, we missed the light biscuits, the hot cakes, corn-bread,

and the many substantial articles of an American breakfast. How these French manage to live on the shadowy trifles here called food, I cannot make out; it is another mystery of Paris. I am satisfied the want of substance is working a degeneration. The French will never be free, or capable of self-government, until they suppress soups, and strengthen themselves on beef, corn-cakes, buckwheats, and abundance of the best vegetables.

After breakfast, D. went in search of Robert M. (more familiar to us as Dr. Bob), a long-known and much-esteemed friend here, pursuing his medical studies; and Lucy and I began to look around, to define, if possible, our position. We were attracted to the window by the sound of music, and, looking into the court, saw a boy playing on the violin, accompanied by two girls with harps. They made beautiful music, this youthful band, and sous showered down from many an open window. They were quite young in years, these little musicians, but old, very old, in expression. What hard faces, what depth of experience, in the dark Italian eyes! They had looked poverty and poverty's fearful train in the face without shrinking; they had shaken hands, or nestled, these children, in the arms of Vice! and—the boy, especially—had beauty congealed, petrified as it were, in their faces; while their self-possession,

ease, nonchalance, were very striking. This court of the Hotel de Tours seemed a favorite resort of the wandering minstrels. The youthful band was followed by a hand-organ, graced by two trained dogs, and accompanied by a tambourine; the one turned by a woman, the other beat by a man, supported on a wooden leg. The dogs, however, were the stars—one held a basket in his mouth, while the other, seated on his hind legs, held out his fore paws in the most prayerful manner. The animals were evidently bored by the whole performance. The moment the faces of the humans were turned from them, they would come down, with a congratulatory wag of their tails, and a relieved expression of countenance truly ridiculous. Then, how quick the poor things would jump into position at the slightest glance from their hard taskmasters. After the dogs, we had a very gentlemanly-looking youth, who, without instrument of any sort, sang a variety of songs in Italian and French. The shower of copper was not very abundant, and the poor fellow withdrew, looking very sad. After him appeared a woman, well dressed and closely veiled—so closely veiled, that her face could not be seen at all—and sung, in a sweet, but very thin voice like her predecessor, without instrumental accompaniment, some very sad airs. There was something

in her appearance that brought up an extra heart-ache, and caused me to throw her silver instead of copper. Indeed, such was the effect, generally; from windows all round came the money—from windows, in fact, that must have been entirely out of all hearing of the voice.

Hotel de Tours, although pretending to be built about a court, is a very rambling concern, and has wings that look as if they were disposed to go over to other buildings, and be on other streets more retired. You can look up and see balconies quite wild, and dormer windows seven and eight stories from the ground, inhabited by faces you meet in the restaurant or dining-room. One queer little box of a room, gayly decorated with stained glass, crimson curtains, and painted bright as a rainbow, was set quite on the roof of another building, at a towering height from the street. It must have taken the occupant the greater part of his valuable time to ascend and return again. I would watch him as an astronomer might a very distant constellation; he was a spare old man, quite visible, on clear days, to the naked eye, in dressing-gown and crimson cap, smoking a pipe. By the aid of a powerful lorgnette, I could make out that this heavenly body took snuff, and had an ennuied appearance, as if not altogether satisfied with his sphere.

From the court we turned, Lucy and I, to the street—our windows looked on both. Directly in front was the merchants' beautiful exchange, here called the Bourse, and before it a long line of boxy-looking carriages, with the drivers half asleep, sitting above their horses. They were evidently public hacks, but so indifferent to the public, so little caring whether they had a fare or not, I could scarcely recognize them. The crowd passed to and fro, but no driver asked to be employed. When one was engaged, the indifferent whip kept his place, simply handing the party something, a card I believe, and driving wherever directed. Different this from Washington, where, standing before the ladies' entrance to the "National Hotel," we have been fairly mobbed and hack-driven through our very brain, until nearly crazed. This place, *de la Bourse*, presents the nearest approach to business in all Paris, and yet it is as distinctive in its character as the more idle and merry Boulevards. No one could possibly mistake it for any part of New York. There is a fussiness about it, if one may use such an expression. The men move quickly, but have no earnestness in their faces; they seem to be pretending to work. They are too dressy—their moustaches and whiskers are quite too well trimmed for people who really have minds, and

something on them. You miss the pale, dyspeptic anxiety of New Yorkers, where business has the weight of a world-wide commerce, the destiny of nations in keeping, and to the individual all the uncertainty of gambling. Well, the look is a true indication of the facts, I am told.

France is made up of garden patches, and its commerce and manufactures devoted to trifles. French business is a sham; French religion is a sham; French people are shams, vibrating between barricades and despotism. While looking at the triflers on the pavement, I heard above the uproar of voitures, stages, street-criers, and hand-organs—a din of voices sounding like the *supernumerary* huzzas of the stage on the entrance of some royal personage. I could scarcely credit that they came from the interior of the beautiful edifice before us; yet such was the fact. The Bourse was in full operation of a Frenchman's idea of business. I was so impressed with it, that I insisted upon inspecting the singular concern closer; and the same day we made the visit. Going to the front, we passed two imposing figures, cut in dark stone, and purporting to represent the genius of Commerce and Peace. We ascended a flight of steps, gave our parasols to an attendant old lady as we entered the door, and proceeded up a winding flight to the gallery. The

sight and sounds were startling. We looked down upon what seemed a mob in black, running, shouting, crowding, and gesticulating. In a circular pen near the counter, protected by an iron rail, were a few bald patriarchs, whose chief business seemed to be to receive slips of paper, and toss them out again. Out of the confusion I could make nothing. For a while I kept "the run" of a little fellow in a gray coat. He darted through the crowd—he faced corpulent men, and dared them to the combat—he danced wildly—he seized slips of paper, and shook them at the pen—he rushed back, and deliberated with five or six, who negotiated by shaking their fists and performing a sort of shaker quadrille—he flew back, but, "like Cuff's speckled pig," he became at last too active to count, and I left in perfect despair. I remain to this hour in ignorance of what the little fellow effected—what went up or fell, I leave to older heads to know and to remember.

This is the Bourse—the political thermometer of France—indeed of Europe. While on the "Franklin," in the channel, the passengers gathered round the first *London Times* we received, to learn the news, and hear whether Russia had marched on Turkey. One of them said, "Look to the quotations—how are the funds? That tells the story." And, surely it did. The slightest shock in the most distant

quarter of Europe, vibrates in that noisy hall, to the death of many fortunes.

The fête in honor of Napoleon the Grand, as I said, was being prepared on a magnificent scale, the day of our arrival. I had not the health or strength that would justify an attempt to witness the many extraordinary exhibitions going on under the patronage of the Government. In the Champ de Mars, for instance, an old woman, said to be nearly eighty years of age, was announced to ascend from the ground, on a rope to the height of seventy feet. Monsieur Somebody was to come down in a parachute. A variety of other amusements none but the French brain could invent, and nothing but French hearts enjoy. I regretted, exceedingly, not being able to see the crippled remnant of Napoleon's grand army at the Hotel des Invalides fire a salute from the huge ordnance taken by their famous captain in his many victories. I could hear the deep echoes, as Paris shook with their thunder, and saw, in my mind's eye, the fearful conflicts in which kingdoms crumbled and great events were born into the world. Can a people be great, who have no schooling in great events? Yet here were thousands listening in mute indifference, while these iron throats told over again their fearful part, and the very hands and hearts of the old guard were by,

to testify to their truth. With us, such mementoes would awaken the warmest enthusiasm.

I garnered up sufficient strength to visit the garden of the Tuileries in the evening. No words can give you a correct idea of the scene. French ingenuity, having command of unlimited means, fairly exhausted itself. From the palace of the Tuileries to the Arch of Triumph, we had one blaze of light, falling on countless thousands of men, women, and children. But the strangest thing was the entire absence of all feeling. On this fairy splendor, on the fireworks, to all exhibitions connected with the older or younger Emperor, they looked with utter indifference. Save, indeed, a frightful rushing to and fro, one, judging from the crowd, would scarcely realize that a great fête in honor of a famous man was going on. Every elderly female had a troop of children under her charge—every young or middle-aged woman had a dog. This passion in France for dogs—small dogs—is really astonishing. You never find this graceful part of modern Athens abroad, without the canine accompaniment; and to see a mother drop her child in a crowd, to run after her dog, excites no remark whatever. I had little space to note the beauty of the scene, for the brutality overrun all else. The crowd, in places we had to pass, or were forced into, was fearful—fearful in its absence of all kindly feeling.

Women were remorselessly trampled down by men—at least, such in shape—and men neither stupid from drink nor intoxicated from enthusiasm. D. and Dr. Bob at last lifted me up, while the rest of our party formed a guard on every side; and, so protected, I was slowly carried from the Place de la Concorde—a singular name for that beautiful space, where the guillotine had once done its fearful work—and, frightened as I was, I could not look down on the great crowd, rushing frantically to and fro under the blaze of the million of lamps, without reverting to the time when, on this very spot, so many brave spirits left a like tumult, “to join the mighty throng which crowd the dusky realms of death.”

My gallant little band presented a funny appearance on our return to the Hotel de Tours. Dr. Bob's coat had been reduced to a spencer, while D. came to parade with no hat whatever: others had theirs crushed into a shape which would have brought them in uniform with Gen. Washington's old continentals. Heaven bless our own land. We may not have the politeness of the French; but the kindly feeling which gives existence to a respect for woman, weighs more with me than all the empty forms and set phrases which have made this people so famous.

V.

Looking for Lodgings.



RENCH hotels, like their counterparts over the channel, are manned by sportsmen, who take game upon the wing. So very severe are the hunters, in their charge upon the unfortunates, that the game gets out with a squeak, so dreadfully plucked, so near the abstract, that it may be thankful, indeed, to escape, owning enough feathers to fly with. None but a bird of passage, entirely ignorant of where to place the sole of his foot, ever fluttered into such an ambush; so the keen sportsman makes the most of such as fall in his way. I do not write this in reference to Hotel de Tours. It is better than Meurice, or Hotel de Paris, or the Albion; but,

with our limited means, we were soon satisfied that even Monsieur Charles would not do. So we set out in search of lodgings.

Paris is said to have a floating population of over a hundred thousand strangers; and in view of the fact, Paris has provided accommodations. The wealthy will find gorgeously-furnished apartments—the less fortunate, plainer rooms; those who propose remaining three or four years, can engage unfurnished apartments, and fill them to suit their own tastes or pockets; and, between the luxurious entresols and the dizzy garret, all may be suited. Nor will they differ from the inhabitants, when domiciled, save, indeed, in not owning the articles they use; for we live here in barracks. One house holds many families, with a common stairway and a female Briareus at the entrance, keeping a good watch on all. Each floor has its reception rooms, sleeping apartments, and kitchen. The artist or student suffers or starves in the seventh or eighth story; the millionaire feasts in the second; and they pass each other on the winding stair, with the same indifference as in the street. At 8 o'clock in the evening, the poor student, or artist, or seamstress, steals from the apartment, into which the blessed light of day can no longer come, to wander on the Boulevard, or in the gardens, where gas lamps belong to all; and,

passing the richer rooms, catches a glimpse of the dazzling lights, or a faint odor from the rich viands being served up. Our roof covers a little world, with as wide a contrast, almost, as the broadest earth. I do not know much of the wickedness of this people, of course; but if I am to believe all told me by more inquisitive acquaintance, a moral-metre might be carried from roof to eave, without indicating the diversity to be found in the pockets. I will not, however, speak on a topic in which I have so few facts.

With all the variety of apartments before us, to secure precisely what we needed was exceedingly difficult. The price for rooms lessened as the tenant ascended. Of course, the weak state of my health disabled me from climbing to the sixth and seventh stories—the weakly condition of our income would not support more splendid rooms nearer the earth. Nothing daunted, however, we hired a voiture by the day, two francs (forty cents) an hour, and set out. We received from the driver a card, with the number of his vehicle and the rate of charges thereon, established by law; and in return we stated our business, and named the streets we wished to traverse. To a stranger in good health, this search for an abiding place is not unpleasant. We made of it a merry party. Dr. Bob and D.

were especially happy in their comments upon the various places so new to us.

From an assortment of cards, given us by kind friends, we selected the localities nearer, so as to lose no time, and stopped at No. —, Rue de la Paix. Apartments furnished, with a table d'hôte. This last was the obstacle in the way. Let no woman lodging in Paris submit to a table d'hôte. In the first place, the fare is abominable. Every thing in Paris is on a limited scale; plenty is a word learned from lexicons, and never practiced; profuseness considered imaginary, obsolete, practically impossible; and the differences in the tables d'hôte consist only in whether you will be starved to death in a very genteel way, or suffer starvation in a mean style. In the second place, you are forced into the society of total strangers. This, the moral state of Paris will not permit. We determined to look at the rooms. Two pairs of stairs only, a reception and two bed-rooms very nicely furnished. But the table d'hôte. "Madame can have meals in her room for a trifle more." Very good—the rent of rooms and trifle more brought the expenses up to about one hundred and ten dollars per month; not objectionable. But there was an obstacle—one of the rooms would not be vacant for ten days. In the bright lexicons of "cham-

bers meublés" there is no such word as "fail." Would "Messieurs and Madame" accompany the polite proprietor? We could not refuse; so, descending to the street, we crossed over into another street, walked half a square, entered another mansion—one flight of stairs, and we were in the entresol.

The ceilings were low, but painted and gilded; not too much light came from windows, square, and set with huge clear panes; but what did enter, fell on walls gorgeous in gold, garnished with mirrors, and adorned with beautiful pictures; while the gilded furniture, cushioned with silk and velvet, was in keeping. One of the pictures—an oil painting—fascinated me. It was a scene in a desert. The sun had set in a flood of glory, which still lit up the waste of sand; no rock, tree, or water; no life, save one solitary figure on horseback, that galloped over the sands. What glory in the sky, what dreary solitude on the sands, and what mystery and force in the one figure! I could scarcely leave it to look at the apartments, and now it securely holds its place in the cells of memory. These rooms were occupied—on the table in the saloon were a pair of riding-gloves, owned by hands leaving their shape round and delicate, beside a whip, the ivory handle of which terminated

in a beautifully-carved serpent. While in one of the bed-rooms, we caught sight of a pair of beaded slippers, delicate enough and fitly shaped to be the companions of the gloves. On the dressing-bureau were thrown, carelessly, a gorgeous robe of velvet, a mask, and a singular hat, with long drooping plumes, whetting our curiosity, and giving rise to various surmises. These apartments would be vacant on the Monday following.

"Could we not keep them altogether at the same price?" I asked, eagerly.

"Certainly, if Madame would come to the table d'hôte."

"Don't," exclaimed Dr. Bob; "something wrong, or these rooms would n't rent at that money. Been a murder here, you can rely on it; haunted—haunted by a bad smell, any way. Something wrong; stop, let's inquire. Don't leap in the dark."

Such warning was quite unnecessary; the idea of the table d'hôte, at best, was sufficient; but, to walk a square, through all sorts of weather, to our meals, was out of the question. So we turned from the fairy-chambers and the fair unknown.

We were not more fortunate in the following six or eight efforts, and paused in the midst of our search to dine at a restaurant, for the exer-

tion gave us appetites at an early hour. This "feeling," I was about to call it—this eating by ourself, or with a party in a crowd, a street almost, is fast becoming the habit in New York. I consider it vile; but do you notice how rapidly our great city is falling into the manners and customs of Paris? You feel, on the Boulevards, as if you were in Broadway—with a difference. The crowd in New York, as I have said before, like John Gilpin, although on pleasure bent, have yet a frugal mind, a good deal damaged in look by dyspepsy and trouble. I looked round on the little snowy tables, at which sat the expectant and eating animals, and I saw only those who acted as if they considered dining the principal business of life. None of that hasty swallowing of food and rushing away, as if that moment was the last available one in life! Ah! our men at home can never be the quiet, easy, graceful gentlemen, until they forget what their "coats cost."

Doctor Bob, now our guide in this pursuit of a local habitation, proposed we should cross the river to the Faubourg St. Germain—a quarter less sought after by strangers, and therefore probably more reasonable in price. We did so; and soon found ourselves in what had been, in the old times, the aristocratic quarter of Paris. The palaces of the

noblesse, in days gone by, are now the "apartments meublés" for transient citizens of other lands. We were shown through any number, where the wide halls, huge stairways, and lofty ceilings, gave token of a different order of mind from that of to-day. But the streets are narrow and gloomy, and the furniture such only as had seen former circumstances. We looked with much interest on these monuments of departed grandeur—the sad mementoes of not only proud and powerful families, but of the revolution and the reign of terror in which they went down, never again to rise. Napoleon made an effort to re-establish the aristocracy of France, but failed; and since, all such have been, and are, but feeble shadows of the mighty past. Strange as it may seem, there is more genuine democracy in the social life of Paris than in the United States. The old family pride, as I said, was broken down in the revolution, and has not been replaced by the moneyed influences, which o'ershadow all else at home. One may live in any style, in Paris, and be respected—at home, we are brained in every effort by weighty purses.

This is not giving you any information on the subject of lodgings. We signally failed in the Faubourg St. Germain. One suit of rooms only came up to expectation, in the Rue —, No. —,

and on the first story, and exquisitely furnished; old furniture, that in its selection exhibited taste and character; the pictures were fine, and a piano and harp added to the attractions. But the room had a damp, musty atmosphere, as if unused for some time; while many of the windows, looking into a narrow court, gave a gloomy light to the whole. The rent for all this—five rooms and a kitchen—was so reasonable it startled us—only fifty dollars per month.

“I brought you here,” said Doctor Bob, “that you might have a specimen of the trouble besetting strangers in Paris. Were it not for me now, you would take this place, and die. I have learned its history; sit down, and rest, while I relate it. Some ten years since, these rooms were furnished, as you now see them, by a young gentleman of wealth and family, for himself and a young girl he had deceived by a mock marriage. The reason of this imitation may be found in the fact that the youth had a wife living, but, being excessively wearied of her, he found much happiness in taking to himself another. Leaving his lawful spouse to pass the winter in Rome, under some pretense, he brought his youthful bride to this place, and for her furnished these rooms. All that taste could suggest, or fancy desire, was theirs. For a while the

imitation went merry as the real marriage bell; but at last came the reckoning, as it must in all things sinful. The guilty husband received a letter from his lawful spouse, announcing her unexpected return to Paris. By some unexplained delay, the letter arrived but a few hours before that announced for the appearance of his wife. What to do, he knew not. In a fit of desperation he told all to the poor victim. It came with frightful effect; the life of fairy happiness faded into a dreary reality before her, and she sank, heart-broken. The remedy for all evils, with a Frenchman, is suicide. He proposed they should die. He brought a pan of charcoal, closed the windows, dropped the curtains, and, both drinking a draught of laudanum to deaden the pain, laid down together on the bed. His nerves were so strung by the excitement, that the opiate had no effect; but she soon slept. Time wore slowly on. At length, while dropping into that sleep which knows no waking, he was roused by a violent ringing at the door; and throwing open the window, saw in the court below a carriage, that told but too well of the arrival. He looked round; she was apparently insensible; he went out, closing the door after him. It was indeed his wife; but what to do with her, was a question easier asked than answered. He assured

her these were the apartments of a friend, ill with a contagious disorder; and he begged her to leave him. She was about complying, when a new character came upon the stage. It is supposed the open window revived the poor creature he had left. Be that as it may, she did partly revive, and not finding her betrayer at her side staggered to the door, and fell, dying, at his feet. All effort to sustain life was in vain—she expired in his arms. The husband, deserted by his wife, charged with murder, fled, and for some days seemed to have entirely disappeared. But one dull wintry morning that identical old gentleman who now stands before us, opened these rooms to air them, and found Monsieur lying upon the floor with his throat cut, quite dead. You may yet see, by looking closely, the stain of drops upon the door-side. Since then, these rooms seem fated; for many years they were shunned, and at last, when strangers have made the effort to inhabit them, sickness has driven them out. Come, let us go. Nothing these proprietors of furnished apartments so much dread, as an event likely to injure their rents. When I first came to live in Paris, I was sadly affected by the blues, and moped about considerably. My landlord became alarmed, and at last suggested, Frenchman like, that if Monsieur thought of burning his brain,

or in any other way departing this life, he would be so kind as to engage other apartments, if Monsieur pleased, or at least use the Arch of Triumph, or some other public institution."

We lost many days in the search, before finding the house we needed and now inhabit. It was a very fatiguing business, with gleams of amusement. I became so tired, I would not leave the carriage, but sent Dr. Bob and D. in to examine, and then report. At one place, they were so long that I followed, and, entering unexpectedly, overheard a very lively conversation between my envoys extraordinary and the female concierge.

"Trois cent cinquante francs." D. was saying, in his peculiar pronounciation, as I came in.

"Oui, oui," exclaimed the old lady; "pour le premier mois mais pour le seconde, troisième, etc. Monsieur payera cinq cent francs."

"What is the learned Theban driving at now, Bob?"

"She says you are an honest-looking man, and she wants you as a lodger. She added, moreover, that you are eminently handsome."

"Oh, nonsense. Now, old lady, make an effort, and listen, if you please. I want to know si vous voulez let us have cette appartement, at trois cent francs per month?"

“Trois cent francs, le premier mois et alors commence la saison pour la longue terme encore. Monsieur payera plus cher.”

“Upon what point in this interesting negotiation is the ancient female discoursing on? Do try and help us, Bob.”

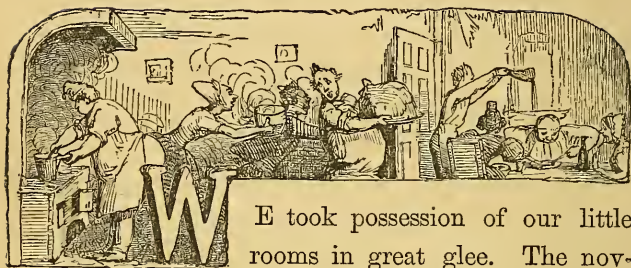
“Certainly. *Parley-vous Anglais, madame?* Non, bad. *Parley-vous Français?* Oui, good. Mon ami, old lady, wishes to borrow your gridiron, and is exceedingly anxious to know how you do for spoons. Bon jour, madame, fairest of your sex, adieu.”

The concierge gave such a look of blank astonishment at this harangue, I could not refrain from laughing, and, coming forward, extricated our friends from their difficulty. Through the kindness of our old friend, Mrs. S., we found precisely what we were in search of—a suite of rooms on the first floor, looking, not on a dismal court, but a beautiful garden, full of shrubs, flowers, and fountains. But they would not be vacant for fifteen days—would Madame be content with some beautiful apartments on the fifth stage? The fifth stage meant the seventh story from the street, and with infinite difficulty we climbed to that point, quite removed from Paris, I assure you. They are pleasant rooms, boasting a little balcony, and command-

ing a grand view of house-tops." I was determined to secure the rooms below, and so went into the fifth stage immediately. Here we are, enjoying the novelty of being above Paris—not all Paris, for certain mysterious personages are yet above us. But from this elevated point, having a fine view of the house-tops, I write myself yours sincerely.

VI.

House-Keeping.



WE took possession of our little rooms in great glee. The novelty of our elevated nest, above the thronging, idle Paris—the comforts gathered in little knick-knacks—the taste evinced in every thing—the quiet, in such contrast with the noise of our late abode, made me think for the moment we were at home. I have lived to learn better. The word home is an English word, and has an English meaning totally unknown in France. The idea of comfort, of seclusion, of sacredness, all contained in that word of hope, memory, and happiness, have no existence here, even in imagination, and would be as applicable to French lodgings as to a sunshade or a hat.

They will keep out the sun, the rain, and the wind (indifferently), but they keep in nothing—no inner temple, where the hearth-stone is an altar, and the household gods are treasured up sacred from common eyes. Our gay Parisians want only a corner in which to sleep; the balance of doings incident to life are gotten up in the open air. A little dinner-party in the street, a breakfast or supper on the sidewalks, with the great world streaming by, an afternoon or an evening in the Boulevard, Tuileries, or theaters, are the makings-up of everyday life. An American's house is his castle—there, with wife, children, and relations, he lives merrily, or in stupid grandeur. The stranger must sound a parley, sometimes on the outside, before the drawbridge is lowered and admission granted. With the French, the houses are barracks, and the only way to avoid the intruding stranger is to evacuate yourself. Of course, with such a position of things, no provision is made for our mode of life, and sorry am I to write it—our happiness.

We employed a domestic who came to us with an armful of recommendations. She could not commence her duties until the Monday following our removal, and we had two days to dispose of in the meanwhile. Mrs. T. came to see us two hours after the baggage was deposited on the floor, and treated

me to a meaning smile, in return for my child-like rejoicings over my new apartments.

"I hope you will find them all you anticipate," she said; "but I have lived several years in Paris, and never succeeded in finding myself comfortably situated. Our ideas of comfort are so entirely different from those of this people, that to find them gratified is out of the question. Your chimney smokes."

This was said so abruptly, I looked astonished. We had not disturbed the fire-place, glittering with burnished brass. I found words to ask a reason for this abrupt conclusion.

"All chimneys in Paris are nuisances, and smoke abominably. Until late, fires were luxuries to the majority of the inhabitants, and now we have sham fires—a pretense for fires—make-believes. Put on what you consider sufficient wood or coal to warm the room; and, after being smoked beyond patience, end only in astonishing the residents at your extravagance. You will surely freeze in these rooms."

I again asked why, as the apartments were small, and apparently capable of being warmed readily.

"The walls of the house, my dear, terminate at the floor—this story and the one above are mere shells of lath and plaster; see;" and of the fact she

soon convinced us. The balcony, I had so rejoiced over, rested on the huge walls of the building.

"But we descend to the second story in a few days."

"That may be a gain. The atmosphere up here is pure—more than I can say for most apartments lower down. Show them to me."

We descended, and, with but two words of apology, walked in upon the occupants—a customary thing here, when looking at apartments. The lady went on with her embroidery, and a little girl, under the hands of an instructor, looked up once, but never paused in her drumming. We examined carefully into every corner, and then returned, when Mrs. T. gave me the result of her observations.

"The first trouble I notice is, that you pass through the dining-room to get to the parlor—no inconvenience to French people, but a serious annoyance to us; we are of a retiring disposition when 'feeding,' (excuse the words.) In the next place, the sun never reaches your windows—a sad thing in Paris, where the winters are composed of rain-clouds; but more especially in your apartments where Lucy's room is without windows altogether, with a door opening into your bed-chamber. How the poor child will manage to dress, two-thirds

of the winter, I cannot imagine. Again, you are above some stables, and will be awakened at midnight by Count Somebody and family returning to their pavilion from the opera or ball; and, if at all nervous, you will be kept awake by the pawing of horses until morning."

I begged her in pity to stop, and called her attention to the beautiful gardens before our windows.

"They will look dreary enough when the leaves fall; but the open space will afford you air—that is some comfort. You tell me you have engaged a *bonne*, (domestic;) consider her a female devoid of all honesty, and treat her accordingly. She will never tell you the truth, even by accident, and steal every thing she dare. Lucy must carry the keys, and give out from day to day precisely what you need for use. Give her a certain amount of money in the morning to market with, make her produce the bills and settle at night. You have your fuel in the cave; for every five sticks she brings you, she will sell two. Your wine will suffer the same fate. Your beer will be watered beyond its original taste. These things you cannot well prevent. On the subject of wood I am a little nervous. The wood-man sells it to you by the pound, and, as he soaks it in water before weighing, you can not well afford the stealage—the cheatage is quite

enough. She will sell the food already cooked before your face. When you walk through the market, notice a stall in which are bits of cooked dishes, mutton chops, infinitesimal beef-steaks, and pats of butter; these are furnished the stall by cooks in the neighborhood, who sell them to this receiver, and he in turn sells them to the poorer laborers. Two profits to be made off your kitchen."

I asked, in perfect astonishment, if this could be so, and if it was not possible to find honest servants.

"Entirely out of the question. One would cease the awful strife with their cheating and stealing, but it offers a premium on their vice; and it increases immediately beyond the strength of your purse. By-the-by, be very careful never to patronize a tradesman she may recommend. They have their heads together, and your bills will be no evidence of the expenditure. The class you have to deal with in Paris recognize in a stranger a goose sent them by Providence to pluck—they pluck accordingly, and, going to church after, they return thanks to the 'bon Dieu,' that he has sent them so fat a bird."

This all sounds very harsh, yet my experience sustains it to the letter; nor have I met with a single American or English woman, resident in Paris, who has not concurred with us in this. It

is a hard thing to make such charges against a whole class—a class, too, struggling in poverty, under heavy exaction, poor wages, and unjust legislation. The law puts them under the control of their employers. Each servant is required to bring from their last employer a written character, and without this can not be employed. They may complain if the document is refused, and one is forced to give a reason for such refusal. But it is an oppressed class, and, like all oppressed by the strong arm, make up in cunning and deceit what they lack in power.

I gave Mrs. T.'s experiences to D. and Dr. B., on their return from a settlement with Hotel de Tours, and both pronounced it nonsense. D. said Mrs. T. was a perfect gentlewoman, but nevertheless no oracle in all things; whereupon he brought from under his arm a complicated piece of tinnery, which he pronounced a coffee-pot, capable of making coffee, without fail, in ten minutes. As our cook could not come for two days; our first proposition was to breakfast, lunch, and dine, at the Café de France; but the coffee-pot so elevated D., that he declared we should commence housekeeping instantler, by preparing our breakfast.

To sit down to coffee, bread, and butter, seemed a very simple, easy matter; but when the articles

are to be collected, and a dozen flight of stairs to be descended and ascended, the labor is tremendous. Five times did Dr. B. and D. disappear and re-appear, quite exhausted, before the coffee, milk, sugar, bread, and butter, could be ordered; and in the midst of the congratulations at the possession of these valuables, he discovered salt to be among the missing. Then came the fact of no spoons, knives, or forks, in our little house. After a deal of vexation, all these things were purchased, at twice their value, and collected.

The principal article, most desired and anxiously looked for, was the coffee. D. solemnly set about its manufacture. The exact quantity of ground coffee was measured, the proper quantity of water poured over, to which, in a circular pan, was placed and set on fire the alcohol. Each one held a watch in hand, and we waited anxiously the expiration of the ten minutes. It came at last; the alcohol was extinguished, and the first cup poured out. It had a mulatto-ish color, as if it had made the exact divide of half and half. D. tasted, and setting down the cup, exclaimed:

"I have been all my life in a state of wonderment, as to the mode of manufacturing steamboat and hotel coffee. The wonder is at an end—Eureka—the discovery is invaluable."

"The discovery," retorted Dr. Bob, with extreme disgust painted on his face, "may be invaluable, but the coffee is vile stuff."

"Patience, fellow-sufferer," said D.; "we are savans, and must not permit our selfish appetites to interfere with the pursuits of science. Let us try again."

Pouring in double the quantity of alcohol, he said it should boil twenty minutes. This was impossible, as at the end of the lawful ten minutes, the fire expired of itself. It was hard to tell what had become of the extra supply of spirits; but, on tasting this second experiment, the doubt at once vanished. The weak coffee was considerably strengthened by the spirits. As if to crowd all ills into a limited space, Dr. B. put down his cup with more than horror in his face, and pronounced himself poisoned. I could not imagine what was the trouble, until, after tasting again and again the abominable mixture, I discovered he had been drinking from a cup in which I had imprudently mixed a tonic, made up of herbs, bitter as bitterest known.

"There is a point," said D., "at which we are assured by the divine Watts, that patience ceases to be a virtue. That point is now before us; and, to show my appreciation of the sentiment, I will

make this coffee-pot a contribution to Paris at large."

So saying, he stepped upon the balcony, and tossed the tin curiosity out to the world. Its descent was curious; for a short distance it took rather a south-by-easterly course. In this direction it struck a stone projection of a house near by, which changed its flight to almost due east, and so continued until it hit and went in at a window, through a pane of glass, with some noise. From this it immediately flew out, quite hastily indeed, followed by a white night-cap, covering the head of an irritable old citizen, who, with the tassel of his cap shaking with very wrath and indignation, looked in every direction but the right one. The coffee-pot continued until it struck a street-cleaner in the back, who jumped as if shot. We left a knot of this useful class earnestly examining the curious work of art, probably setting it down as an "infernal machine," of neater construction and more convenient form than the great original.

We ordered breakfast from the Café de France, and a very excellent breakfast it was. The smoking viands, the boiling coffee, with hot milk, and real cream, restored our good humor; and after partaking, with many a laugh and jest, we felt disposed to be on good terms with the world at large, and

Paris in particular. With the last, however, we had an unsettled account. It could not brook the indignity of having kitchen ware tossed in its face, violating thereby certain laws of peace and propriety. We had scarcely finished our morning repast, when a ring at our bell ushered in two of the police, both with terrible swords at their side, and the worst-fitting clothes I believe I ever did see. We were ordered to appear before a dispenser of justice, to suffer, if guilty, for the hideous offense charged. As we were not prepared with a barricade, to meet the unexpected emergency, our only course was quietly to submit, with a tremendous appeal for mercy.

To some of your readers, who may wonder at the rapidity with which these functionaries found us, I will say that, in going into any house, or hotel, to lodge, you are requested to leave your passport in the porter's lodge, until from it, in what is called the police-book, is entered all the particulars the document may afford. The porter or concierge is in the pay of the police; the commissaire, who runs your errands, is in the same service; the driver of the voiture, in which you ride, reports to the police; your interpreter, if you have one, belongs to that disagreeable body; and, in fact, the law, through a hundred eyes, is looking on you continually.

In the present difficulty, I suggested sending for our Minister. Dr. Bob begged to have professional advice; but D. said he could not think of involving our country in a war on account of a vile coffee-pot; and as for a lawyer, he thought, from experience, that would make matters worse. There was no use denying the charge. The indignant old citizen was on hand, discoursing rapidly in excellent French; the hit-in-the-back workman was hard by, talking vehemently in very bad French; so nothing was left but to confess the awful crime, and submit to punishment. As we were strangers, and as Paris lives on strangers, the polite judge only fined us fifty francs, which, with the expenses incident, brought the amount up to about twelve dollars. Riding homeward, we made a calculation as to the cost of our morning meal, attempted in an economical way, and found we had expended near twenty dollars.

Experience purchased:

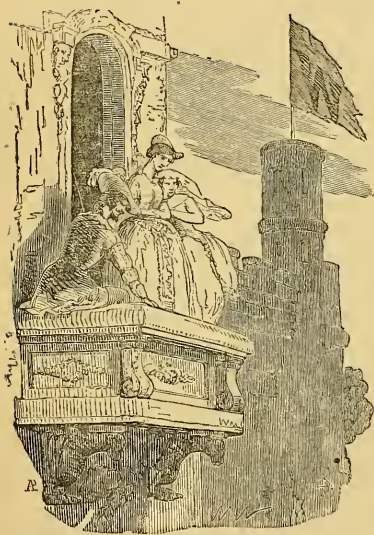
French cooking is a science.

French house-keeping is a mystery.

Science comes from labor—mysteries from Providence.

VII.

Sights from a Balcony.



WE have had the sunniest weather, not warm, but weather resembling our Indian summer; no, not that—the hazy, softened glories of that echo, as it were, of the fire-eyed summer in our Western land, pertains to no part of the weather in France. I mean we

have had clear, mild days—what Emerson calls “good working weather”—and I have used it to the best of my poor abilities. That consists of sitting for hours on our little balcony, perched high above the noisy world, and gazing listlessly upon

the many-tinted strands of life, crossing and loitering upon Place de la Madeleine—into which I can look; or making short excursions into the noted neighborhood—for Place de la Madeleine is but a second's walk from Place de la Concorde, and Place de la Concorde is bounded by breathless wonders, as you well know; if not, Galignani, incomparable guide, will inform you of the fact.

I wish it were in my power to describe to you my observatory, its peculiar situation and many advantages; but in such I make no progress. I see the Madeleine, towering up in all its simple grandeur, and it has grown upon my mind like Niagara did. Every additional look, it seems to fill a larger space, and draw stronger on my admiration. Let no one visit the interior, who wishes to retain an unshaken remembrance of a beautiful structure. Genius is untouched on the outside—within, we have a stupendous monument of French upholstery. The one is “the gold o’er-dusted, the other the dust o’er-gilded.” The gay Boulevards touch the Place de la Madeleine at one corner, and turn down Rue Royale, which is the front avenue of palaces, to the solemn, high-pillared temple, connecting it with Place de la Concorde, where the first Revolution swallowed its own children, and so called, I presume, because there

Louis XVI., Madame Roland, Danton, and Robespierre—imbecility, purity, strength, cunning, and meanness—all went down, and were at peace in earth's only common ground—the grave.

But the Boulevards only touch the Place, and the great stream of folly and wickedness flows off, leaving undisturbed the open space surrounding the temple. Here, under the trees, long lines of voitures are lazily dreaming, like so many individual nightmares. Here, bonnes, with troops of merry children, watch their charge, or listen to the idle talk of duty; a priest, in the dress peculiar here to his class, paces slowly along; two nuns, like moving shadows, appear and are gone; the old blind mendicant, basking in the sun, seems infected with the quiet, and mutely waits for charity in charity's own good time. Now we have a procession of schoolboys, led by their teacher, who, pedagogue-like, marches solemnly at the head of the straggling band. At times, a gay equipage flashes by from Rue Tronchet, with footmen in white stockings, and long coats garnished with huge buttons, like a court costume, and about as reasonable. This sight is rare, however, as it is the fashion for Paris monde to be out of Paris now, and not return until late in December. Paris is now at Dieppe, or in its country places. The want of a

country place, or the want of money to purchase bathing and flirtation at Dieppe, may keep much of the best society at home. Such unfortunates never acknowledge the fact, but make closed doors and shut window-blinds look absent-bodied—if I may coin such an expression—to all passers-by.

One is never out of hearing of street-organs. They are the attributes of beggary, that approach your pockets through your ears. The most popular music, the most beautiful tunes, are pressed in the service, and announce the approach of wooden legs, sightless eyes, orphan children, decayed parentage, and impudent laziness. Each neighborhood has its peculiar set, and I am beginning to distinguish mine by the different airs stereotyped on various organs. "Jeannette and Jeannot" informs us of the presence of a body and the absence of two legs—a sad old fellow, pulled about in a carriage by a little girl, one would fain think his daughter. "Valentino" tells us of a poor woman, who, blind, yet alone gropes along, asking no alms, save by the saddest face I ever saw, and the most discordant music. "God save the Queen" is used by an old, battered specimen of the grand army, who grinds it out for a while, leaving to the music the appeal; but after a time he grows impatient, and gives a cry—a howl, I was going to write it—the

most terrible that ever came from human lips; it sounds like the wail of a condemned soul. Of course, this brings a shower of copper. One would give the whole copper region to be relieved from such a warning.

But by far the most extraordinary specimen is that of a human—if such I can call him—who seems, at one period of his life, or at all periods, to have been in many battles, and pulled through all sorts of machinery. He is a walking commentary on modern surgery. I can not give you a description of the poor fellow, for I never could bear to look at him long enough for that. I can safely declare that he has two arms—one, I know, terminates in an iron hook. I would not be willing to declare that his neck has not been broken, or that his wind-pipe is not gutta percha. He certainly has a queer collar for a cravat. His legs—but who can describe the rambling, shambling things? The truth is, it is impossible to say where the wood ends, or the man begins, at any part of him. Mounted with his hand-organ on an odd carriage, which he propels from house to house at a rate of about one mile a day, I have seen him at the corner of Place de la Madeleine in the morning, and just disappearing round another in the evening.

All this beggary set to music, “stinging through

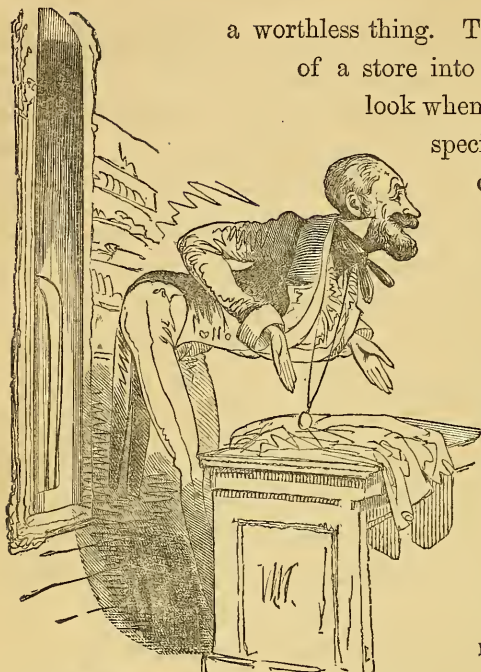
Burns and Moore, like hedgehogs dressed in lace," as the funny Holmes says. But I do not entirely concur with that genius. To tell you, in great confidence, the truth, I am somewhat partial to this street-music. I have a weakness that way, which grew out of early association. When a little girl, I was in the habit of visiting Dorfeuille's Museum, in our city; and one box, into which you looked through a circular glass, held treasures to me. They were paintings—beautiful views of celebrated places in Europe, sunny squares surrounded by huge marble palaces, and crossed by beautiful girls and gay officers; the palaces were so high, the air so sunny, the costumes so picturesque, they seemed exquisite works to me then, and are now, for all have been hung in my little head; and whenever I hear a hand-organ, I begin pulling them up and down, as of old; for, all the time I gazed entranced upon the pictures—very rude they were, I suspect—a hand-organ charmed my young ears. Therefore I have a weakness, and say, Street-organs play on, and beggary prosper, while I look at the original—oh! not near so captivately beautiful as their counterfeit presentments were in Dorfeuille's Museum.

A carriage stops at our door—a plain, unpretending equipage, drawn by a pair of horses beau-

tiful as night, and looking fleet as the wind. How dearly I love horses—noble, generous, strong, beautiful animals. I miss my friends in these wanderings, I miss many comforts and a few luxuries; but of all, the most noted and remembered and sighed over is Coney—fleet, docile, yet spirited Coney—tossing his snow-white mane upon the free wind of the prairies, and with the life of a troop of wild horses in joyous action. But I must not be taken by horses from the man—the one who steps from the carriage, and now stands talking to the coachman. This is the first nobleman, the first real lord, I have seen—the imaginary character of the novel and play—the class who live now but for one purpose, and that is, to be married or killed in two or three volumes. As a free American, I must confess I stretched my neck to the aching point for a good view of Lord L.—not Lovell of the ballad, the interesting gentleman who left his lady-love so cruelly “for a year and a day,” but a substantial middle-aged specimen, with red whiskers very neatly trimmed. We are very fond of titles at home; but I hope we will never possess any without some meaning attached. Colonels, Generals, and Judges, are bad enough; but when it comes to the mere trickery of a name, without some idea of use or employment connected

with it, I trust we will stop. I ask pardon—the use of Counts, Baronets, and Lords, is to fill up novels.

French politeness has become proverbial. I do not think, however, the characteristic aimed at is well understood, or such a term would not be used. If by politeness we mean good-heartedness, that seeks others' pleasure, it is sadly misapplied. The French, as a people, have very little feeling. It is the pride of one class to appear civil, well-bred. Of the tradesmen, it is their interest to be almost servile; but outside of these, we encounter the rudest beings on earth. A French lady gives you a welcome, and you feel that it is from the lips, however choice the phrase or impressive the manner. You go to purchase an article, and the shop man or woman comes to you with a manner that seems to say, "Here is a dear friend, what can I do for her? This is the long-lost sister, just returned from America—the beautiful sister—the sister not beloved, but worshiped. What can be done in this shop for this good relative—would it be pleasant to take it all—would it be well to be nothing but a slave to this dear friend?" Well, after a deal of talk—all on one side, for you can scarcely get in a word—you purchase some article, and take it home, to discover that you have been cheated most ridiculously—paying two prices for



a worthless thing. The proprietor of a store into which I can look when I sit, is a fair specimen of this class. He is a tall, spare man with black beard oiled to the last extent. He has an eternal simper—I will not call it smile—on his countenance, while

his back is made up of hinges. You have only to watch the reception and cheating of a dozen, to realize your own case.

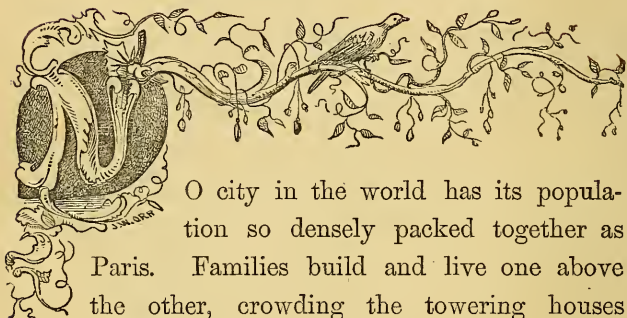
What is this, moving so slowly along the pavement? A funeral—the burial of some poor person, for the bier is very rude, carried upon the shoulders of four men. The coffin, covered with a black cloth with a cross in the center, is that of a child. The men walk slowly and tenderly, even as if they feared to disturb the little sleeper. A

poor woman follows, sobbing as if her heart would break, supported on one side by her husband in his blouse, on the other by a sympathizing neighbor, doubtless. This is a poor show, a wretched concern, coming through a fashionable quarter. One supposes that with such a heartless people it would be avoided, hardly seen—bade go down back alleys and common streets. But no; the crowd gives way respectfully, while far and near upon the streets, as it passes, men remove their hats. See, in that carriage the lady bows her head, and makes the sign of the cross, while the gentleman at her side uncovers his head with reverence. After all, this is not a bad world, even in Paris.

“The clouds shut in the night,” brighter up where the stars begin to twinkle—deeper in the narrow streets below; but now the lamp-lighter darts along, dropping a star here and there; the stores begin to twinkle, and now glare out, just as the lights do over the wide thoroughfares in Washington; and the stars shine there as here; but not here gathers the little circle, and drop the curtains, and draw out the table to the music of laughing voices and twinkling cups, while Peter—but, were I to say all I feel, it would cost you a deal of postage. So, good-bye, and God bless you with many more such meetings.

VIII.

The Lungs of Paris.



O city in the world has its population so densely packed together as Paris. Families build and live one above the other, crowding the towering houses above the narrow streets, making these thoroughfares look as if they were dammed up, and overflowing the side-walks. Such a city, above all others, requires breathing-places; and such Paris has to the handsomest extent. What a contrast to our own, where mean selfishness builds up every corner, where Nature is pared down and walled out, and all the crannies by which fresh air can enter are carefully plastered over. I sometimes think that a little despotism is not such a very bad thing. I think so when I see the poor and much-abused

workmen, surrounded by wives and children, enjoying the fresh air and Heaven's sunlight in gardens, where all that art can bring, in statues, walks, fountains, and terraces, are theirs—and remember the suffocating filth of New York, and the suffering poor of New York. Yet D. tells me that the expenses of the last are greater in proportion than those of Paris, and the taxation infinitely heavier. I see Louis Napoleon widening streets, and adorning gardens, all open to the people, and wish, very heartily, that he could be Emperor of New York and Cincinnati long enough to knock down whole squares in each, and open gardens for rich and poor alike.

If you could only walk with me here, some sunny afternoon, you would realize what I tell you. We have our little rooms nearly at the top of a population, I cannot say of how many, and, descending the winding grand stairway, receive the humble, delighted salutation of the concierge, and we are in the Place de la Madeleine. The afternoon is rare, sunny, warm, and rapidly nearing to the end of the season. One voiture alone is on the stand, and the poor horse of this gives unmistakable evidences of being just off duty. Equipage after equipage flashes by from Rue Tronchet, and you hear the roar of the Boulevards. We turn down Rue Royale

toward Place de la Concorde, and edge our way through the crowd that throngs the side-walks, until we are at the place; and here, wishing to cross the street, we must pause, for all Paris is rushing by on wheels, into the Boulevard, that, stretching like a main artery, or a great stream, up through Paris, has its tributaries in the by-streets, alleys, and courts, which pour into it the crowd, that, gathering in a mighty current, empties itself into Place de la Concorde, and spreads upon the avenue of the Champs Elysées, and far out into the Bois de Boulogne.

What a study, to stand upon the side-walks, as well as you are able—for one is horribly knocked and shoved about—and look at the mad life whirling by! How furiously they drive, and what a strange medley! The gold and silver family-carriage of the wealthy bourgeois, clustered all over with fat lackeys in gaudy liveries, is jostled against by the common voiture, hobbling along, with the fattest and coarsest of drivers, and carrying a family of blouses. The subdued but aristocratic coach is passed by an open remise, in which are students, with their tasseled caps, and never-to-be-forgotten pipes. And so they all rattle by, for their afternoon's drive, in which they are arrested by no turnpike-gates, and choked up by no dust, for the

ways are open to all, and free from every nuisance.

A chance opening presents itself; in common with fifty others, we start across the street, and with numerous little runs and stops, amid shouts of "gare," we gain the opposite side, and have space to breathe. We are in Place de la Concorde, the wide open space between the Tuileries and Champs Elysées, and bordering on the river. The spot where once the guillotine did its fearful work, but now ornamented with columns, statues, and fountains, superbly paved with stone, and, at the moment bathed in sunlight, filled with merry citizens and rattling carriages, one can scarcely realize its fearful history. We turn from the Place into the Gardens of the Tuileries, through a beautiful gateway, ornamented on each side by what seem masses of marble; but, on closer view of either, you make out a marble horse, leaping, from some unknown reason, over a huge, mis-shapen stump, and upon the back of which miraculously sits a maiden, who, not discomposed by horse or stump, blows a dinner horn.

Here we are, in the Gardens of the Tuileries; and the first object that strikes you is a column of water, that tosses its snowy mane far up above the trees, in the centre of the long avenue that leads to

the palace. Let me say here, that when we do attempt any thing at home, we are not to be outdone. I have seen nothing here, in the way of a fountain, that can compare to that glorious one of the Park in New York. There is one at Versailles, which makes a slight approach, but it exhibits but an hour every three months, and fails in its resemblance, as did Paddy's account of the Genesee, when coaxing us to ride out in his hack, and look at the falls—"Jist like Niagara, yer honors and ladies, barrin the water." The next object, and yet more striking, are the thousands of children turned loose in this place. Here they are, the rosy-faced, merry-hearted little creatures. How their tiny voices ring out in laughter, as they roll their hoops, dance, or tumble over each other! What a dear, delicious sight! finer, as William Corry told me at Niagara, than the great cataract, as an object of interest in this world—the people's gardens, and the people's children in them, at play. Perfectly at home, no restraint whatever, the ouvrier smokes his pipe, with his wife upon his arm, poorly clad, but scrupulously clean—the bourgeois indulges in his cigar and journal, while the exquisite works of art—statues placed here and there—the greatest efforts of departed genius, were safe in this familiarity which would be so fatal here. See that crowd of boys, clambering

upon the base of Orion, and holding on and swinging round under his huge legs. I expect almost to see them climb upon the armed sentry, who solemnly paces to and fro, interrupting no one, yet seeing all.

These children are generally in groups of four or five, under the care of one nurse, or *bonne*, as she is called, and from different families, who are sent here in pleasant weather, for exercise and air. Such disposition of the little ones seems strange, and I hardly think an American mother could be found to consent to such an arrangement. It is good for the children, I suppose, but very bad for the parents. An instance connected with this disposal of the younger troubles came under my notice lately, that amused me greatly. Nannette, the *bonne* of an acquaintance, a good-natured, chatty little woman, talking some English in a confused way, is in the habit of visiting our rooms, and helping us with advice on all subjects. One day, while rattling away, I heard a plaintive female's voice in the court below; and, going to the window, saw a poor woman, with three children playing round her, neatly dressed, while a babe slept in her arms, and she piped away most dismally. Nannette, who had followed me to the window, suddenly broke out in the most voluble French, in which I could only distinguish the favorite epithets of "brigand,"

"thief," "pig," &c.; and suddenly she ran out, and directly I saw her attacking the poor woman most vehemently with her tongue. She ended by seizing the three children and dragging them to our apartments, while she commenced again:

"Behold, madam! see, madam! the thief, the pig, the brigand! You, madam, saw her. I beg madam to remember the robber, the pig!" And here the French became so voluble, I could not understand it, but learned, afterwards, that the seeming beggar was in reality a *bonne*, employed to take care of these poor children, and had put the representatives of various families into use, by exhibiting the little innocents as a distressed family.

To the public are dedicated these gardens of the Tuileries—so large, that the so-called Park of New York would be lost in one corner of them. Then, we have the Place de la Concorde, capable of holding six squares of Philadelphia, at least. Adjoining the Place, are the Champs Elysées, yet larger, terminating in the avenue that leads to the Arch of Triumph; and all, I should think, extending over a mile. These are on the Seine, and, when you add the breadth of the river to these public grounds, your readers may have some idea of the extent of the breathing places in the very centre of Paris. But this is not all. We have the gar-

dens of the Luxembourg, with the stately palace, surrounded by extensive grounds, rich in noblest works of art, and richer yet in historical associations. Every step one takes, a name comes up that carries with it a volume of memories and feeling. In these shaded walks, to the music of these same fountains, under the marble gaze of these ideal creations, what comedies, what tragedies, had been enacted by the beautiful, the brave, the cowardly, the mean—the poor slave and grasping power—all sleeping in death hundreds of years ago! In our visit to the Luxembourg, quite all of its historic memories were thrown away upon D. In his fierce democracy, he affected to despise all references to the bad, yet fascinating Medicis, the busy Guise, or stupid Orleans. He considered them trash, and insisted on looking a long while at the magnificent *salle du Senat*, where, in 1848, Louis Blanc held his socialist meetings of workmen. This gentleman, D. was very enthusiastic over, pronouncing it a sublime spectacle—that presence of toiling thousands, collected in this aristocratic palace, to hear from their great leader plans of amelioration, by which they might have sacred homes and daily bread. For my part, I am not quite so enthused with the leveling system. I think often of Emerson's illustration, when he said that "uniform cases

will do to hold spoons, but the marble statue must have its pedestal."

Besides these, we have the gardens of Palais Royale, of Plantes, and public gardens and squares without number, to say nothing of the places of public resort outside the city, that would require a volume to notice properly. One thing strikes an American, possessed of tastes as lordly as old forests grow—and that is, the barbarous manner in which Frenchmen treat nature. A tree, in the eye of a Frenchman, is a thing to be cultivated, to be trained, to be dressed; and he goes about it in a perfect frenzy. First, he saws off all the limbs he can reach; then he scrapes the trunk, until it resembles a barber's pole. This done, he takes a survey, and considers whether the tree shall be of the Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, or Composite order of architecture; whether it shall be a Chinese pagoda or a chateau—a dog kennel or a cathedral. This important point settled, he rushes at the devoted tree—he saws, he chops, he clips with shears, and cuts with knives, until the tree disappears, and the creation is finished; and then his expressive and satisfactory phrase is, "*tres gentil*." The trees in the grounds of the Tuileries look as if they had started from the ground at military command, and were prepared to march upon you in platoons.

There is one city in the Union yet capable of the most unlimited improvements, and that is the city of Washington. I have, you know, never seen it in summer; but, from what D. and others tell me, I can recognize what a magnificent place it must yet be. It has natural advantages, I am satisfied, no city in the world can exceed; the broad Potomac, flowing so dreamily away to the sea—a river I always associate in my mind with General Washington—full, calm, deep, and strong. His remains sleep upon its bank; the capital of our nation, bearing his name, looks on its waters; and, so long as we have a love for the godlike man, or an admiration for his deeds, we should spare no efforts to enrich and adorn the city which he planned, and which is rapidly becoming associated in our minds with all that is national. D. tells me that in the summer the inequalities of hills and dale and gentle slope of the grounds about the Presidential mansion, with glimpses of the sparkling Potomac caught through vistas of green isles, present beauties unequaled in public grounds here. When the water shall have been brought into the city, as now proposed, and fountains erected, pawing with silver hoofs and tossing their snowy manes in the sunlight, above the green foliage, as if rejoicing in their freedom, I think

the time-worn sneer will fade out at last, and our capital recognized to be in fact, what it is capable of becoming, the most beautiful city in the Union.

Every sunny afternoon, immediately after dinner, we walk to the gardens of the Tuileries, and, selecting chairs near the military band, that with the fountains fill the air with sweet sounds, dream away two hours, in listening and gazing at the quiet, happy things around. I am told that while Paris was in an uproar of a revolution, the citizens were here in numbers, with their wives and children—so strong is habit, so powerful the taste for recreation, in these gay Parisians. One afternoon, while we were drinking in the evening air, and as near positive enjoyment as positive quiet will bring, I heard a scream, and the next moment was almost frightened to death, by being seized and nearly crushed in the arms of an apparent stranger.

‘Good heavens! Bell Smith, is this you? Where did you drop from? In Paris, as I live. I am so glad. When did you get here? How long do you stay? Can you speak French yet?’ were words roared in my ears. When I could get the attacking party at sufficient distance, I recognized our fleshy friend, Mrs. —, of —, with her little, lamb-like husband peering under her shoulder. We sat down, and, between pinches of snuff, I had all

Europe done up. They had rushed through Italy, flew through Germany, knew something of Spain, peeped into Turkey, had a distant idea of Russia; and, with no knowledge whatever of art, science, or language, had been cheated, robbed, abused, bored, and sickened to death. "Only think, dear Bell, when we came over the Alps in our own carriage, we had such a time. Lem, (her husband,) where is that stoopid courier? We have a courier, dear—pretends to speak English, don't know a word; stoopid. I believe he is an emissary, or a thief. Well, as I tell you, I bought a cocked hat, and top-boots, to make Lem look like Napoleon, and study the picturesque—you know one must study something here, and not throw one's money away. Well, we got along well enough, till we came to a lonely, dismal place, where the veturiny told us to go to a certain place in the rocks, where Napoleon went and took a view. Well, we went, do you believe; it was an awful place; but I took the hat and boots and courier and I dressed up poor Lem, and set him off on a rock, with arms folded; but, bless your dear heart, the lamb looked exactly like a scarecrow, and I liked to have died with laughing. It was no laughing matter, though, Bell. Coming back, we liked to have lost our way—fell down awful places—dear Lem smashed his

hat, broke his watch, and lost his pocket-book; and our stupid courier fell down fifty times, and tore his clothes; said he was hurt in the *key-nees*—meant knees. Mean goose, can't speak a word of English. Well, when we got back, we found our carriage had been robbed by brigands, and the veturiny tied, with his mouth full of pebbles. I don't know what he kept the pebbles in his mouth for; but every thing was gone—all my beautiful velvets, laces—every thing, dear, was gone. The horses, even, were gone; they had been cut loose, and were run away. We had to walk miles and miles, till I thought I should drop. Poor Lem, he just fainted twice, outright, and our courier groaned over his *key-nees*, and so we went along, like artists, students, singing-women, and such low people, till we got to a town; and the courier took all my jewelry, and poor Lem's broken watch, and came back with only about thirty dollars—the mean fellow, I believe he stole three-fourths. We were charged four prices at the dirty inn, had to get in the meanest part of the diligence, were nearly suffocated by some students, who smoked and smelled of garlic. At—what's the name of that town?—never mind, we were put in the third-class cars, with no cover to them, and it came on to rain—my, but it did rain. I thought dear Lem would

be washed away. Well, never mind, it 's all over now, and I 'm glad of it. It was a wonderful adventure. Not many can say they were robbed in the Alps, by brigands. Lem, dear, where is that courier? We can't talk French, and he don't know much English, I must say. Where do you stay, dear Bell?"

IX.

Police and Practical.



NE hears much of the police, their extraordinary discipline, activity, and success, but the stories are so strange that it requires a decided organ of wonder to receive them with belief. I was disposed at first to set the majority of them to the account of wonderful tales for strangers; but a little event lately occurring with us, has opened my mind to the fact that an unseen power really surrounds, and, whether for good or ill, exercises a startling influence. This system, I believe, grew up under Napoleon Bonaparte. His historian cannot claim the honor or dishonor, just as one views it, of being the inventor. The institution, as we would call it, is the necessary part of a despotic Government, and existed in

France for centuries. But Napoleon first arranged this strong arm of Government, and, in addition to using it as a political engine, perfected it almost as a part of the criminal code. This, under various forms of government, has continued ever active and effective. I think it has birth in the peculiarity of the French; no other people would think of this system—certainly no other people would submit to such. It would take up more space than I can give you, and call for more postage than you would spare, to attempt any thing like the details of this complicated affair; and besides, to tell you the truth, I do not know them.

We had been in Paris but a few months, when the discovery was made that our domestic had very improper notions upon the sacred rights of property, and appropriated various little articles to herself. We, of course, dismissed the offender; and, about three weeks after, Lucy announced the fact that a piece of jewelry, not worth in itself over a hundred dollars, but valuable to her otherwise as a keepsake, was among the missing. The poor child was in tears, and, at her earnest request, D. went to the police with the grievance. To complain of our late domestic was absurd, as the article had been missed so long after her departure. We were satisfied that she had taken the pin with her,

but had no evidence. The official listened patiently, asked numerous questions, made a few notes, and then, in answer to some inquiries of D., shook his head, and said nothing. D. again called on him, instigated by friends, who assured us the police would not let it rest, but received no encouragement, and we let the matter drop. Some time after—so long, indeed, that we had forgotten the domestic, police and all—Lucy suddenly rushed into the dining room with the missing jewelry. She had found it, carefully wrapped in paper, lying upon the table in her room. Between the time of the loss and recovery, we had removed to a distant part in Paris, from our first residence, and again changed our domestic. D. immediately called upon the police officer, who smiled when he saw him enter, but gave no explanation of the mysterious return of the missing trifle.

Another instance was related to me lately. An American lady hired a coach she met in the street, and kept it four hours. After returning to her hotel, she found she had lost a valuable watch and chain, and, satisfied that she must have dropped it in the coach, she gave information to the police, but could not remember the number of the carriage, and, as she had engaged it in the street, had consequently no clue to the stand or stable. She could

not even remember a peculiarity about horse, carriage, or driver. The officer had only the part of the street where the coach was first engaged, and the fact that the driver, on being dismissed, had turned round and driven in an opposite direction from the one he came. This was exceedingly slight material to go on, yet in five hours her watch and chain were returned uninjured.

Mrs. R., while walking on the Boulevards, dropped her pocket-book. She missed the article within five minutes of its loss, and going immediately to the nearest police-station, stated her troubles. At the conclusion of her short description, the officer quietly opened a drawer, and handed her the missing portmonnaie. It had but a moment before been brought in by a street-cleaner—contents untouched. Residents and visitors at Paris will give you any quantity of instances such as these. But it is as a political machine that the system appears the most startling. To believe all one hears is to put faith in necromancy. We do know, however, that suspected persons have no secrets, and no life out of the keeping of the powers in existence. His apartments are open to the police—when the lodger is out, they are in. His property is closely inspected—his trunks, drawers, writing desk, cupboards, and, in fact, every recess known or attempted to be hidden are opened,

and written inventories, careful copies of all papers, made for the inspection and consideration of their masters. Nor will any attempts at ordinary concealment serve the purpose. The suspected can not take a walk to the post-office, that the spies are not at work—piercing clothes with long needles, knocking at the furniture, pounding on the walls, and rattling at locks. Should Monsieur, being suspected, return unexpectedly, the concierge keeps him in conversation on some trivial pretense, until the agents escape. F. P., our friend, who took so active a part under the Republic, and is now, in consequence, an exile, said the Provisional Government made some amusing discoveries—and he, to his astonishment, found even copies of his love letters on file. What was remarkable under Louis Philippe, is twice so under the present Emperor.

I have blamed myself for not writing you, since I first took to ink, the thousand and one things a woman observes which almost every one wishes to know—the little matters which are generally considered beneath the dignity of a foreign correspondent, but which are so useful, and, in most instances, pleasant. How do you live, and what is the cost of living? are the two questions most frequently asked by Americans, and so rarely answered satisfactorily. To the first, I answer, that much depends

upon the purpose with which you come to Paris—if for that of study, it certainly offers advantages not met with probably any where else. The grand old cathedrals, palaces, paintings, statuary—the vast libraries—the schools established and supported by Government—the many places covered with historical associations, offer advantages of such a character that one can undergo many privations for the purpose of enjoying them. But if comfort or enjoyment is the object, Paris is the last place to seek for a residence. Comfort is out of the question, and the enjoyments are traditions. What can one think of a people without the word “home” in their language—without a chimney, in an immense city, that smokes at the right end; of a people who sell wood and coal by the weight, and burn them in homeopathic doses? Why, a Frenchman never thinks of making a fire, if he can look from his room across the street in at his neighbor’s. What is to be thought of a people whose circulating medium is copper, and counted by centimes?

We have been called a money-making people, as compared to the French; it is a vile slander. To come from New York to this place is to leave a generous, impulsive people, for a narrow, avaricious crowd, that come so unexpectedly upon you that you are astounded, and hesitate about expressing

the fact. You leave a great heart of a great country, throbbing with the tremendous currents of a world-wide commerce, and moving with the dignity of a nation possessed of a destiny, for a country of tradespeople without trade, and avaricious without money. The profusion, the waste even, that flows around you at home, liberal as the day, as contrasted with the petty meanness, the want that lives threadbare here, proves how we have been slandered. A merchant with us is a gentleman; here he is a cheat. You can not enter a store in Paris, and not have two prices asked for any article you wish to purchase; and when you remonstrate at such impudent exaction, the scamp invariably asks, "What will madame give?" There is not a certain price carrying a fair profit upon any article in all Paris. This is so positively the fact, that you frequently see the sign "Price fixed," above the door of the establishment, as an acknowledgment of the truth; and where this little notice makes its appearance, you must expect to meet the greatest rogues. No such hotels as the St. Nicholas or the Astor are to be met with in Paris; and for what you pay \$2.50 there, here could be had, if at all, at about ten dollars per day. You have the opera in New York—that last reach of civilized enjoyment—as they can not have it here. They have the name alone,





RACHEL.

"RACHEL THE TRAGIC ACTRESS WHO IS TO FRANCE WHAT SIDDONS WAS TO ENGLAND AND CUSHMAN IS TO US."

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and on this account a great singer remains here long enough to win a name, and then flies to London, St. Petersburg, or New York, for a living. Rachel, the great tragic actress, who is to France what Siddons was to England, and Cushman is to us, has sold her fairy-like residence, and left for St. Petersburg, never to return. The next greatest was about following her example, when it is said that Napoleon considered it a sufficient matter of importance to send for the discontented actor, and remonstrate. The appeal to his patriotism was of no avail, and nothing but an increase of salary retained him.

All this sounds probably very sweeping; and yet I contend this is not only true, but the natural result of society organized as this. Where one class, holding unlimited sway, and followed and aped by all, looks upon such honorable pursuits as merchandising and mechanics as dishonorable, such pursuits become of course dishonest. All this is a fair warning to me to be careful of first impressions. I said as I thought, in a former letter, that there was more genuine democracy in the social life here than at home. M., the great democrat, first called my attention to the cause of the low tone of morals in the business community. The persons comprising this—much the larger number—are not considered, and do not feel themselves, respectable. He says

this is the source of all the failures to establish a republic, and that Marat was right when he proposed setting up six hundred blocks, and two thousand executioners, to work night and day until the aristocrats were swept off. Not that Marat, or the men of that time, had any peculiar hatred for the nobles—"they were then, as now, a dull, helpless set; but the Jacobins sought to break up idols—the things of ribbon and paint, stuffed with bran, to which the people were for ever making burnt-offerings of their dearest rights."

I am becoming quite political, and talking very glibly upon things I know little of, and quite far from what I took my pen to write about. D., with his peculiar notions and feelings, has made the acquaintance of all the democratic Frenchmen, refugee Hungarians, and restless spirits permitted now to remain in France. They gather round, and I, much against my will, am forced to hear all about the political state of Europe, and the probable results of this and that move, all concurring in the fact, that moves are being made, and events progressing to a crisis. I feel more interest in Kossuth's children, now here at school, who are sometimes brought to see us. Beautiful little innocents, they are genuine children, and all unconscious of having the name that once made the world thrill. These Hungarians

are well educated and intelligent, and bear their reverses with much dignity and patience. Taking them as specimens of the people, the Hungarians are by far the greatest people of Europe.

Lucy and I take much pleasure in visiting the market—almost as much as seeing the galleries of paintings in the Louvre and Luxembourg. You pass through long aisles, with stalls on either side, occupied by women, mostly old, who sit with feet upon *chauffe pieds*, and salute you with shrill cries, setting forth your wants, and their ability to supply them. You are struck with the neatness and cleanliness of every department—vegetables piled up in the most artistic manner. But, as I said before, you miss the abundance one is so accustomed to at home—heaps of every thing rolling and tumbling about, silken corn and golden apples, sun-colored peaches, and purple grapes; with huge strawberries, all poured carelessly out, as if good Dame Nature had abundance for all. How this contrasts with the neat little piles, where every leaf is counted, and every stem worth a sous—where the smallest pear cannot be had for less than three sous, good apples for no money—where you see “bonnes” with little baskets, which would not serve a school girl for a pic-nic, carrying away the provisions for a whole family, and poor women higgling with the

dealers over a morsel that seems to you not worth accepting as a present.

When to this scarcity you add the universal dishonesty, you may appreciate the troubles foreigners have to encounter. You take apartments, furnished; in your careless Western way, make a verbal agreement; at the end of the month you find a very misty recollection on the part of your landlady and her prime minister the *concierge*, and twice as much to pay as you consented. You now reduce all to writing, call in every body to witness the solemn agreement. You will pay sixty dollars per month for four little apartments, furnished comfortably, on a court, and on the third story in a fashionable quarter—this without including lights and fires. When you come to pay, a host of unexpected items are presented. You suppose, for instance, that in the sixty dollars is included the ordinary use of the furniture—not so. The *concierge* goes through a careful investigation, and even the slightest evidence of wear has to be paid for, at a rate which, at the end of six months, makes almost the value of the furniture. Dr. Bob has discovered an ink spot on a writing-table, which has been paid for six times in less than a year—nearly twice the value of the article itself. You provide your domestic with money to purchase provisions, and soon

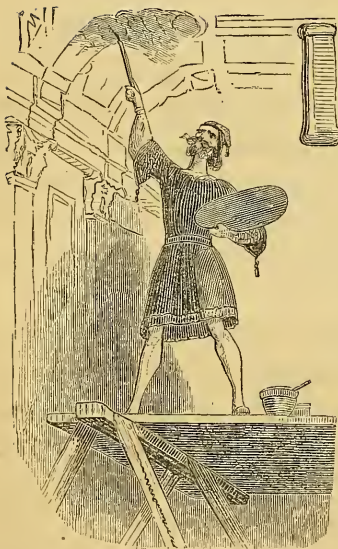
make the discovery of a large per centage going into the pocket of your agent—and you request him or her to bring the bills with the articles. This is promptly complied with, until an acquaintance sees and inquires how it is that you pay so much more than the proper cost. You investigate, and discover that the bills have been made out to suit your domestic, and by the clerk of quite an extensive establishment, for the sake of securing the patronage.

Of all classes visiting Paris, our much-abused countrymen are the most abominably fleeced. The Parisians consider them enormously rich, and call them geese. We are sharp enough, Heaven knows—but we have been accustomed to dealing where principle has some existence, and honesty is the true basis of success.

As we were leaving the market-place a few days since, Lucy priced a bouquet; the boy asked twenty sous, and she offered ten, which was refused. We had walked quite a square, when the dealer overtook us, running. With a smile and a bow that would have been a wonder at home, he begged permission to present “the beautiful Mademoiselle the bouquet” for the sum of ten sous. We respectfully declined the present, but made the purchase—and in ten sous paid twice its value.

X.

The Old Masters.



WROTE my last in a positively ill spirit, and it was a fairer picture of my own feeling than this beautiful city. I would not re-write a word there put in black and white, but only add, that such evils have their corresponding good. We do not have very honest dealing here, or kind treatment; but we have

cheap remises and grand old churches—the first, affording a striking contrast to our cities, are really regulated. You have but to note the moment of departure, and for forty cents per hour—no more

or less—you ride much or little, in a carriage not unworthy a republican. The second appears to me the grand old remains of a former world and a different race. That the present self-satisfied, opinionated triflers could have been the children of simple faith, who reared these solemn temples, is something difficult of belief. One leaves the horrid "Morgue," to be filled with awe and rapture at "Notre Dame," each looking at the other—both types of the different races and different times—the one, child-like in the docility which could receive, without a murmur, the ills of this world as but so much preparation for one to come—bigoted, perhaps—perhaps blind, yet obedient and trusting; the other, willful, desperate, and unbelieving. The one has given us "Notre Dame," the other presents the "Morgue." D. suggests that the first preferred killing others, as in the St. Bartholomew massacre—the last kills himself. Well, may be so; yet there is a wide difference.

I began saying that with every evil comes some good; and, if we are without honorable men and women as merchants, we have the galleries of the Louvre and Luxembourg. It is a great privilege to be within ten minutes of either. By referring to "Galignani," you will see that the gallery called that of the Old Masters is eighteen hundred feet

in length, and along each side are hung the wealth of Peru; and what, if they were destroyed to-morrow, all the gold and genius of the world could not restore. The greater part, I confess, are for artists alone; but efforts are there, crowning works of immortal genius, that can not fail to delight and elevate. I go every sunny day and sit for hours entranced before Murillo's great picture. With the instinct of true genius, the artist brought, without loss of dignity, his great subject within the circle of blessed humanity. The child Jesus and the Holy Virgin are there—and there, too, are the proud, happy, beautiful, human mother, and the innocent, playful babe. As our old master used to tell us so eloquently, that "Christ, like Moses, touched the rock from whose heart leaped out the waters of salvation—not for the rich and well-born—not for the learned and powerful—but to run down sparkling in lowly places, where they who are oppressed and weary with burdens, may stoop, drink, and go away refreshed." With such feelings the artist has dealt with his subject—his holy mother and child are of us, and no mother who has felt the broad little hand upon her neck, can look on this otherwise than through tears.

Will we ever have such exhibitions of art and evidences of refinement in the United States? Are

these galleries really associates of weakness and corruption, and may not a free land and a strong people possess them? I believe we may—and even anticipate fondly the day when, in Washington city, we may look down long vistas of genius, recording imperishably the greatness of our land. Art, with us, has to be cultivated, and it belongs to a much-neglected class to undertake our education. Experience has shown, from first to last, that efforts on the part of the Government are worse than none. But artists themselves should take the matter in keeping. The public buildings at the capital are worthy our people; let it be the earnest effort of every artist to paint one or more pictures worthy of the place, and present them to the Government, until a taste for the art shall be followed by a knowledge and true appreciation. That the President's house, and the various Government buildings, with all the evidences of taste and liberal expenditure otherwise, are without pictures, is a shame. I know that to call upon artists to correct this, is to throw a huge task upon those already struggling sadly, and, in many instances, almost hopelessly, in poverty and neglect; but this casting of bread upon the waters would, ere many days, repay well. A few such pictures as Leutz's "Washington Crossing the Delaware," placed before the Representatives

of the people, would in themselves produce a revolution. One eminent artist, one we are already proud to own, has promised an historical picture, which I think our Government will be rich in possessing.

I have no intention, my dear friend, of attempting to put on paper either pictures or churches, or the feelings with which they animate me. I know too well the failure eminent authors have accomplished in attempting this, to strand my little bark on such a rock. I only say, much as I have to assure you that I see, appreciate, and love, all these rich stores opened before me, I am sorry in saying that I am alone in this. D., although far more cultivated than I, has no true appreciation of art. He calls sculpture stone-cutting, and considers painting merely a decorative art, something above gilding, but infinitely below architecture. He styles the old masters "old humbugs," and says it is beneath the dignity of a people to be enthused over such trifles. Above all, has he a contempt for what he calls cant of criticism—the dilettanteism which hangs its raptures on a great name, and goes wild over paintings which have long since faded from ordinary observation. It is to be presumed the artist did not set before the world a work requiring the best exercise of the

finest eyes to see at all; and we are to presume that the unsparing hand of Time has gradually withdrawn the effort from our gaze, leaving cant to worship the frame. But this contempt for the false in criticism carries him so far away, that he will not admire what in reality is beautiful. I know there are paintings in the Louvre, by immortal names, and valued at enormous sums, which require the brightest sunshine and the best eyes to trace out forms which have long since followed their great creator into the regions of the dead.

A young artist, here pursuing his studies—a true child of genius and friend of ours—has a sad time with D. He cannot realize that such opinions are expressed in earnest, or that they are not born in ignorance. He vibrates between the two, sometimes getting exceedingly angry at what he takes for badinage, and at other periods ascribing the expressions to ignorance, and kindly undertakes to educate and enlighten. I shall never forget their first visit to the Gallery of the Louvre. I watched them with much anxiety and considerable amusement. D. was pulled by our wild friend before a picture, and, to see it, pushed like a child into the proper position.

“There, now, what say you to that? Gilding, is it? Call that gilding if you dare.”

"Well, if it is not gilding, what is it?—what is your artist aiming at?—what do you call it?"

"Call it?—why, it calls itself. That is Titian's great picture, if not his greatest. That is the Entombment!"

"Indeed! Well, what of it?"

"What of it!—why it's immortal; it is perfection; art can no further go. True artists worship it."

"I beg your pardon; but if art can no further go, art should never have started."

"Eh! what—how now? Show me a defect, if you can?"

"Well, the body placed in that way between the three men is either held up miraculously, or your artist knew very little of the weight of flesh and blood; as for the color—"

But he was interrupted by the furious artist, who began gyrating about the room, shaking his hands, and vociferating too violently to speak plainly. He had a way, when excited, of pirouetting round in a sort of dance, which was to me irresistibly funny.

"I say they can hold him—any body can see that—certainly they can—any that—that knows any thing—knows that."

"I beg your pardon," responded D., seriously; "in matters of paint and pallet you are quite able to speak; but at a dead lift, my dear fellow, I am

at home. And I say, without hesitation, such an attempt to lift as that would kill Moses."

"Nonsense! stuff! you don't know any thing about it. Now, I'll show you we three can hold you up in the same position, and with all ease."

"Thank you," responded D., dryly; "I don't care to be made a martyr of."

But Doctor Bob, with a merry twinkle in his eye, proposed to make a lay figure of the artist, and seizing him, the three began to stagger over the polished floor, pulling our friend the artist about until they all nearly fell down, and one of the guards on duty interfered. Our enthusiastic instructor was not to be discouraged in this way; he pulled D. from old master to old master, all the time protesting and lecturing. He paused before one, representing an angel flying from a group of astonished people.

"Now, look at that! There is beauty; see the coloring, the expression, the distance, the handling, the action—note the action!"

"Certainly I do—very much action. I should say that fellow with wings was making at least sixty miles an hour; he ought, however, to be attached to a first-class locomotive."

L. went off again into his queer dance, and the violent gesticulation continued, with various ex-

pressions of outraged feelings and contempt, until they stopped before a marine view, certainly a very beautiful thing.

"If you condemn this, I am done. Now, only be candid, stand here—there's the ocean for you."

"It is—well, all I have to say then is, if that is a fair representation of the sea, Christ walking on it was no miracle; it is hard as bricks."

Outrage could go no further; our friend fairly boiled; the pirouette was twice as violent, and continued until he ran backwards against a little man, on a very high stool, busy copying a Venus.

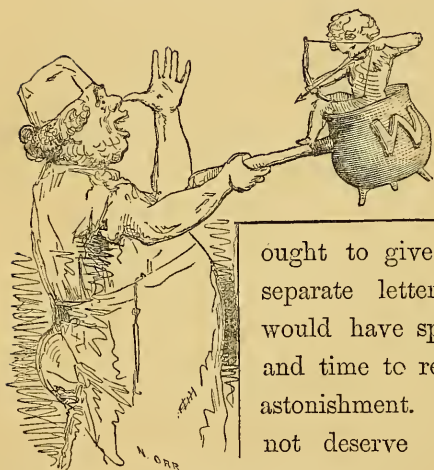
While the discussion was going on, I had observed this little copyist. He was not higher than my shoulder; he wore a hump back, and looked at the world through spectacles. His face was wrinkled, partly by age, and much by a soured nature, as if disgusted with the world; and, as his little face peered out, surrounded as it was by gray, bushy hair and whiskers, he resembled an exaggerated weasel, scratching for eggs. Whatever might be his contempt for things in general, he had a high regard for his work; for, when our frantic cicerone fell against the stool, the little man might have saved himself, but he sought to save his picture. The result was, that the picture fell, and the petit gentleman tumbled sprawling upon it—

punching a hole in Venus' head, and altogether making sad work of the affair. He regained his feet, with face and clothes presenting what D. called a "proof-sheet," and scolded terribly—the word "beast" being the most distinct and frequent. Our friend retorted. I could only hear the phrase "miserable daub," when the capsized ran at him, and we should have had a battle royal, but for the prompt interference of by-standers and guards.

While I write, the booming cannon announces to Paris the elevation of a bronze statue to the memory of Marshal Ney, upon the spot where he was executed. Poor man! he little dreamed, when looking at the cold gray light of a drizzling morning for the last time on earth, of the use to which his death would be put. It, like every thing else here, is a political move; and, while the Bourbons and Orleanists are rejoicing over their union, the Bonapartes, at the spot where fell the blood of Ney, thunder their defiance.

XI.

The Archbishop's Cook.



WE have been invited to the palace. We have been invited to all the palaces. I

ought to give these facts in separate letters, so that you would have space to breathe, and time to recover from the astonishment. I know we do not deserve this—it is too

good for us—but when honors are thrust on one, it is not prudent to decline them, for they may never arrive again. Now, I do not propose to tax your credulity too far, by leaving you under the impression that the “Emperor” has found us out, and invited us to come and pass a little time with his family, in a social, unostentatious way. By no

manner of means; the truth is, I have seen his Majesty but once, and then a mere glimpse—we are not on visiting terms, as we say at home—and, instead of being invited, in an impressive manner, to drop in and stay a few days, one day, on attempting to enter the Tuileries, merely to look at the upholstery, we were informed by a tall gentleman in white stockings, embracing some false calves, that it was quite impossible, as the Emperor and family were then its occupants. It was not much of a disappointment, for you are well aware I have no great taste for upholstery; but, as the royal carriage drove to the entrance, I insisted upon our party remaining to see France on an airing. We did not have a pleasant time while waiting, for we withdrew to the railing, where a crowd of idlers were gathered, and peered through the bars. After a little while, Napoleon, accompanied by the Empress, made his appearance.

He is not the brightest specimen of a young man, appearing decidedly heavy, and I suspect was rather disgusted with our conduct—we did not shout much. An Englishman near me gave some hearty *vivas*, very badly pronounced; indeed, it is doubtful whether the Government knew, precisely, what sentiments John Bull was uttering. The tall man in white stockings, assisted by half a dozen

others, expressed a strong and loud wish for the long life of the Empire. I presume, in a decline of the Empire, his false calves and white stockings would go down, as all stand upon the same legs—I mean no pun. The Empress is not so lovely as I expected to see this descendant of Guzman the Valiant, but graceful, and dressed in a subdued, pleasant style. They dashed away, surrounded with guards; and that was my first and last sight of the royal family.

Of course, such a slight acquaintance promises little in the way of invitations; but we have a friend at court—a friend official—one of the household, who invites us to come at all hours, and look about at our leisure—gaze at the beautiful pictures and statues, the golden hangings and the silvery satins, as if they were our own. Now, if I had little regard for the truth, I would leave you under the impression that this friend was a prime minister, or a lord cardinal, or at least an aide-de-camp—a favorite at court, with pale, delicate face, youthful grace of figure, raven curls, and dark moustache. But I can not; however painful to own, our friend at court is the cook—one of the royal cooks—and Jean Baptiste is a royal cook in every sense of the word.

Now, I know that this imprudent revelation will

startle some aristocratic friends; and, when I return, they will not call upon me—perhaps cut me dead. Now, I protest that, as living, plain republicans, we should not set such store upon position—and not regard the calling, so that it be honest. But if we do consider titles, I am not so sure that there was much of a descent in our making the acquaintance of a royal cook. I suspect that by the aristocracy of Europe, who settle all such things, a royal cook, a head bottle-washer to the Emperor, would be considered as outranking a republican ex-judge, or colonel, or general, or any other of the vast army of the titled in our Union. The royal cook has the advantage of at least following a useful pursuit, and basing his title on something—which is more than I can say for some of my American friends when here, who run after and stoop before certain gentry—such, for instance, as “the Right Honorable Lord ———, of Castle ———, High Keeper of the Robes, and Most High Custodian of the Bootjack to her Majesty Queen Victoria, Sovereign,” &c., which office is something of a sinecure. “Oh, simple republicans!” as Carlyle says, “ye who condemn the swallow-tail, and make war on the false calves of the court costume, bow not down before the high Custodian of the Bootjack!” But I add, let me introduce you to good,

fat, jolly, Jean Baptiste, the royal cook, who asks no lowly homage, but is quite condescending and kind to us.



Our acquaintance with Monsieur the Cook came, like many other good things in this world, quite unexpectedly, and in this manner. His holiness, the good Archbishop of — had visited Paris for medical advice, as the old gentleman, approaching eighty years of age, found it difficult to carry any disorders whatever with that many winters—from one to thirty we should count by summers;

from that until the closing scene, by winters. He, with his family, consisting of a sister, almost as old, and much thinner than his excellency, and a young girl, a relative, ward, and exceedingly beautiful, with their domestics, occupied the grand apartments of maison, while we had the petit apartments on the same floor. The difference, in way of grandeur, was decidedly in favor of the grand apartments; the comfort leaned towards the petit. I say this in extenuation—for, although we had a beautiful view, from one set of our saloon windows, of the Queen of Sweden's gardens, another set looked into the Archbishop's kitchen; but they were very comfortable, nevertheless. Lying upon the sofa two-thirds of my time, with my back to the lighter windows, for the sake of the French romances I was reading, every time I paused to reflect upon the acts of Dumas' giant-killers, or Hugo's poetics, my eyes would naturally fall into the kitchen of his excellency the Archbishop, where that jolly, royal cook was pursuing his avocations. I suppose my little, pale face, telling of evident illness, smote upon the tender heart of Monsieur the Cook, for he inquired anxiously of Nannette, my maid, as to my health; and from this he, with many apologies, went so far as to prepare little delicacies, which he assured Nannette

would be of immense benefit to madame's health. The Archbishop's ward, who used to be in the kitchen one-half her time, chatting with Jean, became intensely interested, and the delicacies came in her name. I gave Jean full credit for all, however, as he was never so happy as when doing a good-natured action.

I picture charity now, not a slender maiden wrapped in a sheet and set on a monument, but as a fat, merry cook, under a paper cap, with a multitudinous white apron, that looks as if its creation had affected the price of things; but, above all, do I see as charity the full red cheeks, and merry eyes which seemed to be straining themselves to look over the round cheeks, and see what the mouth was about; and if it saw the fun of the thing much as they did; and then they reflected themselves in the nose—the jolly, red nose. Jean never worked, it was play, mere play; be the kitchen ever so full, and a famous dinner ever so near, Jean would find time to lean out of the window, and chat with the beggar on wooden legs, and ask him if he had been at the grand ball—and whether he preferred the schottisch to the polka, and laugh as he ended with giving a bountiful quantity of broken victuals.

Jean was exceedingly fond of his jest with the

beggars, but I noticed that he always seasoned it with good deeds. Leaning out of the window to some crazy hand-organ, he would beg to know how it was possible the grand opera could flourish, deprived of that instrument, and beg the performer to accept a few sous, in testimony of his individual admiration. In response to the harsh song of some crone, he would seriously ask if she thought St. Peter had an ear for music, and how it came to pass that he had not sent for her long since—at the same time filling her basket with remnants, adding advice to the effect that she must not feed her boarders too high, as times were really hard, and his master was a good deal mixed at the Bourse. His jests were sometimes a little biting, but the poor creatures laughed the merriest, and always left content.

Between my maid and Jean grew up a very gossiping intimacy. I thought, indeed, that Jean's tender heart had been rather roasted by Nannette's brilliant eyes. But Nannette never favored me with much of her own affairs, while engaged in the duties of my toilette, being so much occupied with those of other people. She knew quite all about every man, woman, and child in the house; but more especially was she acquainted with affairs in the Archbishop's family. She said the good

prelate had much trouble with his beautiful ward; that she had been sought for and was deeply in love with an English nobleman; but that gentleman being a Protestant, of course he could not be countenanced; that the young lady was very unhappy, as one could see, and in danger of a decline, as every body knew; and, for her (Nannette's) part, she thought religion was to die by, and not to marry by; and Jean thought it was all more pious than wise, and that he (Jean) believed in love-matches; that love was to matrimony the apples to the pie, and other sage reflections, showing that he sided with Young England. My sympathies were not much awakened, as I thought the young lady seemed in good health and very passable spirits. But then the heart will break, you know, yet brokenly live on.

We were called upon about this time, we idlers who had eyes for beggars in the court, to notice a blind mendicant of immense age, who was led into the court, where he played execrably upon a guitar, and yet sang with a full, rich voice, that a youth of twenty might have been proud to own. We noticed that the love-crossed damsel about this time became very benevolent, and was exceedingly fond of calling this old man to the foot of the grand escalier, and giving him some sous. One

afternoon she begged the aged guardian of an aunt to permit the old beggar to enter their salon and play for them. The Archbishop being out riding at that time, the watchful relative reluctantly consented, protesting she never heard such vile music; what could her niece want with such? And when the old man, trembling in every limb, tottered into the room, leaning upon his staff, and began his lament more discordant than ever, the poor lady, who had a reasonable ear for music, and doted on the opera, left the room, saying her niece was certainly crazy. The companion of the beggar, who was the raggedest individual, with close-cut hair, round bullet head, very erect, and apparently wide awake, modestly remained outside of the door. When the aunt, no longer hearing the music, abruptly returned, she was thunder-struck at seeing her niece sobbing in the arms of the mendicant.

There was quite a disturbance in the grand apartments at this moment. The niece fainted; the aunt screamed; the tall footman ran in; the concierge came to the rescue; Jean and his assistants were near; but all, in attempting to throw out the aged blind beggar, caught a tartar. That individual seemed suddenly to regain his youth and strength; for he knocked the servants right and left, and as suddenly was miraculously restored to sight; for

while his assistant covered his retreat, he made his way out with great nimbleness and ease. It was very natural that he should leave his gray hairs behind, under the circumstances; and so he did, in the shape of a very fine specimen of a Parisian wig. Jean remarked, solemnly, as he bathed the tall footman's head and nose, that, for French beggars, the rascals had a remarkable knowledge of English boxing.

When one remembers the care with which young ladies are guarded in France, and adds to such custom the fact that, in this instance, the young girl had evinced a disposition to cross her guardian's wishes, the wonder will cease at events which seem to recall the days of romance. Jean seemed delighted with the adventure, and passed much time in relating it, with numerous whimsical additions and comments, to Nannette. But the strange adventure ceased in time to be so strange. The young beauty was watched with increased care. She was now scarcely ever from under the eye of her aunt—the sharp and thin duenna.

His Reverence, returning to something like health, received much company, and the entertainments were so numerous, that Jean was at last fairly employed. He now had scarcely a word to throw at a beggar, and, at length, was forced to bring in an

assistant. He had one before—a dull, placid youth, who seemed everlastingly to be walking in his sleep, and deeply ruminating upon pie-crust; and to such force Jean added his nephew. Quite a contrast, this one, to the former! He was eminently handsome, gay, and active, with a restless expression of fun in his large, sparkling eyes, which told at once his near kin to Jean. But what this youth made up in beauty, he lost in usefulness. So vexatious an assistant never before entered a kitchen. He spoiled every thing he touched, and broke every thing he carried. More especially was the thin aunt worried. She had a favorite soup, upon which, indeed, she lived, being entirely divested of native masticators, by which to use more solid food; and it seemed as if this pottage was never again to bless her lips. Sometimes it was burned, at others uncooked, generally unpalatable; and, on one occasion, she was nearly poisoned by an improvement patented by the youth himself. Jean scolded, and threatened very violently, and the nephew looked very demure, until his uncle's back was turned, and then he would smile.

Patience came to its limits at last. At a grand dinner-party, the good Archbishop had spoken of and promised his guests a great dish, which he had brought the recipe of from South America. It was,

indeed, a wonderful preparation, but, unfortunately, as the vile nephew carried it, he awkwardly turned the contents of the salt and pepper box into the tureen. Jean had not noticed the accident, and the nephew was frightened too much to mention it, and the result was extremely ludicrous. The Archbishop, on account of ill health, could not partake, and the aunt never tasted such compounds; so politeness was left to bear it, as best it might. Certainly it never was pushed to a further extreme. Urged to partake, they swallowed with various expressions forced into their faces. One fleshy brother, who had promised himself a rare feast, had tears course down his round cheeks, while a celebrated diner-out was heard to remark that he thought the degeneration of the Spaniards in South America might be traced to their vitiated tastes. This settled the nephew's fate; he was ordered, even by Jean, harshly, to leave the kitchen.

The delinquent assistant found a warm advocate in the niece, and, at her urgent solicitation, Jean was inclined to retain the scamp a few days longer on trial. It is noticeable, that when youthful love is not only broken in its current, but fairly dammed, choked up, that it will find an outlet in some unexpected direction. In this manner have high-born maidens been induced, in moments of reckless des-

peration, to wed their coachmen, having been foiled in the wild attempt of espousing pages. Now, a close observer could see that my little heroine was desperate, and could further see that she had quite a regard for this hopeful of a cook. In which last, I maintain, she exhibited a method in her madness; for I hold that, in these circumstances, the cook is to be preferred to the coachman. What is a coachman without the coach, the horses, the footman, the livery?—in fact, an establishment too expensive for cottage-born love to keep up. But your cook is a treasure in himself. He can convert the family-jewels into substantials—into pleasant, soul-sustaining delicacies, at all hours. Therefore, I say to all heroines deliberating through their first volume of lips-romance, when in wild desperation, and not caring, under the hard treatment of flinty parents, for consequences—abjure coachy, and fly to the cook!

Now, I feel much inclined to beat my few lately-circulating gold facts into sheets, and spread them over two volumes. But I resist the temptation. I will be a true historian—and, already beyond the limits of a letter, hasten to the last morsel of a “nugget.”

One bright morning, Jean missed his nephew; no great loss. But at the same time his Reverence the

Archbishop missed his niece. They searched far and wide—the police were excited; and circles—fashionable, diplomatic, and religious—all the circles ever heard of in Paris—were deeply agitated. After many days came a letter, under huge seal, to his Reverence; and, on breaking this huge seal, he found it came from the Rt. Hon. — of —, who therein apologized for stealing his Reverence's ward, and spoiling his dinner.

Of course, Jean lost his place; but, from some mysterious influence, received a better one in the Imperial household, where he now is. And, meeting Nannette one day, he inquired kindly after us, and said that at any time we wished to look at the palaces, to send him word, and we should see them at our leisure. And of this I sat out to write, and not of some gossip that must have reached, long ere this, your readers, through all the papers in the Union.

XII.

The Poor of Paris.



I N no place is poverty more strictly regulated, or in itself better behaved, than in Paris. The same trait which makes it cleanly causes it to shrink from public gaze, and, ashamed of its

great sin, it hides in cellars, or starves in garrets, and never can be looked on with impunity, until the fearful morgue has opened its marble jaws to expose a specimen, dead from deprivation. Poverty is here, I say, cleanly and retiring, and, but for the pretended music of street-organs, one, after quite a residence, might bear Paris, as did innocent old Sir Francis Head, with the belief that the dense population had no lower class, when gaunt hunger

and biting cold make life miserable. But it is here police regulations, aided by shame, drive it from palace doors and public ways; yet, in spite of laws, it is all about us, shivering in hunger and pain with complaint until driven wild, and all Europe is astonished by a revolt which destroys governments and threatens society itself.

This disposition to shrink from exposure, or appear well when discovered, is very striking. When subjects, victims of sudden accidents, are carried to the hospitals, it makes no difference how poor they may be, their persons are cleanly, and their few clothes exhibit scrupulous care. The professor, making his rounds with the students, finds each patient prepared to receive them—by a proper arrangement of the little dress, the smoothing the hair, and washing the face and hands. Doctor B. related to us an instance of this sort, which struck me very forcibly. In a female ward of a hospital, about daylight, the hour at which Dubois with a class visits the place, while they were passing slowly from bed to bed upon one side of the long hall, our friend observed a girl sitting on the little couch, carefully combing her hair and arranging her dress. He observed this, because the girl was so ill he had not expected the day before again to see her alive, and the preparation she made was

evidently accompanied with great effort, for she paused frequently, and continued with sad exhaustion. The teacher and pupils passed on, and in less than an hour returned upon the side where B. had observed the poor girl preparing to receive them. She had made preparation to receive a greater visitor than they—she had smoothed her hair and folded her dress for death.

This winter so far has been severe upon the poor. Bread is dear, fuel scarce, and the weather unusually cold. For the first time in many years the Seine has been frozen solid, and enough snow is upon the ground for sleighing. During the holydays I was confined to my room by ill-health, not severe enough for the bed, yet shutting me up; and as I looked from my window upon Place St. Sulpice, and saw the white flakes rudely shaken down by the bitter north winds, I said, God help the poor! The Place continually suggests the prayer, as it appears in its wintry garb—an appearance its architect made no preparation for, in fact never dreamed of. The immense fountain in the centre, with its four colossal figures of church dignitaries sheeted in ice, has a grotesque, chilling appearance; while the huge lions at the base seem growling in stiffened rage as they freeze to death. The naiads and naked gods of fountains and

squares look dismally out of place through the falling snow. The boys are not accustomed to it—they play in a subdued, quiet way, as if this rough-visaged winter were a serious affair, and not to be trifled with.

The voitures, in a long line, seem frozen to the ground; the drivers, very fat men, generally, are shivering upon their boxes, or walk slowly about, beating their breasts, as if engaged in an insane attempt to be lively, while the bony horses mumble and snore in their nose-bags. The winds roar about the great towers of St. Sulpice, and over the many century-shaded walls; the bright snow dances down from hights, which made St. Sulpice seem a mole-hill. The fountain of stony divines and couchant lions, coated in ice, is dazzling white. The broad square is white. The tops of ancient voitures look like sheets. The old church is tipped with light at a thousand points. Omnibuses run noiselessly, while the smoking horses slip and fall upon their noses, then up and stagger on again. It is winter every where, but not our hearty, wholesome, merry winter, greeted by wild shouts of boys, and set to the music of sleigh-bells; but miserable, dull, shivering winter. Way up in a seventh-story window, an old Frenchman, in red nightcap, has poked out his head and said "sacre!" He goes in and hoists an umbrella,

for the roof leaks in numerous places, and suggests rheumatism. The withered old woman at the corner, watching her hand-cart of oranges, says "sacre," and she, too, sets up an ancient umbrella, which rather makes things worse; for, while it snows above, it rains beneath her deceptive shade. All Paris says "sacre"—all France says "sacre," to this vile, stupid winter, which comes so uncalled for and brings such misery.

All say "sacre" but the little boy on the pavement below, and he is too busy trying to sell his few apples, to notice even his own sufferings. "*Belles pommes, messieurs; belles pommes, mesdames; un sou, seulement un sou,*" comes up through the cold air, thin, tremulous, and incessant. I had watched that lad three days. I can not tell why, but I had to look at him, fascinated, although my heart ached as I gazed at the suffering little figure. He was young, quite young, yet had an earnest, thoughtful expression, premature in the large eyes; as sadly out of place was the starved look about the thin lips, blue with cold, the sunken cheeks, and slender neck. Poor little fellow! the miserable, thin blouse hung wet about his shivering form, while the old cap had an ugly hole in the top, and, as I looked down, I could see the snow fall and melt. And he never sold an apple—a



dozen withered, decayed things, certainly not tempting; yet he never ceased in his earnest efforts. At daylight, I awakened, hearing that appeal; as the freezing winter evening swept down the streets, it was the last cry to cease.

My imagination pictured some sick father, some

widowed mother or sister, depending upon this feeble effort for daily bread. I could not look at the little sufferer any more in quiet, and so sent Nannette with orders to purchase the entire stock of the little street-merchant. I watched them from the window—the glad light which lit up his thin, pale face, as she took his apples—the eagerness with which he brought out an old piece of brown paper, and insisted in an attempt to tie them up, are beyond my telling, as I saw them through my tears. On Nannette's return, I asked her if she knew where he lived.

“In this house, madam.”

“In this house, Nannette?”

“Oh, yes, madam, I often meet him on the back stairway. His people live quite up. I never see any but him.”

“Well, Nannette, purchase his apples every day ; and when you see him passing our kitchen, give him something.”

I do not want to write of my few charities, but can not tell you clearly my little history without. The next day, and the next, my little merchant was at his stand. In the meanwhile, Nannette, with the activity peculiar to her, had made fresh discoveries, and was full of information. The family above consisted of an old man, a very old man,

and his two grandchildren—a boy, my little apple-merchant, and his sister, sick in bed. They had lost father and mother, some months since, of the cholera; and the old soldier, for such he was, with great difficulty kept them in bread. Indeed, Nannette said she could not make out where the little did come from.

One afternoon, some days after receiving this intelligence, I happened in the kitchen, as my little friend passed up the stairway. Some ill greater than all the rest was being received, for the big tears were coursing down his hollow cheeks in silence. A strange impulse seized me to follow him. I was framing in my mind some excuse for the intrusion as I followed unnoticed, for he was busy with his sorrows, and a vain attempt to choke down his sobs and tears. Arriving at the topmost landing, I had to pause for strength—and saw him go in at a door partly open, which he left ajar behind him. In a moment I followed. The door was open to aid a poor chimney, and, as it was, I looked through a smoky atmosphere upon the sickness and misery within. The room, a half-garret, with ceiling sloping to the floor, and lit by a skylight of four panes, was almost destitute of furniture, and so dimmed by smoke, it resembled a den. An old table, on which were a few dishes,

two broken chairs, and a low cot, made up the sum. Upon the cot I saw, through the gloom, a thin, pale face, the counterpart in death almost of my little apple-boy—an old man, whose snowy head seemed to gather about and increase the light of the apartment. The boy stood with his back to me in silence.

“Well, Maurice, my child, did you see my old general, and will the doctor come?”

It was a minute before the boy replied,

“They drove me from the door—the doctor says he has not time, but will have Marie taken to the hospital.”

The old man started, and said, quickly:

“Not there, not there—we have given it enough.” Then, after a pause, he added, “Patience, my children, the good father will find us yet.”

The little sufferer lifted a skeleton hand, and, placing it on the old man’s, said:

“I am better now—much better—I will be well soon, grandpa.”

I felt myself an intruder on sacred ground, and hastened to offer my services. The embarrassment connected with such tendering of assistance was greatly increased by the pride of the old man. He who did not hesitate to expose his aged head to the blasts of winter, upon a public bridge, and beg

for his children, shrunk back proudly when his poor home was entered, and its secret life laid bare. I drew, however, the proffered chair to the other side of the bed, and, taking a fevered hand in mine, soon found a way to the old man's heart and confidence. By degrees, I had their history—was told how he had lost his brave boy—how the wife followed, and how they sank deeper and deeper in poverty, until starvation itself was there. The grandfather had sought work, but was too feeble for any service. The children had striven bravely in many ways, until Marie was taken sick, and then the furniture and ordinary comforts disappeared, until the last sou went, and the poor sufferer sank nearer and nearer to death.

I will not dwell upon this sad picture. I mentioned this instance of distress to my friend, Madam B., and she, who knows every thing woeful, had, among other matters, stored away the cipher which, marked upon a letter addressed to Louis Napoleon, takes it directly to his hands. She wrote to him that an old soldier of the grand army was starving to death at No. — St. Sulpice. She received no answer, and no notice whatever seemed taken of her kind appeal; but soon after, an unknown heart came to the assistance of our poor friend. The furniture was restored, fuel and food came in abun-

dantly, a Sister of Charity took her position by the bed-side, and, stranger than all, one of the most eminent physicians in Paris came daily to the garret. I saw the fair donor of all this good—a stranger to me, although her face, from some cause, seemed familiar. She came in a plain private carriage, remained but a short time, yet was very thoughtful and kind.

Poverty could be driven from the door, but sorrow remained. Earth had no mineral, the fields no herb, science no skill, to bring the fleeting shadow back to life. The physician shook his head sadly, and every day went more slowly from the humble home. But it was all in vain; we felt that she was dying. One afternoon, little Maurice came for me; it was indeed the closing scene. About the bed were gathered the strange lady, the old man, the Sister of Charity, Maurice, and myself. The winds, sobbing, rattled the sleet upon the roof, as we bent over that little couch to catch the last faint breath. How slowly the hours wore away! The storm without gradually grew still, as the little breathings came quicker and lower. At last they ceased—the storm and struggle—and suddenly the sun broke through the sky-light, falling in glory upon the little form—falling in glory upon the gray head—falling in glory upon the beautiful face of the fair bene-

factress, and no earthly coronation can ever make her appear half so beautiful as she was by the little couch of poverty.

These things are done, we are told, for political effect; well, perhaps so—I am only happy in knowing that they are done.

XIII.

Fashions and Follies.



THE last request made, before leaving home, came from numerous female friends, begging earnestly to send them the fashions—the latest wear. I have been very delinquent. To tell the truth, I am at a loss, and have been since my arrival, upon this important point. The French women are the best-dressed persons in the world, and, being such, have no one pattern of an article which all exhibit, as with us. The fair and brunette, the tall and short, the slender and robust, can not, save by miracle, find one garment suitable to all. Yet at home, the attempt is made, and the unbending milliner deals out to each the one thing, casting every one who dare depart from it outside of good society. This is one of the mysteries of Parisian toilette that I have made some approach

to a solution. The spirit, which adopts the becoming, gives a peculiar wear to the dress. Come with me upon the Boulevards, this sunny afternoon, and let us take Paris as it promenades. What a countless throng, and all on parade. If there is a single affair of importance in two miles of this stream of life, I am no judge of business. It is the hour for an exhibition, and let us take it in such spirit and notice. The stores have their contents in the windows; the idlers have their best upon their persons; and representatives are here from all parts of the world in competition, but without success. The Parisians are at home, and without equals. This English woman, with her thick shoes, costly furs, comfortable dress, and ruddy complexion, is a real daughter of John—has, doubtlessly, many acres, good health, and feels independent, and above all creation—but she is not Parisian, all her money and influence can not make her that. Here comes a pale, delicate, American girl—intellect in every feature, and unlimited wealth, too, at her command—yet all her ingenuity and imitation, sustained by unlimited resources, only make her a conspicuous failure. The very “bonne,” in cap and gown, is something more than they. Look at this animated instance, as she walks gracefully along. What a complete picture. The dress is not a dress, but a



grace born with her, and far beyond the touch of art. She owes nothing to the bonnet that is so small, and falls so far back that in front it appears only a cap; she owes nothing to the velvet cloak and rare furs, though she carries three thousand dollars on her shoulders and arms; she owes nothing

to the well-fitting dress, so subdued yet so rich ; nothing to the fair face even, to the delicate hand, to the well-turned ankle, and exquisite foot—those all may be given to another, and amount to nothing. It is the manner in which these are carried—are shown to the world ; it is not dress, it is grace ; not modest precisely, but spiritual. She comes and goes, a thing inimitable, unparalleled. She lifts her skirts to escape the soiled pavement in a way that would startle our home people—yet how well done. Crowds may jostle, carriages may splash, yet she glides along, untouched, unsoiled, a creature of grace, of beauty. She has not the dignity of the English woman, nor the modesty of an American—yet superior to both on the Boulevards, she has the talent for dress that makes up for the want of all else.

The great evil with us, is the spirit of imitation. An American woman dare not dress becoming, for the fear of appearing odd. The Parisians have a way of holding their dress, not unbecoming precisely in them, because done with the talent. That manner will be imported to the United States, and one and all will attempt the performance—awkward and unbecoming, to say the least, as it must appear. Yet, the “Bloomer” dress, a costume very well in its place, was hooted and laughed out of the country, because it did not originate in Paris. Now, I beg

of you to remember, I am not "a strong-minded woman," but quite the contrary—something of a timid, weakly conservative—and the Bloomer dress I by no means think becoming; in it we lose the long sweep of drapery, so beautiful in our present dress; but, in the country, for fields and woods, riding, driving, or traveling, it is necessary to comfort and health. Yet, such are the wrongs of our humble imitation, that the very evils of Paris are unhesitatingly adopted. We wear improper dresses at evening parties; we dance improper figures in public assemblies; and suffer all kinds of uncomfortable ways, because we dare not be honest and independent.

We have the belief, prevalent at home, that gaudy colors in dress are peculiar to our country. This is not correct. The Parisians, on a bright day, resemble, if you can imagine such a thing, a garden of promenading sunflowers. The Boulevards have looked to me, at times, as if the merry owners had put in circulation their window-curtains. Strangers, perhaps, do not notice this so much as with us, because Parisian women can carry any thing so gracefully. Before we pull down the curtains and shape them into dresses, we must learn to walk; and to learn this art, we must walk. The shambling, rolling, duck-step—the hard, angular, upright, grenadier

quick step—the slow, the fast, the uncertain, may all be hid in carriages, or kept at home—but never cured, save by exercise—continual walking in the open air.

It is my duty to give you some information of the gayeties of Paris. But you must look to some other correspondent—I have neither health nor inclination. Save a few visits to the opera, and three dinner parties, I know nothing. The bal-masqué, once so famous that all strangers were expected at least to see one, have degenerated into such vile things, that no one having the slightest self-respect ever wishes to witness the second. The most famous—I was tempted to write infamous—are at the Italian Opera House, and commences at midnight, Saturday. This makes it a Sunday orgie; and it continues on Sabbath morning until daylight. Our little party, one and all, declined witnessing such, until curiosity overcame their scruples, and they went, Dr. Bob protesting that it was a shocking affair—any other day it would not be so bad. D. answering, that Bob reminded him of the old lady in Virginia, who begged the gentlemen engaged in running the boundary-line so to arrange it as to keep her house where it was, for “Caroliny was sich a sickly State.”—D: thinking the evil to be in the ball, and not in the day.

I saw nothing of our friends until after a late breakfast, when they appeared, looking much ashamed of themselves, and were loud in their condemnation of the affair. They amused me with a little history of an elderly gentleman they were pleased to call, "Ancient Jones." This individual had accompanied his only son to Paris, to see that his medical education should be thoroughly completed, and under his paternal care. I did not learn that the youthful Jones was disposed to break from the wise control of his careful father. But the old gentleman was full of fears—he heard of Paris as the city of evil, full of pitfalls and snares for youthful steps. One night, not long since, the quiet hopeful said that his near and kind friend Brooks was very ill of the typhoid fever, and he wished to tender his services, and sit up the night by his friend. The father readily consented to this Christian conduct—and, as he permitted his boy to have no night-key, left the door of their bedroom unlocked.

After his son's departure, however, he remembered that it was Saturday night—the night of the grand *bal-masqué* at the Italian Opera House, a thing he had heard much of, and had been solicited by his delicate boy to attend, merely to see, for once. But his morality, his sense of duty, recoiled; he sternly bade his son be silent on that

vile subject. But, to tell the truth, the old gentleman had a lurking curiosity, and on this evening it became frightfully strong. What could possess him? He attempted his usual French studies, but Ollendorff seemed doubly stupid. One or two sentences in that valuable work took possession of his brain. "*Comptez vous aller au bal-masqué ce soir?*" (Do you intend to go to the masque-ball this evening?) "*Je compte y aller.*" (I intend to go.) The opportunity was so favorable—he could go and return without his son's, without any one's knowledge. His satanic majesty fairly took possession of the good old man; and he repaired to a neighboring store, where dresses were rented or sold, and selected the most appropriate—that of a friar of order gray—placed himself in a voiture, and in a few minutes was at his destination. He entered—the scene startled him beyond measure—the crushing roar of two hundred instruments, the dazzling light of chandeliers and jets, which seemed to go glittering up and up into a dizzy distance, lighting tier after tier, where thousands of eyes from behind black dominos reflected back the rays, as they looked down upon the myriads of fantastic forms which rolled and tossed under the sway of the deafening music, like a vexed sea by moonlight—made up a whole to dream of, not to see.

Mr. Jones was startled, then shocked a little, very little amused, and finally, as I shall tell you, greatly alarmed. A strange fascination possessed him. After he had gratified his curiosity, he still lingered; he wandered on through the wild maze, and, as the hours wore on, the fun grew fast and furious—monks and knights jumped higher and higher—devils twisted—gipsies, flower-girls, dibardeurs, screamed as they fairly flew; while hideous beasts roared, howled, and squealed. The musicians seemed possessed, and rolled out without ceasing the wild strains, that seemed to madden every one. Mr. Jones was bewildered; many times was he seized upon by some fearful creature, and whirled through dances which made him dizzy and sick.

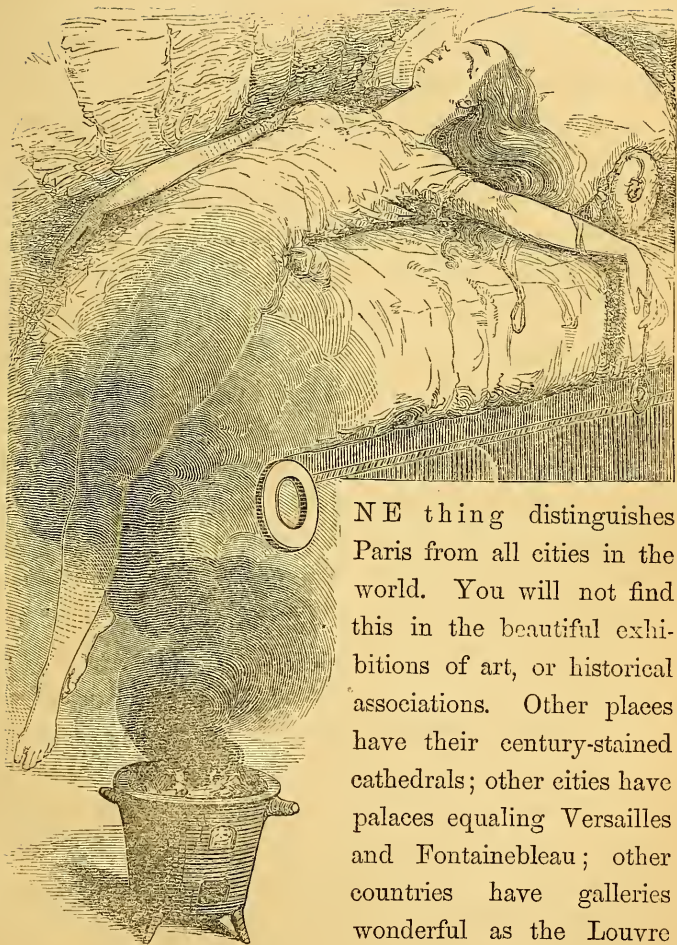
At last Mr. Jones was frightened—he was captured by a group, that, in a mad fit, seemed determined to torture him to death. He could not get away; one of the number, a girl, scandalously habited, seemed the leader. Her dress was very improper—her conduct disgusting. She was evidently intoxicated—smelled dreadfully of bad cigars and brandy. She would not let him go—called him, in excellent English, “her ancient garçon”—“a regular brick”—while the others laughed, shouted, and danced round him. At last he tore himself away, rushed home at daylight, tore off his

gown, thrust it into the grate, and by its warmth hastened to bed, fearing, every moment, the arrival of his son.

Wearied to death, he soon fell into heavy sleep. When he awaked, he was conscious of some one being not only on the bed, but partially on him. He aroused himself—he looked—could he believe his eyes! there, on his bed, in his room at home, was that infamous female, sound asleep, with a cotton umbrella under her arm—worse and worse, the mask was off, and this female was his own innocent boy. He sprang from the bed, falling over and arousing some one, in the guise of a devil, asleep on the floor; another, a tall savage, was on the sofa—yet another, on the table; they were all round him. Did he dream? Was he yet at that infamous ball? Neither. His son, awakened, stared stupidly at him, and the sleepers, starting up, burst into a roar, as one of them exclaimed, “Why, Harry, Jim, here ’s the ancient garçon!” Mr. Jones happened to glance in the mirror—he had forgotten, in his haste, to remove his mask. These gentlemen had kindly brought his son home, and, being somewhat fatigued, had remained with him. The emotions of the elder and younger Jones I leave to your imagination.

XIV.

La Morgue.



ONE thing distinguishes Paris from all cities in the world. You will not find this in the beautiful exhibitions of art, or historical associations. Other places have their century-stained cathedrals; other cities have palaces equaling Versailles and Fontainebleau; other countries have galleries wonderful as the Louvre

or the Luxembourg. But to know in what Paris differs from all the world, one must seek a low, dark, ugly building, on the banks of the Seine, and almost under the shadow of Notre Dame. This is the Morgue—the dead-house of Paris. Here, on marble tables, poverty, misery, insanity, and despair, take their last look at the living—hold a last grand levee, where come all, old and young, delicate and brutal, to gaze, laugh, or cry, and then forget.

French people commit suicide. With them, it is the great remedy for all life's evils. The pangs of despised love are drowned or smothered; the debtor wipes out all scores; the vexed husband or wife finds here the only divorce; the young, too full of hope, one would think, seek it eagerly; the aged veterans of a thousand ills, and near the house of death by the course of nature, impatiently hasten the end. The very children, dreading punishment for having lost a bun, take flying leaps from bridges. It is the "French leave" so proverbial. It is a French passion—a French belief. An American would consider it about the worst arrangement he could make—about the absurdest compromise with his troubles. But the French, who have no clear ideas of life hereafter, grow disgusted with this, and no process of reasoning

can convince them that another may be worse. A French writer has ingeniously put forth the doctrine, lately, that the schooling the nation has for ages received from wars and revolutions has created a national peculiarity—a constitutional trait, born with more or less force in each person. Well, it may be so; but it sounds to me like the reason given by Mrs. Nicholby, who remarked, you remember, on seeing three different accounts of shoemakers in Paris committing suicide, "I declare, all the shoemakers committing suicide. Well, it must be something in the leather." The truth is, the victims of suicide are persons without homes and without religion—causes enough for insanity, Heaven knows.

Reading the daily papers in the column devoted to such events, one sometimes laughs and sometimes sighs. I could fill a dozen letters with the strange, amusing, and horrible instances I have clipped from the journals.

Strangers mounting to the top of the many columns or heights at Paris, such as Vendome Arch of Triumph, and Notre Dame, will be surprised to find themselves closely followed by a gend'arme, who never for a moment removes his eye from the person so pursued. Such espionage is disagreeable in the extreme; but has its origin in the fact, that

for a long time it was the favorite mode of suicide, to throw one's self from these monuments. This for a time seemed to supersede the insidious chafing-dish, or the waters of the Seine. Having climbed to the top, they had an opportunity of taking a last lingering look at beloved Paris, before launching so abruptly into the other world, where Parises are not. The guards on the monument exhibit quite a knowledge of physiognomy—pursuing some much more closely than others. A friend of mine, with lantern-jawed, desponding countenance, one in fact that has suicide written upon it, was terribly annoyed by these watchful guardians; and he has told me privately that he is actually tempted to commit suicide, if only to escape from their surveillance. There is quite a method in these suicides—they diminish after the opera opens, and charcoal takes the place of drowning, after the cold weather sets in.

Quite a singular story appears among the journals to which I have alluded, of a man who, when about casting himself from the Arch of Triumph, was caught by the guard on duty, and for a moment held suspended above the fearful abyss, when the guard remarked to the unfortunate that he could not hold him any longer. "Then, let go," said the man, which the guard did, from ne-

cessity, whereupon the unfortunate, shouting "gare" (look out) to the passers below, was dashed to pieces on the pavement. The poor fellow probably remembered an instance, published in the papers a few days previous, of a woman who threw herself from the same place, but falling upon the backs of two workmen, nearly killed them, herself escaping.

Here is an item that will come under the head of amusing: A couple of Parisians, unhappy in their domestic relations, determined to break up housekeeping, have an auction, divide the proceeds, and separate. After the sale, upon counting the money, they found it far less than they had reason to anticipate. Filled with despair, their second remedy was quite in keeping with the first—they resolved to commit suicide, by drowning. Arriving at the banks of the Seine, the wife feeling timid, the husband, after tenderly embracing her, set a courageous example, by plunging boldly in. Quite accustomed to water, he dived to the bottom, and remained some time for his wife to join him. As she did not come, however, he returned to the surface, and there saw his better half still on the bank, watching, with considerable interest, the place where he had disappeared. "Why do you not jump in?" he cried. "Ah! Alphonse," she re-

sponded, "you swim so well, and I can not swim at all!" Whereupon, the devoted husband came on shore and began beating his wife, when both were arrested by the police, and the above facts disclosed.

Some of these instances are pitiable in the extreme, as the following, the length of which you must excuse, from the fact that the death occurred in our neighborhood, and I can vouch to some extent for its truth.

Josephine S. was the youngest of two daughters of a poor countryman in the valley of Aoste. The cabin of the good Piedmontais being camped upon the borders of the route which led from Switzerland to Italy, the two sisters, as soon as spring came, placed themselves upon the road, offering flowers and fruits to travelers. The eldest of the two girls was very beautiful, and attracted the attention and interest of a French lady, returning to Paris, who, gaining the consent of her father, carried her home as chamber-maid.

The young Josephine, from that event, had but one wish—that of pleasing some rich traveler, and being also, as her sister, taken into service; but the poor girl had a physique any thing but engaging. She was afflicted with the terrible malady, so common to mountainous regions, known as the

"goitre," by which gradually her intellect was being weakened.

Years passed away without the dream of Josephine being realized, and letters from her sister arriving from time to time, and always accompanied with presents, only increased the desire, until it became a fixed idea, and the poor girl formed the project of attempting the voyage, with its risks and perils, alone. So, towards the end of September last, she abandoned the paternal roof, and started for France, carrying her clothes, a very little money, but a great deal of hope. After having traveled on foot a part of Switzerland and France, she arrived at Paris, worn down with fatigue, without shoes, and without a sous. But she was at last at the end of her desires. Scarcely waiting to enter the barrier, she asked the dwelling of her sister, the address of which she had, and, without taking time to rest, covered with dust, she arrived before one of the most beautiful hotels of the Faubourg St. Honoré. At the sight of this sumptuous dwelling, the poor girl believed herself saved, and hastily demanded to speak to her sister; but judge of her despair in learning that her sister was in England with her mistress, and would not return before spring. Josephine, broken-hearted, wandered at hazard.

The night coming on, she seated herself at the foot of a tree on the Champs Elysées, where she sat until day. The following morning, not knowing where to go, and pressed by hunger, she offered herself as servant at several houses. But, as I have said before, her appearance did not speak in her favor, and for a long time her services were refused. Finally, a restaurateur had compassion, and admitted her into his establishment as dishwasher. In one day, the honest traiteur perceived it would be difficult to keep the poor girl, as her awkwardness was constantly resulting in some catastrophe. At the end of a month, he thanked her, paid her double wages, and gave her a certificate. Thanks to this benevolent friend, she soon found another place; but, in a few days, they, too, dismissed her, and so with others, until she found it impossible to retain a situation.

In this sad extremity, she rented a little garret under the roof of a house behind the old church of St. Sulpice. Having no furniture to guarantee the rent, she had to pay it in advance, which diminished her little savings to a mere pittance. She installed herself in her new abode with her clothes, which composed all her baggage, and from the time of her entrance they saw her no more. During the first days, the concierge thought that

his lodger had occupations which prevented her from leaving her room; but one morning, while sweeping the stairs, he gratified his curiosity by a look through the key-hole. He saw the little window covered with an apron, and thought he could distinguish a body lying on the floor. Rushing to the commissary of police, he told his suspicions. In a few moments the police had burst the door open, and the concierge was found correct in his suspicions. It was not only a body, but a corpse, which lay upon the naked stone floor; for she had not even a bundle of straw to lie upon. She was smothered by charcoal, and, not having a furnace, had lit the deadly combustible in a corner of her poor retreat.

XV.

St. Sulpice.



I NEGLECTED to tell you long since that we had gone into winter quarters, as D. termed it, on Place St. Sulpice. We have the second étage in a new house on the corner, and can look down Rue Bonaparte, *rue du vieux Colombier*, or out on the place St. Sulpice, upon which has stood for nearly a thousand years the church of that name, one of the most beautiful and largest in Paris. We are within a moment's walk of the Luxembourg palace and beautiful gardens, where Lucy and I have gathered up some health by much exercise. The wide circle of marble queens, most beautifully sculptured, look down in state upon the palace and grounds, in various graceful attitudes and gorgeous robes, and seeming to me yet more cold than even marble calls for at the

intrusion of the multitude. These grounds, the most beautiful about Paris, were once sacred to loyalty. The rich green sward, the graceful trees, marble terraces, fountains, ponds, and statuary, were once greeted only by high dames and proud gentlemen. Now, one sees the course blouse, the capped and aproned *bonne*, the tasseled student, passing and repassing, indifferent to the historic past—indifferent to the rich stores of the present around them—quite at home, and without thanks. I often listen to the splashing of the fountain, and think of the ears that heard the same music centuries ago, while perhaps their hearts throbbed with hopes, or sank in disappointment, as do ours now. The same fountain tosses its restless spray, the same statuary looks upon us, the palace itself lifts its marble front above the trees, while we flit by like shadows.

One of the most interesting features to me in this neighborhood is found in the streets, being the same in character and name, and, in many instances, the same buildings as in the day when men and women, famous in story, paced them, or rattled in gorgeous carriages over the rude streets. They are the same in name and appearance now, as when D'Artagnan and his swashing comrades loved, fought, and flourished. These romance writers have made

classic ground of nearly all Paris; and it has a strange effect upon us Americans, from our new land, where the fictionists dare not locate their stories, for fear that solemn, untinted fact may cast them into ridicule. The absence of such a softening past at home, makes us seize hold of and relish it the more when found.

The place St. Sulpice affords me the greatest amusement. It is so very French in its animated scenes—on a bright Sabbath, above all. The great bell of the old church roars like a distant tempest; the fountain sparkles and splashes; the four colossal church-dignitaries look calm and happy; the ugly lions even seem disposed to be domesticated and come down. All is bright, merry, and active. A mountebank has stopped his queer carriage in one corner, and, to the music of a wretched hand-organ, sells nostrums, warranted to cure all the ills flesh is heir to. A dog-opera is in successful operation on one side of the fountain, while on the other a live circus, without horses, has a tremendous crowd. The quack shouts, the dogs bark, the clown tumbles to the merry laugh, while the huge bell, calling Christians to prayer, nearly—not quite—drowns all. There comes a procession of priests, four hundred or more, from the Theological Seminary over the way. They wind by the dogs—they almost pass

over the circus—neither of which for a moment suspend proceedings, and disappear in the church.

Now the bell ceases, and one hears at intervals the deep swell of the church organ, as the Sabbath worship goes on; only at intervals, however, for the clown stands on his head and kicks, the dog stands on his legs and barks, and the crowds are noisy and restless. The omnibus rolls by, the hacks are busy, the stores are open and gay, and Paris looks busier than ever. At last, the long service is over, but the plays go on. The long procession of four hundred young priests winds out, and pass over the way into their still college. Crowds rush down the church steps, and swell the audiences of circus, opera, and quack. Prayers are said, and amusements go on so, in every open space in the city, for on a sunny Sabbath Paris is in train.

It is quite a feature in Fourier's system of socialism, you know, to have the children gathered under the keeping of the aged; in this manner giving them a light employment, suitable to their abilities, while the parents are engaged in more important pursuits. This dream of the modern philosopher is practically carried out in Paris. We are accustomed to such things among the wealthier classes of even our own country; but here it is practiced by all. The poor mother, who accomplishes more than one-half the

business pertaining to the livelihood, finds her children in the way; and all round Paris are houses where the poor children are received and nurtured, until old enough to commence the toil to which they are fated. The rich find the little sufferers in the way of their amusements; the poor consider them burdens; and so the rising generation is shut out from homes, and all the blessings parental care alone can bestow. One having the ability might draw a moral from these facts, and account for many of the strange inconsistencies found in the French character.

Shortly after the removal to our present place of abode, I asked to have some grates set in our American manner. The French manner of disposing of fuel is a pleasant little fiction, so far as warmth goes, and not at all to my liking. We secured the services of quite an intelligent-looking man, but had immense difficulty in forcing him to arrange the grate as desired. To brick up the cavernous fire-place, which smoked abominably, and put the grate quite in the room, were propositions to him unintelligible. After considerable discussion, he did as we desired. It was interesting to look upon his manner of accomplishing this. He was, as our concierge informed us, quite a workman; yet he used no trowel, and took up the mortar, and spread it on the bricks with

his hands, and chopped the bricks, when not of the right size, with a small axe, in a way which made one nervous. I was curious to know what wages a mason received; and, in answer, he informed me that he could command, on an average, two francs and a half (fifty cents) per day. This he seemed to think was very good, and proceeded to tell me that many of his comrades were in a worse condition than himself. I asked him if there was not much distress among the laborers in Paris this winter.

"Yes, madame," he replied, "a great deal; every thing is very high and taxes very heavy."

I asked if he thought a change of Government would help matters. He said "perhaps;" shrugging his shoulders, and glancing from under his bushy eyebrows, in a way that would not have been pleasant to a "bourgeois," but expressed no opinion. The caution manifested by all classes on the subject of politics is very peculiar. Every thing about you is shrouded in mystery. I have not yet met with a French man or woman, outside of the shopkeepers, who expressed a hearty opinion in favor of Louis Napoleon. I have not found one to give utterance to one unfavorable. This opened conversation, and he proceeded to tell me of the distress existing among the poor in his immediate neighborhood, which, given in his matter-of-fact way, was certainly

as sad a narrative as I had heard for many a day. But this is leading me from what I sat out to write. A bright-eyed boy of ten or twelve, carried to him the bricks and mortar, and in a pause of his talk I asked if it was his son.

“We hope so, madame,” he replied.

Why he made this singular answer I asked, and he proceeded to tell me. He had married a German; a very good woman, but not used to the French ways. They were very poor, and, when she was ill, (and very ill she was, of a fever, after the birth of their boy—quite out of her wits,) he found it impossible to hire a nurse, and, in accordance with custom, he sent the infant, but two days old, to a house kept for such purposes near Paris. The fever continued many days, and, after six weeks of sickness, the mother recovered sufficiently to ask to see her child. The father was about going for it, when a neighbor, poor as himself, who had children at this nursery, informed him that his child was dead. There was a mystery about the matter. He had received no announcement of the fact from the establishment, and, since the day of the reported death, they had continued to receive the allowance, paid weekly, which they had demanded. Full of anxiety he went to the house.

The circumstances accompanying his entrance were

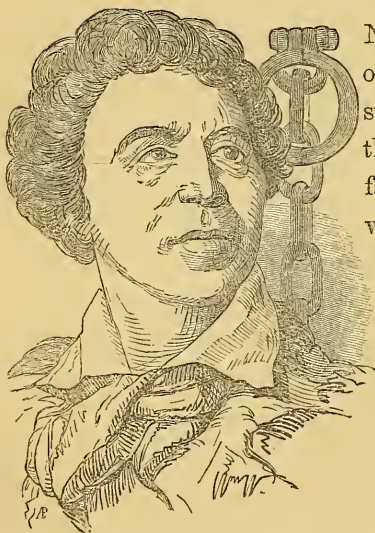
very suspicious. The old woman seemed excited and flurried when he announced his name and errand; and, before she could answer, a thin, pale, half-starved apparition of a little girl, crouching by the fire-place, cried out, "Why, that baby's dead!" The old woman gave her a look, and violently contradicted the assertion. A child was given to him, certainly corresponding in age to his own; but, so firm was the poor man in his belief that they were imposing on him, he would not have nursed the poor little fellow, but for fear of the consequences to his sick wife. The child was taken home, but the painful doubt remains.

"We do the best we can; it is our duty to cherish and support the poor thing. It may be our child, after all."

Sad story, and a very laudable sentiment; but it did not prevent his cheating us abominably, when we came to pay for the grates.

XVI.

The House of Marat.



N the corner, near our present residence, stands the house once the residence of the famous Marat, and in which he received, from the white hand of Charlotte Corday, a death that sends them both down to a remote posterity. I take great delight in visiting places where great events have left

a crowd of associations for one to gather up and make live again, but I hesitate about attempting to place them on paper. It is like an exhibition of dry bones as specimens of former living beauty.

But this place has taken so strong a hold upon my imagination, I can not resist the temptation of giving you an account of my visit.

Leaving Place St. Sulpice by the Rue St. Sulpice, you turn down Rue de l'Ancienne Comedie, all the while slipping over rounded stones, upon which the fog seems to have condensed in a vile compound, any thing but pleasant, and always dangerous; and all the while you keep a look-out for extraordinary carts, towering up above a single horse, which rushes along as if oats were on the rise, or remises that make no pauses, but turn corners as if insane, and you hear the warning cry of "gare," as a chronicle of an accident, having been jammed into an apple-cart, more or less damaged. This is French in the extreme—every one for himself, and the police for us all. The walk, with this exception, is not unpleasant. You are in an ancient part of the city; along these very ways the Roman soldier once strode, the master of the world. But a short distance further on are yet the remains of his palace, of which one chamber yet exists entire. At a later date—much later, indeed—a master of another kind—one of the kings of thought—powdered and ruffled, sauntered into that building, once a theatre, or into this, yet a café, where they exhibit the very table at which he sat and sipped

his wine, and heard himself called Monsieur Voltaire. If you wish to have these shadows of the past, and look around the world, now quite as strange—but this is becoming an old story to you. I am, as you certainly must be, tired of this talk about *bonnes*, students, bourgeois, and other living features of Paris. Here we are, looking at a queer old yellow building, on the corner, three stories in height, and only remarkable for the corner being set off by round towers, telling of a time when every man's house was indeed his castle. This is the house; here resided the "Friend of the People." From the low and lonely place emanated those terrible propositions and fiery appeals which made the nobles shudder and the very Government shake.

I had walked by the place several times, but one day, from a sudden impulse, we determined to enter—not the most inviting proposition, for on the corner in the ground floor is a drinking-shop, and several bloused men were then loud of their cups. Nothing daunted, however, we made the attempt. Entering a narrow passage, we made our wishes known to a concierge, in a dirty, yellow gown, and had much difficulty. But a five-franc seemed to clear her brain, and we were invited to ascend. A narrow, winding stair conducted to a

narrow hall, dim and dirty. Here, Charlotte Corday waited for the servant to convey her request to the dreaded terrorist—for Marat was ill, and bathing; and the domestic had just said he could not be seen. But she was urgent—had, she said, business of importance to the nation. Did that brave heart throb—did any glimpse of the future flash upon the troubled mind—what were the thoughts, what the emotions, crowded into brief moments on that narrow landing?—the few last moments of peace and rest in this world to her. While she waited where for a second I stood, calling up the past, the bright sun of a July evening, gilded as it set the many domes of Paris, and through the dim window came the hum of multitudinous life. What scenery, and what an event! We entered the room—certainly, an uninviting place. Low ceilings, dingy walls, uncertain light from the narrow windows, made up the place where lived and died this fearful man. The furniture is mean now—but was no better, we are told, when its inmate held in his hand the wealth of all Paris. He who could at a word control millions, lived and died in squalid poverty. Strange fact!

I sat myself in a low, broken chair, and read over the fearfully-interesting account—so startling, so apparently without motive, and certainly with-

out other results than to add another tragedy to the already crowded list. Had Charlotte Corday waited but a few days, a mightier than herself would have removed the terrorist. His sands of life, so rudely shaken by grand events and low debauches, were almost run—with a single blow she shivered the glass, and gave her name to immortality.

Marat left a sister, who but a short time since was yet alive in Paris. A friend gives me an interesting account of a visit to her, which I lay before you:

After hearing from the niece of my old washer-woman the interesting account of the death of Marat, and the courageous behavior of Charlotte Corday after the event, I determined to hazard a visit to the sister of Marat, who was then living. Rue de la Barillerie, No. 32, was the address given me. I found an alley, narrow and sombre, guarded by a low gate. Upon the walk I read these words: "The porter is to be found on the second floor." I mounted. At the second floor, I demanded Mademoiselle Marat. The porter and his wife looked at each other in silence. "Is it here?" I asked, impatiently. "Oh! yes, sir." "Is she at home?" "Always—this poor woman is paralysed in the legs." "What story will I find her?" "On the seventh—the door to the right!" The wife of the

porter, who until then said nothing, exclaimed in a bantering voice—

“You will not find a very young woman, I warrant you.”

I continued to mount. The staircase became steeper; the walls, without paint, showed in full day the dirty nakedness of the plaster. Arrived under the roof, before a door badly closed, I knocked; after some moments waiting, during which I gave a last glance of the eye to the wretchedness around me, the door opened. I stood struck with astonishment. The being who opened the door and stood before me was Marat himself. I had been warned of her resemblance, almost supernatural, to her brother, yet was startled to find it so real. Her coarse, shapeless dress, with a napkin wrapped about her head, from under which very little hair escaped, all worn by a masculine-looking woman, added to the illusion—for one remembers the white cloth upon Marat's head at the hour of his death in the bath.

I made the customary salutation, asking, “Mademoiselle Marat?”

She fixed her eyes, black and piercing, upon me, and answered, “It is here—enter.” We passed by a gloomy cabinet, where we saw a kind of a bed. This cabinet led to a chamber, very neat, but mis-

erable. The furniture consisted of three chairs, a table, a cage where sung two canaries, and an open armoire which contained some books. One of the windows being broken, it had been replaced by a sheet of oiled paper, which threw in the room, from the rainy day, a light gray and dull. I was not able to prevent myself, in noticing all this, from thinking upon the disinterestedness of those revolutionary kings, who had held in their hands the fortunes and heads of all Paris, and yet died leaving their widows and sisters to garrets on the seventh floor, without clothing, and perhaps without food or fire.

The sister of Marat placed herself in an arm-chair, and invited me to sit myself near her. After stating my name, and the object of my visit, I hazarded some questions about her brother. She spoke to me, I must say, rather of the revolution than of Marat. I was surprised to find, under the dress and outward seeming of a woman of the People, a language correct, precise, and vehement. I there recognized all the ideas, and often the expressions, of her brother. Also, she was having over me, added to the gloom pervading the chamber, a strange effect. The terror which attaches itself to the men and things of 1793 penetrated me, little by little; I became cold. This woman

seemed less the sister of Marat than his shade. I listened to her in silence—to the words which fell from her lips.

“One founds not,” said she, “a republic on gold or ambition, but on virtue. It is necessary to moralize the people. A republic needs pure men, who, to the attractions of riches and the seductions of power, will be inflexible. There is no other glory on earth than to work for the rigid enforcement of just and equal laws. Cicero is great, because he has crossed the designs of Catiline, and defended the liberty of Rome. My brother, himself, is to me something, only because he has worked all his life to destroy the factions, and to establish the welfare of the people; otherwise I would disown him. Monsieur, remember this well: it is not the liberty of a part, but the liberty of all, that is required, and this can only be obtained through reason and virtue. Tyranny does not spring from the unjust nature of the few, but the debasement of the many. The weed springs from the uncultivated, rank soil; cutting the weeds will not correct the evil. Good must be sown, and sustained in its struggles to take the place of corruption. My brother died at his work. In vain they may assail—they can never efface his memory!”

She spoke then of Robespierre with bitterness.

"There was nothing in common," added she, "between him and Marat. If my brother should have lived, the heads of Danton and Camille Desmoulins would not have fallen."

Interrogated if her brother had been truly the horse doctor of the Comte d'Artois—

"Yes," said she, "it is the truth; and, being such, he was pursued, later, by a crowd of countesses and marquesses, who sought to win him from the cause of the people. They judged him by themselves, and thought, because poor, he must be corrupt. Indeed, it was rumored at one time that he had sold himself for a chateau. Monsieur," added she, showing me with pride her miserable abode, "look; I am his sister, and his only heir; behold the chateau."

I surprised her, several times, fixing upon me looks distrustful and inquisitive. The suspicions of the revolutionists of 1793 had not died in her. She avowed to me that she had need of information upon my patriotism. I saw her also become angry at some of my observations—it was truly the blood of Marat. The principles advocated by her brother made up the whole legacy left to her keeping. The man, calamitous, sorrowful, and unfortunate, was in her eyes but the passing shadow—his doctrines, the substantial good left to all humanity.

My interview would have been protracted, and

perhaps more interesting, but I left impatiently, on her alluding accidentally to Charlotte Corday, and calling her "an infamous woman of the pave." I am somewhat ashamed to own this, for it was Marat's sister denouncing her brother's assassin; but the language was so severe, and the look so strong, I forgot myself. As I rose to go, she followed me to the door, catching at table, chair, and wall, as she passed, staggering, for her infirmities seemed under excitement much worse, and said:

"If you wish more information, come again, and if I am alive you shall have it; but age and infirmity make it uncertain. The concierge will open this door some day, and find a flickering light blown out."

I turned to look at the almost skeleton form, dark, threatening, and terrible, and it seemed as if I gazed upon the last phantom of the reign of terror, scowling as it disappeared.

We never met again.

XVII.

The Tuileries.



LOUIS Napoleon has endeavored this winter to revive all the glories of the old Empire. This effort has a double object in view—to give an air of courtly splendor, considered incident to imperial government, and

create work for milliners, tailors, hair-dressers, and the great body of artists whose genius and efforts pertain to the outer human. This last is the most important; for the old nursery rhyme of “Satan finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do,” is well appreciated in Paris, where tailors, hatters, and shoemakers, not engaged in getting up

court dresses, go to pulling down courts. This sounds strange to American ears, who, educated to self-dependence, see nothing in a government but a political game, in which he engages for amusement only, and feels himself quite as well without as with it. But in France, the great body of the people consider the Government in the light of a parent bound to provide for all; and the moment such provision ceases, they consider the parent an imbecile, and proceed to destroy. Nothing can be more pitiless than a French mob, unless it be an American mob. It makes little difference how earnestly the statesman may labor, or what lore the patriot may exhibit in administering public affairs, the first failure in crops, the first distress manifested, will see barricades go up, and the earnest and faithful will be butchered without question or delay, unless, indeed, the governing power has taken the precaution to hedge itself about with bayonets, and make fear the governing element. Three of the mildest and best governments France ever experienced, were the most unfortunate—Louis XVI., Louis Philippe, and the Republic. Now, Louis Napoleon gallops scowling along the Boulevards, and the dense mass look back in sullen anger; but between them stand three hundred thousand armed men, and their positions will remain unchanged so long as the troops

are true. Woe to the Government the moment the bayonets begin to fret. After all, one should not waste any sympathy upon a government destroyed in this manner. The powers reap what they have sown; they educate the people to this. Louis Napoleon has now over one hundred thousand men in Paris, engaged in pulling down, and rebuilding, and improving the city. This cannot last always, and after awhile the hundred thousand will build barricades. There is a dish of politics for you, and I trust you will give the proper credit.

Impelled by curiosity, I determined to risk some health, and secure various lectures, by visiting one of the court balls at the Tuileries. No one can tell how long this pageantry will last, so one can not wait on good health for that which will not probably wait for us. D. held out strenuously. We had of course to don the court costume, and he protested that being made to resemble a stout butler out of place was a thing out of question. But we prevailed, of course, and the eventful night saw us gloved, ruffled, and coifféd, in a style that would have made stare our respected relatives in their unsophisticated homes in the valleys of beautiful Ohio. I had a nervous laugh, as the thought struck me, how one, full of age and honors, who regards the calm evening of life with more dignity than a crowned king, would look

at our little party, and could almost hear him say, "Bell and D. are certainly losing the little sense nature has given them." I will not write how we appeared. Suffice it to say, we could have passed for fashionables of Franklin's and Washington's day. Hancock could have put his arm through D.'s, and sauntered along, without feeling ashamed of causing remark. Those were very simple folk, I am sure; "and why not go to our first Presidents for our dress, as a late Administration proposed doing for its principles," said D., relieved considerably by the set of his velvet coat.

At Pont Neuf our modest voiture fell into the line of carriages, that stretched its length from the palace doors up through various streets at an astonishing distance. Indeed, had we been justly dealt by, time enough would have been given for various serious reflections. We did not properly put ourselves at the end of these carriages, but our driver made various voyages along the line in search of an opening; without success, however, until an omnibus broke upon the arrangement, and our whip rushed in with a dexterity worthy of all credit and some cash. As it was, he nearly upset a delicate little coupé, from which issued a delicate little scream, and, after awhile, a delicate little head, which, near as I could make out in the starlight,

regarded hack 782 in great scorn. Two very aristocratic horses snorted and pawed directly behind, and I had some nervous feelings about a carriage pole being introduced to our party. The fact is, we were bringing a very shabby establishment into what Carlyle calls gig society, that looked as if it might have served to take Nebuchadnezzar and family out, when that gentleman went down to his country residence. What cared we for that, rude republicans as we were? We drove hack 782 between the wind and this nobility on considerations of Bunker Hill, Fourth o' July, and other great principles, and we left the consequences with Providence.

I had a protracted view of Pont Neuf by starlight, for the long line moved slowly on. Pont Neuf, where Sterne wept over the poor man's dead ass—Pont Neuf, once thought the finest bridge in the world, the center of civilization and power, for on this isle Paris first existed. Here Richelieu's carriage, like ours, rolled slowly or rapidly along—over this bridge came Ravillac, tracking, like fate, the steps of Henry IV.—here Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, Danton, Robespierre, and almost thousands of others, wended their way in heavy carts from prison to death—"the bridge of sighs," indeed. Looking up, I could see dimly the statue of Henry IV.; to my right the Louvre shone in light; while

on the left, where once stood the dark Tour de Nesle, the college built by Mazarin lay in shadow, the Seine flowing silently away between. But all things, including a novel by Dumas, and a speech in the Senate, must have an end. The end to our starlight view of the Seine terminated about eleven o'clock. I can believe others saw the day dawn at the palace doors. We entered at last, threw off our cloaks in the so-called dressing-room, and ascended the noble stairway between ranks of gorgeously attired guards, who occupied every step, standing as motionless, clasping their muskets, as if they were carved of marble. The great stream of gay life poured, chattering along between these unfeeling instruments of death, as if they were not there. It is a trite reflection, I know, but it continually comes up before me here, where the sound of the drum is scarcely ever out of hearing, that men and women should consider this killing in the light of a thing graceful or ornamental. I thought, while slowly passing each motionless guardsman, that I looked in the very face, at the very musket which fired upon the Boulevards on the day of the Coup d'Etat, and left some wretched widow desolate. They were not so beautiful in that light.

I can not give you on paper any impression of what I experienced on entering the beautiful hall.

It was like some dream of fairy land. I never expect to see the like again. The same scene repeated would not be the same thing—wanting the novelty. I stood for a second, taking at a glance the dazzling lights which fell upon the multitude in the gorgeous dresses of a by-gone day. Add to this the music of the first orchestra in the world, led by Strauss himself, and at that moment pouring out one of his delicious waltzes, and you may appreciate the exhilaration that for a moment came upon me.

Our first duty was, of course, to be presented to the host and hostess, who were so kind and considerate as to invite us to their festivities; and, finding our minister, Judge Mason, we were soon in train for a presentation. The Emperor and Empress were late in attendance, or we should not have been honored with an introduction. It seems—and I give you for once some court gossip—that the head-dressing of the Empress is superintended by the Emperor in person, and her majesty never appears the second time in the same robe. On this occasion she was somewhat disappointed, her dress not arriving in time. In the mean while, when it did at last appear, the Emperor found that the arrangement of her hair did not suit, and all had to be done over again. It is said that the Emperor expressed himself very strongly in German, French, and Eng-

lish. He arrived at the moment we did, and Judge Mason formed our party of Americans in two lines, down which the Government passed, our representative walking backward, and calling the names slowly as he went. Judge Mason did his part handsomely and well; but I must say, the Emperor went through his in a silent, queer way. I kept thinking of Victor Hugo's terrible sentence, "He has the name of Napoleon, and the talent of Silence." He does not much love the Americans, and the Americans see no love lost between them.

One of the most attractive features of this courtly entertainment—the one I most wished to look upon, and having seen could scarcely take my eyes from—was the beautiful Miss S——, an English girl, whose name rung through all the circles of Paris. Surrounded by admirers, she came toward us with the bearing of a queen. I can not pretend a description. Healy, with his graceful power, has left her upon canvas, fixed almost in the same flashing light of loveliness with which she lives. It is true my admiration was somewhat sobered by remembrances of one of our own belles that the winter before, in Washington, had filled all hearts with worship. There is, however, nothing in this to take from the fascinations of Miss S——. The one is a true type of American womanhood, as the other is of English.

But it is curious how near great beauty brings widely differing things. The republican girl created the same effect as I saw this belle at the Tuileries, surrounded by a world that lives on titles.

I was struck by the attention paid Baron Hübuer, the Austrian Minister. The Emperor promenaded with him—the Empress danced with him—and look for the gentleman any moment during the night, you saw him surrounded by ministers or magnates in the interest of France and England. This arose from the position of his country in the great European drama—the fact that he was recognized as a friend of the allies, and, in addition, was a man of undoubted ability. This last is unquestionably true. He comes from nothing—it is a matter of extreme doubt whether the Baron could say, or remember, who were his parents, so unimportant were they—yet, in a country where birth counts so much, the Baron had risen to wealth and position.

It is the policy of his government to have him the warm friend of the allies. Some, however, have no faith in his sincerity. Certainly, it is true that his visit to Vienna, to congratulate the Emperor on his marriage, was followed by a treaty with the Porte, and the Austrian occupation of the Principalities. But then, no war came of it; which, however, may not be Hübuer's fault.

He is not an interesting man to look at—slender, homely, and awkward, as I found him. But great physical beauty never accompanies diplomatic talent—and Baron Hübuer is not alone in this.

Judge Mason was much commented upon, for the severe simplicity of his costume. Although cut in what is called court costume, it was without embroidery, or ornament of any kind.

It is singular to read at home the severe comments of some of the press upon this gentleman, and know how unjust they are. I presume our administration does not seek to control the social conduct of the minister; and socially, it is customary, when a minister or any official is invited to a dinner, or assembly, to wear some mark of his position. If he dislikes to do this, he can remain at home; but if he attends, let him respect the wishes of his host. It is very democratic to go à la Mose, but a gentleman appearing with his coat on arm, and hat on head, at an evening assembly, would not be very polite or respectful, to say the least. Judge Mason, as representative of our government, was presented in citizen's dress, and, as minister, is always seen in that garb. But, at parties and dinners, custom has settled the fact, that he must appear à la Franklin.

By-the-bye, there is quite an error at home as

to Franklin's court suit. We are under the impression that this good old man, while representing our country at this court, wore the every-day dress of an American citizen. Such is not the fact. Mr. Soulé wears at Madrid the style of dress worn by Franklin, and it was not then, any more than now, the every-day wear of our citizens. The truth is, the old man's mind was on more important matters than the cut of his coat. While he dealt with the destinies of nations, he left the consideration of dress to lesser intellects.

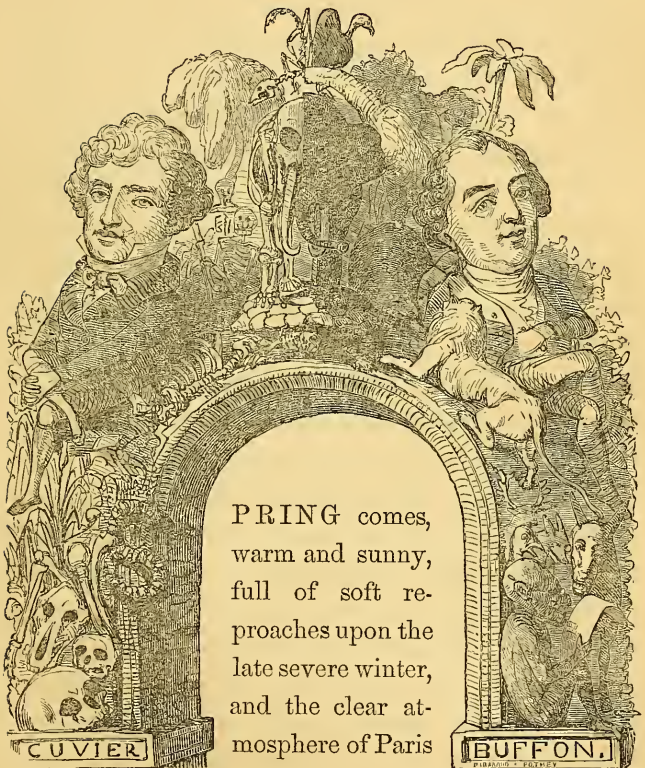
I soon wearied of lights and music and the unmeaning crowd, differing in no respect from the thousands and thousands which have flitted through these same halls. I looked around in vain for one person whose name could serve to hold it in memory. Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Sue, Dumas, Lamennais—

"The kings of thought, who wage contention with their time's decay,
And of the past, are all which will not pass away."

We returned, wearied, to our little apartments, about two o'clock, A. M., and I fell asleep to dream of dancing at a soirée of Secretary C——, in Washington, with the Emperor, while our vis-à-vis was the Empress and the razor-strop man.

XVIII.

Jardin des Plantes.



seems buoyant with life. I had been standing in the warm sun-light at the window, looking upon Place St. Sulpice for almost the last time as a resident, for in a few days we were to leave our winter quarters, or home, for over three months; and soon the huge fountain would splash, and the crowd jostle, the little dwarf pound his little table, and shout "exhibition extraordinaire," for other eyes, for other ears. We may remove from our temporary homes, and yet we seem to leave part of ourselves behind. The chambers wherein we have been glad, or suffered, the doors which have opened for us or friends, the windows that have given us light, the fire-places that have smiled upon us, seem to have become part of ourselves; and, after a long absence, when we return, they seem to smile a reproach, and have unspoken welcomes. I think all the while of my successors as interlopers, having no rights, and finding things very strange.

A sunny morning, and St. Sulpice as merry as if suffering had never existed. All is noise, and apparent confusion. From and into the ancient and narrow street of Vieux Colombier, at my right, the crowds jostle and throng. Here comes "an institution," as Mr. Breslin would say, peculiar to France—a cart drawn by a miniature donkey. How the shafts rest upon the back of the diminutive

creature—how the body of the vehicle towers up two or three stories high, with an old lady at top, who seems to be exhibiting a dexterous balancing to keep her place, are points a painter alone can do justice to. But there are times—critical periods—when the balancing comes to an end, and the ancient lady makes the same discovery in herself that Sir Isaac Newton did with the apple. This in an instance: The streets are slippery, and donkey fatigued—he stumbles, he falls. The miscellaneous load of straw, boxes, coops, and old lady, tumble upon him—the last, as the French say, somewhat “bouleversed.” The ancient dame picks herself up—she picks up her assortment of wares, she tries to pick up the donkey; but that animal, deaf to the chick-like persuasion to an effort administered in a kick, is evidently disgusted with the whole affair, and declines moving. As D. says, he is a conservative—a specimen of “masterly inactivity”—in fact, a donkey. He is evidently “a donkey wot won’t go;” and in the mean while an omnibus, which nearly runs over them, can not get by—a stone-cart has wound five horses tandem round the omnibus, a carriage follows the stone wagon, and far down the street—further than we can see—vehicles are crowding into the difficulty. All the drivers, passengers, and even spectators,

scold, swear, and shout, at the donkey; but he refuses to budge; like many other donkeys in this world, he suddenly finds himself famous by the force of position alone, and rather likes it. The thing is getting to be serious, and may end in a barricade, yet. But here comes two of a body who solve all troubles in Paris—two policemen. They seize Mr. Donkey, and fairly lift him to his feet; but he refuses the proffered aid, and tumbles again. The police deliberate—they procure a board, and, putting it under the refractory animal, carry him to the side-walk; the cart is pulled away, and the street is cleared. Fifteen minutes after, I saw donkey trot away, pulling the little old woman and her wares—the world of Vieux Colombier went on—the donkey had lost his position.

The day was too beautiful, after our long winter of fogs and cold, to think of remaining in-doors, and I readily accepted an invitation from Madame L., to visit with her the Jardin des Plantes. I stipulated that we should go in an omnibus. I felt some curiosity to know the interior of these huge, lumbering affairs, that seem for ever, night and day, to be rolling along the streets. Madame L. telegraphed one that she designated as the proper line to carry us to our journey's end. The conductor, in uniform, standing upon the steps, politely

help to seats Madame L., Lucy, myself, and the dog; for my friend, like a true Frenchwoman, never is seen separated from Pierre. We were comfortably placed omnibus-fashion, but with each seat separated by iron arms, for which we paid six sous apiece, and received in return a slip of paper called a correspondence, which entitles us to places in the next omnibus when this one left the direct line. In this way, one can ride quite over Paris, if you understand the correspondence, and don't go on a rainy day.

I was in my habitude, looking at my fellow-passengers inquiringly, and making up in my own mind each one's pursuit and immediate business, when a comely dame of thirty, or thereabouts, suddenly bursting into tears, seized Pierre, and pressed him to her heart. Madame L. considered Pierre quite attractive enough to cause this burst of feeling. I looked at it as a French demonstration; but Lucy opened her large eyes like a startled fawn. After a few sobs, kisses, and convulsive hugs, the lady recovered sufficiently to say that she, too, once had a Pierre—now, alas, no more. But, to understand her story, it is necessary to go back two years in the history of canine life in Paris, and record a few facts.

At the period I mention, dogs were, if possible,

more the rage than now—to be without a dog was to be without a luxury. Well, in the midst of this, one summer afternoon a gentleman, with his family, walking in the Bois de Boulogne, saw, cowering under some bushes, a beautiful little white lap-dog. He seized the wanderer as a prize, not, however, until after a bite in the hand, which he attributed to spirit, and liked the little fellow all the better. The strange pet, with some difficulty, was taken home and snugly housed, with collar and string to hold him secure. But he made an ill return for such kindness—he was sullen, uneasy, bit every one who attempted to caress him, and altogether was a bad subject. In a few days, he became worse—refused to eat, his eyes looked inflamed, and were at times glaring and frightful, while his howls and cries were terrible to hear. One morning, the children found the cord gnawed asunder, and their pet gone. The beautiful pet was gone, but his evil remained. In a short time, the horrible symptoms of hydrophobia manifested themselves, and grew more and more positive, until, in frightful agony, two children and the mother died. Paris, with its hundred thousand dogs, was thrown into a panic. The government took up the affair—the police was put to work, with orders to kill all that came in their way, by poison, shot, or

steel. In less than a week, over twenty thousand dogs fell before this government epidemic.

During this war of extermination, our fair unknown was passing through the gardens of the Tuileries, with Pug at her side, secured by a cord. Pug, unaccustomed to such durance, resisted, with frequent cries of indignation, and she had almost to drag him continually. At last, the resistance became absurd—our unknown was busily conversing with a friend, and interlarding her discourse with frequent appeals to Pug, begging him to come on. At last, she looked round—her pet, her love, her life, was on his back, with four paws raised piteously to heaven. He was bathed in blood; indeed, life was extinct. The mystery was solved in discovering that, while passing a sentry, he had taken occasion to use his bayonet on the reluctant favorite, and, to the great amusement of quite a crowd, for some distance she had been dragging a dead dog. This was why fond memory brought back the feeling, when she looked on the departed's like again. Tears, sobs, and a broken heart for thy cruel death, oh! reluctant Pug!

We found the Jardin des Plantes thronged with women and children. The sun warmed them into merry life. Our first visit was to the animals. Madame L. called on an old acquaintance. During

her husband's life, they had been connected with the army in Africa; and while domiciled in garrison, one of the officers purchased a cub-lion, which was permitted to run at large in the court. The animal, under the generous diet of his masters, grew to an enormous size, and, from continual kind treatment, was quiet and good-natured as a house-dog. The women petted him, the children played with him. He grew to such magnitude and beauty, that the officers determined to present him to the French Government. His lionship embarked accordingly. During his voyage, his temper was much injured by the vexations incident to the sea; but, on his arrival in Paris and introduction to a narrow cage, his nature seemed to change, and he became as ungovernable as before he had been docile. We found him sufficiently quiet, reposing with that wonderful head resting between his huge paws. Madame L. spoke to him, and, lifting his head, he opened the large yellow eyes slowly and sleepily, but with no look of recognition. Lions have bad memories, and this was not the first to forget the hand which once nourished his lordship. I can't help dropping, now and then, one of these profound remarks—it gives one such an air of wisdom.

I wanted to remain hours with these terribly

beautiful creatures, but our conductor expected some sous at the last door, and got to it as soon as he could. A man passed us, throwing pieces of beef into the cages, and I enjoyed greatly the rapid way in which they disposed of their provender; but they grumbled all the while—like old fellows at a hotel. If I could believe one hyena, he had been accustomed to much better living at home, and was being put upon most abominably in this place. Honest old Bruin, alone, made no complaint; in fact, seemed to be thanking Providence, inwardly, he ate with such gusto.

In many of the cages were little dogs, placed there, the conductor informed us, to keep the animals company. The effect might be pleasant to the wild beasts, but the poor dogs seemed to be sadly *ennuied*, and begged us piteously to be taken into better society. We found quite a crowd collected around the pleasant residence of a huge monkey, who seemed to be aware of his attractions, for he kept up a continuous chattering, climbing and tumbling about his large glass house. I contrasted this large, comfortable apartment, with the narrow cages of lions and tigers, and indulged in another wise reflection, to the extent that monkeys have always the best places in this world.

The exhibition was too near humanity to be pleasant, so we made our way to the residence of the great attraction of the gardens, the hippopotamus. We found the star enjoying a bath; indeed, very little of his time is passed otherwise. We could see nothing but a black muzzle above the water, that seemed to be the mouth of some animal terribly bored, for it indulged in a continuous succession of yawns, really striking. I never saw ——'s book produce more extensive demonstrations. We waited in vain for this beast to come out of the water, and exhibit, At last, to bring about this result, I purchased one of those singular compounds sold in such places, and called cakes, although they eat as if made of putty and flavored with castor oil. This I threw in; the bait took—the beast, getting his head out of the water, gobbled up the morsel; the effect was startling. Whether he was disgusted with the refreshment, or really choking, I can not say; but immediately a terrible commotion in the water, and the mouth gave great evidence of being in want of breath. To choke the hippopotamus to death was a feat I by no manner of means proposed being distinguished for; and the manifestations continuing, we all took to flight. Turning a corner suddenly, we nearly fell into a pen of bears, which were in an admirable

mood for the reception of visitors—an Englishman having just been amusing himself with punching the solemn gentleman from the north in the back with his cane.

This collection of animated nature sustains no comparison to that in London. This part of the garden has been sadly neglected—indeed, during several popular disturbances the poor creatures were left to starve. But no collection can surpass that exhibited in the Gallery of Zoölogy, or the Cabinet of Comparative Anatomy, arranged by Baron Cuvier. As I walked through these great halls, with mind confused, almost, by the vast throng of specimens on every side, I thought of the Patent Office and Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and could not help saying, “Poor home! How far we are behind the old world in some things.” D. and Doctor Bob, who had joined us in the garden, paused before the skeleton of a full-breasted, heavy-boned Englishman. “If,” said Doctor Bob, “some of our worthies would take from their resting-place half a dozen pilgrim fathers, and set up their bones by the side of as many of their descendants of yesterday, we would find the heavy, strong, large-lunged animal of England had in our dry climate degenerated into a thin, weak, consumptive Yankee. The study would be more prof-

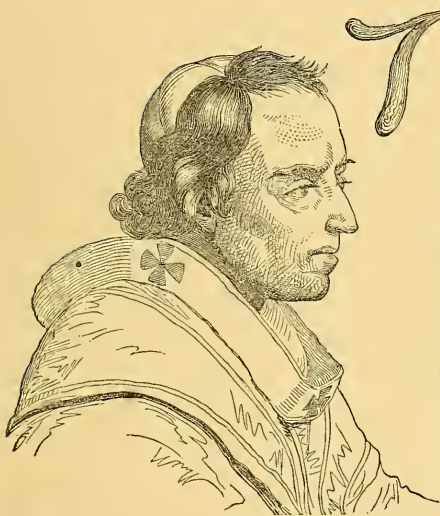
itable than the contemplation of Gen. W.'s cast-off clothes.

"How would the skulls compare?" I asked.

"I think," said D., "that Webster's, Clay's, and Hawthorne's, would show decided improvement."

XIX.

Fontainebleau.



THE delicious spring weather tempted us out, and with a merry party, made up of Dr. Bob and friend, Lucy, Mr. H., and myself, we set off per railroad for Fontainebleau. Ah!

what words can put on paper the exhilaration the warm, sunny breathings of the green earth gave us, as we flew along the banks of the Seine, and over the hazy-tinted level of the country about Paris—the modern Athens, with its crowded streets, where towering houses shut in the foul, foggy air, where a winter unusually

severe had shivered, weary days and nights had educated us to a proper enjoyment of the budding spring. All the sunny past came up—came up the sparkling wine-cups, golden fruit, song and dance. The railroad, with its quick, iron ring, seemed sending us from the hard, suffering present, into the joyous land of romance. To such enjoyment one must have a preface, and mine had been days and months of anxiety, care, and physical suffering. The absence of these sufficed to make one content; but kind, full-hearted nature soothed me like a tired child. Yet more—the country I looked upon had many features in common with the Mac-a-cheek plains, where surly winter yet lingers, and my mind took up the saddest and merriest days of life, to blend them in the present. I laughed, I cried, I clapped my hands like a girl; and the good hearts with me took up the feeling, and we sang “Home, sweet, sweet home,” in a style beyond the reach of Jenny Lind.

Arriving in Fontainebleau, we scorned, like true originals, the fashionable hotel, and put up at a snowy, quiet little inn, with brick floors and crooked stairs, all flavored considerably of the days of old. My huge room, with little bed in one corner, with queer, antiquated furniture, had a balcony under the window; and, while sitting on this, had I seen

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, mounted on Rozinante and Dapple, ride down the narrow, silent street, I should not have been at all surprised. The frame-work of that golden picture is yet there, to keep in countenance the personages, should they again appear.

One day was too much like the other for a record. You know how I despise accounts of inanimate things, and, for further particulars of castle and contents, I must refer you to the proper work, to be had on the ground, and which commences in this true Niagara-guide-book style: "Oh! you who, to discover and admire the capricious marvels of the world, traverse the earth and brave the seas, come to Fontainebleau." The fact is, we acted more like children turned loose from school, than people who had "traversed the earth and braved the seas" to come to Fontainebleau. We wandered through the woods, having been long enough from the forests of our native land to respect any sort of attempt in that line. We rowed to and fro upon the long canal; we invaded the sanctuary of the swans, upon the island in the centre of their lake, where Napoleon retired to consult upon the somewhat serious proposal of a resignation; we sang "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-spangled Banner;" we lunched in the magnificent "Salle des Gardes;" recited in the little

theater built for Madame de la Pompadour; and at last sat Dr. Bob upon the throne in the grand throne room, and went through a mock presentation with more fun than dignity. Indeed, the mock sovereign, with a cap turned up in front for a crown, and with our trains improvised from shawls, cloaks, and table-covers, were too ridiculous for dignity. It is to be hoped the matter is better done when played on a grander scale; but, to tell you the truth, I fell over my train, while Lucy and Miss E. fairly wheeled round, shocking etiquette by so marching out.

No one must suppose for a moment that this is the ordinary style of seeing Fontainebleau. By no manner of means. We are fortunate in being the friends of Mr. K., the architect, now engaged in building for Louis Napoleon a theater, on a more extensive scale than that of the little one constructed for Madame de la Pompadour, and with which Napoleon and Josephine were so delighted. Our friend kindly gave us the keys, and unlimited freedom, and we treated Fontainebleau in a very familiar, easy manner. D., who came for us a week after, and was admitted on the day appropriated to the public, says he was taken through at the rate of "sixty miles an hour," and actually made sea-sick in a winding stairway.

I expect you will be provoked with me, for the hundredth time, for not giving you some solid information on what I have seen and heard. But I tax my memory in vain—I can recollect nothing I felt impressed by, save the long suite of gorgeous apartments in which his Holiness, Pope Pius VII., was imprisoned for nearly two years. I could almost see the old man slowly pacing over the polished floors, coming to meet his jailer, the man of destiny; and, relatively, it seemed at the moment a contrast of strength and weakness. But in an adjoining chamber is preserved the little table on which his destiny, accomplished, was signed—his abdication, which made the vast empire vanish like a dream! Let no one pass without regarding well this relic—the marks of the penknife, which, while he deliberated, he impatiently and abstractedly struck into its surface. The history left in this, upon the little table, tells more of the man than volumes of biography. From all the material things, I turned continually, as I walked, day after day, through the long halls and silent chambers, to the unseen life my imagination gave birth to. Queens of a by-gone day rustled in brocades past me; the brave, rude men, poets and artists, were around me continually. I could see Jean Jacques Rousseau, listening in delight to his own play, badly performed, because weak

royalty smiled upon him. I could see Voltaire sneering at the royalty that presumed to smile on him. If spirits no longer of this world, yet retaining the feelings born in their brief career, could control material things, these grand old rooms would no longer be silent—to some, doors would open, and sweet music greet their entrance; to others, these doors would shut, and chairs, tables, and even altar-candlesticks, become means of offence.

Who is it that says that they who have given themselves up to vile pursuits on earth, and do bad deeds, will follow the same path, and re-enact again and again for ever their evil actions? I am inclined to believe such dreams, and received from Monsieur K——, the architect, in illustration, the following narration of a night within the unseen life of Fontainebleau, with decided belief:

“PHANTOMS.

“After the destruction of the roof and part of the walls, the death of —— called me to Paris, where I remained some weeks, during which our work was suspended. I returned at the end of that time, however, with the necessary orders to continue the new theater. I left in the afternoon train, and arrived in one of the ugliest winter storms to be witnessed in France. After a hearty dinner at the hotel,

and sleepy readings, by nods, of the day's papers, I at last gathered up my little baggage, and wended my way to the snuggerly which I had appropriated in the palace as a sleeping apartment. I passed the sentries, muffled in their cloaks and crouching closely to their boxes, and almost stopped in the grand court where so many events have been enacted. I could see the dim outline of the palace—I could almost recognize the circular stairway which so many kings, queens, courtiers, statesmen, beauties, and generals, had traversed, and down which Napoleon came to embrace in a last adieu his Old Guard. As I hesitated for a second, staring into the wild night, the old clock above the doorway tolled out the hour of ten. It was indeed the voice of time, tolling its ghostly summons into the drowsy ear of night. I pulled my cloak closer about me, and sought my little room.

“To my great horror, I found, from some interference by our workmen with the roof, the continued rain and snow of the past week had found their way in, and my room was any thing but habitable. I had to find other quarters, and the idea of wandering through the vast chateau in search of a resting-place seemed as dreary as such a search would be through a deserted town at midnight. I had no help for it, however. So, descending to the lodge,

I secured the services of old Marie and two men, and we set off in our search for a sleeping-room. I knew the most inhabitable, at least the most comfortable, were those of the Princess ——, known as Madame de la Pompadour's, and thither I conveyed my escort. Here three rooms are almost thrown into one, being separated at the doorways only by the heavy tapestry. The smaller, the bedroom, is a perfect gem. The floor is covered with a carpet, in which the foot sinks noiselessly; the walls are hung with the finest satin; the furniture, of costly woods, is reflected in tall mirrors, and set off by rare paintings, every one of which is worth a journey to look upon.

“Madame Marie soon arranged the huge bed, and ordered the men to light the pile of wood in the fire-place of the larger room. The smoke, for a while, rolled heavily into the apartment, but as the heat gathered force, took the proper direction, and in a few minutes I had a capital fire. Left to myself, I drew an arm-chair from its place, and for more than an hour sat looking into the sputtering fire, and listening to the storm rattling and beating upon the windows. Drowsy at last, I stole to my strange bed—so strange, that I soon wakened to a sense of restlessness, to me unaccountable. I could not get to sleep, but turned and turned for hours, listen-

ing to the furious storm, or looking at the fire. At last the blaze went down, and shadows, more and more gloomy, seemed to dance upon the goblin-tapestry in the adjoining chamber, into which I looked, giving a sort of life to the vivid figures. I could, between sleeping and waking, almost see the figures move. In vain I attempted to sleep; the drowsy god forsook my couch the more I courted his soothing presence. My mind took up the many legends—the many cruel deeds which had once made the very stones quake with fright. I thought of the poor man broken alive upon the wheel by Louis the *Just*, because a clumsy trick, harmful to no one but himself, had failed. All the sudden deaths, and mysterious disappearances, would throng my brain. I saw the jealous and infuriated Christine of Sweden approach Monaldeschi, in the dim and ghostly ‘gallery of Cerfs,’ and demand the authorship of certain letters to a fair Italian. I saw her beckon the two assassins and the priest; I heard again the supplications for life—the strange absolution; I saw the murderous attack upon the unarmed man, who, clad in coat of mail, resisted with his hands, until face and hands were cut to pieces, and, a frightful spectacle, he blindly fled from his assassins, vainly crying for mercy—until he fell, dying by inches.

"I could not clear my brain of this stuff, while the storm dashed itself against the huge windows; the fire gradually burned down, until the room became more dim, and long shadows began to play upon the goblin tapestry, as if the figures, endowed with life, were flitting by and at each other. I would drop into a doze, and start out again, as if upon the watch, with a feverish sense of uneasiness, difficult to describe. At last, I became conscious of some one being in the room—the larger room adjoining, where now smoldered the fire, and into which I looked through the folding, draped doors. Yes, it was surely so; some one stood before the fire. Strange to say, I was not startled, or alarmed—only influenced by a strange sense of awe. I could not, and yet I could, see distinctly; the details were uncertain, but the general outlines were there, marking the fearful man—for it was indeed him. I saw the cocked hat—I could almost see the clear, cold face—the overcoat, the hands folded behind his back. Yes, he stood before that fire, as he had stood before the most fearful camp-fires of Europe.

"While I gazed, spell-bound, upon this apparition, another started into existence, from, I thought, the very tapestry, at the further end of the room; and it slowly, and with kingly stateliness, stalked across



"HE STOOD BEFORE THAT FIRE AS HE HAD STOOD BEFORE THE MOST FEARFUL
CAMP-FIRES OF EUROPE."

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the floor, a gigantic figure, dressed in the costume of another age; and, as it turned its face slowly as it advanced toward the fire-place, I saw the straight line from the forehead to the end of the nose, which marks so decidedly his portrait in the Louvre.

“On he walks, turning his head with a stare of surprise, until he melts into the heavy gloom gathered at the further end of the apartment. And now come two others—the one fair and beautiful as a summer’s day, her long, silken, auburn locks falling over, and almost hiding the lustrous blue eyes; the other, dark as night. They, too, glide on and disappear, to be followed by one unlike all others. What a fierce, stern woman! what a cruel, cold eye! She, too, the mother of kings, passes on, glaring in hatred at the motionless figure before the dying fire. Hardly had the scowling apparition disappeared, than another came, and so, in contrast, he seemed an angel of light; mild, quiet, passing slowly on. He gazed, too, in the same direction with the others, but in a look rather of curious astonishment than scorn or hatred. His is not a martial tread or look, yet from the cap droops a long white feather that seems to be beckoning columns on through the black, thick

smoke of battle, while from his breast the red blood welled out, soiling his white vest.

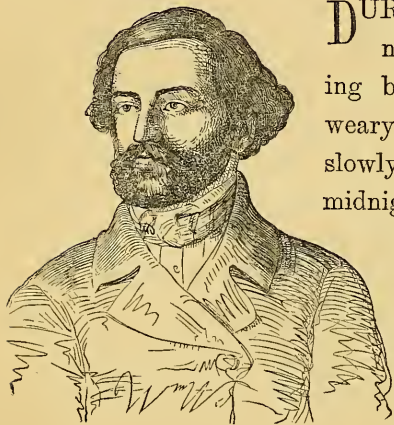
“He is gone, and after a pause appear two shadows—the one indistinct and uncertain, with the crown only clearly marked and glittering; but his companion, tall, thin, is distinctly visible, with eagle eyes and hooked nose and thin lips. He smiles proudly upon the form which has disturbed them all, and, as he passes on, a smile of recognition seems to play about his lips. They, too, are gone; and now they come, not one, nor two, but crowds of shadowy, kingly things, flitting by like figures in a distempered dream. They are gone; and, while the wind seems breathing a funereal dirge, appears an old, old man, bent with age, who totters by, and, without turning or exhibiting any emotion other than grief, disappears—the last of a royal line. There is a long pause—still the form before the dying fire stands motionless. Will there be another? I strain my eyes to see. The fire burns lower and lower; while the gloom deepens, the storm grows loud apace, and seems to change into the echoing roar of cannon and wild cries, as if a nation were gathering into strife; and now a terrific explosion, and Fontainebleau seems falling about me in ruins. I involuntarily close my eyes, and open them to find the cold, gray light of a

winter's dawn stealing into the room. My dream was ended; the specters had fled at the ghost's summons; for,

“ ‘The sentinel cock, shrill chanticleer,
Had wound his bugle horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn.’ ”

XX.

Le Chiffonnier de Paris.



DURING Lucy's last illness, as I was counting by the window the weary hours as they wore slowly away, between midnight and morning, I saw some figures with lanterns passing from side to side in the dark street, and frequently pausing as if in

anxious search. Each had his light and stick, and as this light shone below, the back seemed rounded into a huge deformity, as if hump-backed. But, on looking closer, I saw that hump was a basket, and into this basket whatever they searched was dexterously thrown. I had never heard of such beings as these, and looked with intense in-

terest upon them as they glided about mysteriously and earnestly in the black, still life, just before dawn.

These were the chiffonniers, or rag-pickers, of which Paris has over twenty thousand. A respectable town that would be out West—indeed, a city—and would have ministers, councilmen, merchants and lawyers; would have its aristocracy, its exclusive circles, and civil wars. Twenty thousand inhabitants would own a destiny; be represented in Congress, perhaps furnish a President or a Hawthorne. Capitalists, looking at the round figures 20,000, would invest, and railroads stretch out their iron lengths to it from unknown districts. Yet twenty thousand chiffonniers are twenty thousand inhabitants, except in Paris. They, too, have their history, perhaps their destiny—these busy prowlers of the night, for at night only are they abroad, silently following their strange pursuit. But they have their history, written in blood. When the great State trembles, they come thronging out, fierce and active, with no apparent purpose, but with astonishing unanimity. They batter down palaces and erect barricades, and kings fly; and word goes out to the world that Paris has a revolution. The chiffonnier is lord then.

I have watched them many a time since I first

remarked the strange creatures, knowing their character and singular life. It seemed to me, in thinking of their weird existence, as if, while the great city was lost in sleep, they were ghouls darting here and there, searching in eager silence for their aliment, and disappearing as day approached. I have left my bed many a time to see them, and remarked with others their uniform activity. In all other occupations we find a great variety of character, but with the chiffonnier one always notices the same stealthy, quick tread, the same earnest industry.

Some time since, a French author, as distinguished in political life as in literature, made this character the subject of a drama, that, in the hands of Frederic Lemaitre, the famous actor, had a run unequaled even in Paris. I never saw the piece performed, but, attracted by the name of Felix Pyat, its author, I made it my text-book in studying French for some months. I have wondered greatly at its not being translated and performed in America. The character of Jean, given by Murdoch or Anderson, would be very effective. Twenty thousand people must have instances of individual romance, and the chiffonniers have theirs. An eminent physician at one time in Paris is now a rag-picker, and may be seen, when not prescrib-

ing to his brother chiffonniers, passing from heap to heap of gathered rubbish, lantern in hand, like another Diogenes. One can almost read a strange history in his countenance. As he takes a closer view at some doubtful substance, and the light gleams over his wrinkled face, one is startled at the stern expression of settled discontent, indeed of hatred. But for the history.

The Count Rodolph Vesey was the husband of one of the most beautiful and fascinating women in Paris. The Count married her in a blind fit of love, greatly to the indignation of his family; for she was neither rich nor of noble position. He married for the beauty, and was too stupid to discover that he was taking more than he asked. The beautiful Diane was as talented as beautiful, and the gentleman found at length that he had brought to his house a being far superior in spirit and intellect to himself. Vain and jealous as he was, the discovery became a terrible annoyance. His gorgeous house was rendered the most attractive in the city, and his dashing wife the center of a wide circle, made up of wits, poets, statesmen, and artists; and no one could claim any position in the fashionable world unless recognized by madame the Countess. This was bad enough, at best; but the lord and master was awkward

and silly, and good-natured friends soon taught him the fact that, while one half of the establishment was courted and admired, the other was avoided and laughed at—the old story of Beauty and the Beast—only this beast was an ugly beast, and permitted some very bad feelings to grow in his sour nature. The old love gradually changed into a bitter hate. In our country—where this little drama is often acted, as well as elsewhere—the husband finds relief in dissipation; and the poor wife, for daring to have brilliancy, is punished by seeing her better-half a terrible animal indeed. But Frenchmen have a French nature, differing decidedly from our old-fashioned human nature; and the Count Rodolph did not drink strong drinks, nor did he gamble; but the Count betook himself to hard thinking, not for the purpose of improving his weak head, but to discover, if possible, some means by which to dispose of his beautiful superior. She was so very prudent in her conduct, so general in her attentions, that light-winged slander, so delicate and indifferent a thing in Paris, could find no spot on which to rest. The Count was sorely perplexed. If she would only love some one—if she would only give him a reasonable pretext for abuse—what a happy man he proposed to be! This came at last—the pretext, I

mean; for at this day the Countess is regarded as a saint in lace—a purity in white kids. But the occasion for a rupture appeared.

Well, you ask, what has all this to do with our Doctor, the chiffonnier? Be patient; we will come to that directly. Among the admirers who surrounded the Countess was a round-shouldered, hooked-nosed, badly-dressed individual, that one might call positively homely. But this gentleman was witty, eloquent, and withal generous and sincere; not generally so regarded, but so in fact. After one passed, if one could, the outer line of breakers and spray, they found sunny fields and quiet dells, full of nature's richest stores. He appeared wealthy, held a high official position, and had to the world an unknown history. But he was known historically to our brilliant Countess.

When the Countess was no Countess, but a poor girl living with her widowed mother in no very magnificent style, but, to tell the truth, in a rather poverty-stricken way, trusting to the precarious income from music and French lessons, in the same house with her lived a poor student. The chambers of Madame Valmott and daughter were some distance from the street, but nothing in comparison to those of the student who lodged in an unknown quarter, quite out of Paris. You went round and

round until you were dizzy, then up a straight, narrow flight, then you turned suddenly, and followed a somber passage, the little light of which came, you knew not from where, and seemed itself to be lost and faint with getting there. Then you stumbled against half a dozen stairs—as if the habit of having stairs could not be got clear of—then you opened a door, and found a little room, queerly shaped, and lighted by a window in the roof. But we have nothing to do with the little room, only with its occupant—a silent, studious man, who seemed to have a purpose. How he became acquainted with Madame Valmott and her beautiful daughter, I do not know; but the acquaintance was interesting and useful. He gave the daughter lessons, comforted the mother with good advice and several small loans of money, and, I suspect, was quite in love with his acquaintance—when Monsieur the Count came in, and carried away the prize. The student went his way, the Countess hers; they were wide enough apart, and quite unknown to each other for many years; but the position of the one, and the talent of the other, made them known to the world, and to each, at last.

The Count was ignorant of this little history, as all were but the two interested. He only noticed

the brightened face and joyous manner with which this gentleman was received, the hours spent in conversation, the letters passing to and fro, and he made up his mind to the fact that his wife had at last fallen in love. The discovery did not please the gentleman so much as he anticipated. Indeed, he flew into a rage, even going so far as to consider himself an ill-used man, a victim to be pitied and comforted, if not revenged. Madame the Countess certainly was very happy in the company of her strange acquaintance, and passed too much time enjoying it. But the circumstances on which the husband acted were subsequently shown to prove her entirely beyond suspicion.

This lady had never intruded her poor relations upon her rich husband. Even her mother, long as she was on earth, seemed quite removed from the sphere usually filled by mothers. But she had one relative dependent upon her bounty; a poor cousin, whose ill health made it almost impossible to serve without annoying her husband. She was anxious to secure the unhappy youth a post under Government, by which he might support himself and relations. This gave rise to a mysterious correspondence, watched over by the anxious husband. He saw sufficient, in his excited condition, to think his fears confirmed, and set

about his revenge. It was what a weak, cowardly creature would propose; eminently cruel in intent; eminently French in manner. He did not wish to kill his wife, but merely to subdue and conquer her; and with this design determined to tie her, open a vein in her arm, taking care to have a physician near, and, under the terror of death, to hear her confession and prayer for forgiveness, and then call in medical aid to her relief. It was well planned, and, had the poor lady any thing to confess, would have probably been successful. He borrowed a lancet from the family physician, bade that gentleman be in attendance, without, of course, revealing his design. The poor woman awakened from her sleep to find herself bound hand and foot, with her cruel husband standing over her. She did not scream or attempt to move, but opening her large eyes, stared in fright and astonishment.

"What is the meaning of this?" she faltered out.

He replied, to make her confess, before dying, to her ingratitude and infidelity. She tried to laugh, tried to consider it a stupid jest, but the angered expression of his face made the laugh die in her throat. He again demanded a confession, and she asserted her innocence. He bared her arm and applied the lancet—a wild scream rang through the

room. The Count had prepared for this, yet, fearing she might be heard, he placed his hand upon her mouth. Looking at pleading eyes and flowing blood was certainly not a way to obtain a confession; yet every removal of his hand was followed by such piteous screams, that no other way was left. Enraged at his failure, or blinded from the first, he repeated the wounds, until his poor wife fainted from loss of blood.

The Count rang for the doctor; but the doctor, a bluff, frank man, tired of waiting, had uncere- moniously departed, and the husband, believing his wife dead, hastily gathered some valuables and fled, nor was he ever heard of again. The poor wife was left to die alone.

We are told that a death of this sort is exceedingly cruel. The blood flows until the victim faints—then it ceases, and she revives; and so, dying many times, life gradually ebbs away.

If I were a great author, of the Bulwer school, now, I would pause, and call your attention to the thoughts and feelings of this poor lady, as for an hour she lay there with the springs of life tossing their crimson spray from her lovely arms—I would remark the golden tapestry, the old paintings, the gorgeous furniture, the many gilded mirrors, in which startled and feeble life saw itself reflected.

Above all, I would suggest the fact of the mother turning her dying head, and staring through the, to her, gathering night, to where, under the little canopy, swung her babe, prattling to itself as it awaited the morning caress. And, writing a French horror, this all would be in keeping. Our friend, the doctor, having completed some trifling affair, returned, and proceeded at once to the chamber of Madame. The physician belonged to that class of great minds who are astonished at no event. Unfortunately for him, in this instance he coolly rung up the servants, ordered the release of their lady, applied all necessary remedies, as if seeing to an ordinary affair. But his help came too late—the poor Countess could only falter out her sad story, and die.

I say the doctor's manner was much against him; his lancet was found stained with blood upon the floor, and although never believed to be the principal, and on account of his position cleared as an accomplice, yet suspicion remained, and the world recoiled from him in horror. His practice fell away; he rapidly sunk into poverty; his wife, a sensitive, ambitious woman, died of a broken heart, and for a long while the great world lost sight of him. One morning, just before daylight, the carriage of one of his most wealthy patients

of former times, whirling home from a ball, nearly threw to the ground an old chiffonnier; and as the rudely-shaken lantern gleamed upon the iron countenance of its possessor, the gentleman recognized his former friend and physician. A chiffonnier he was, and a chiffonnier he is to this day.

I would not be safe in asserting that your readers have not met with this before, for it is historical, and as such I give it here—a specimen of the material out of which rag-pickers are sometimes made in Paris. Fine linen ends in chiffons, and fine people sometimes in chiffonniers.

XXI.

The Catacombs.



OME time in the year of 1774, a large house in what is now known as the Latin Quarter—then the most fashionable part of Paris—suddenly fell to the ground. The house did not fall upon its inmates like one shaken by

an earthquake, or overthrown by a great wind, but seemed to have crumbled into the very earth, and, in place of a heap of ruins, presented almost

a cavity. This event created intense terror, but this terror was infinitely augmented when another and another huge house disappeared in the like manner. The Government, at that time exclusively engaged in hunting down offending authors of epigrams pointed at Du Barry and Louis the Well-Beloved, turned its attention to discovering, if possible, what subterranean power was swallowing up the houses of Paris.

About this time another circumstance assisted in directing their pursuit. Paris was beset by robbers, smugglers, and political offenders, who seemed to possess the power of disappearing at will, and thereby setting at defiance the wrath of offended law. An offender would be tracked to his abode, the house immediately surrounded, but, on breaking in and searching the premises, the bird would be gone, and the police painfully impressed with a belief in witchcraft. At last, however, through the agency of gold, three of the most noted offenders were secured. Subjected to hideous tortures, a confession was wrung from one that threw light upon the strange fact of fallen houses and disappearing thieves. The execution of these three men is so graphically told by Monsieur Berthet in his "Catacombs of Paris," and gives such a picture of the times when "Louis the Well-Beloved" held sway in

France, that I can not forbear translating it for *your* readers.

Eight in the morning had just ceased ringing from the clock of the Palace of Justice. One of those thin transparent fogs rising from the Seine of a September morning, enveloped the towers of the Grand Châtelet, the clock of Saint Jean en Grève, and the pointed roofs of Hotel de Ville. The Place de Grève had not then the regularity and beauty of to-day. Surrounded by old houses with gables to the street, no three of which were in line—and overhanging stories—while the pavement was broken and dirty. The streets in the neighborhood were narrow, somber, and unwholesome. In fact it was yet the old and melancholy Grève of the middle ages—a place historically filled with souvenirs, but souvenirs cruel, cold, and bloody.

This day in particular the Grève had an expression dark and sinister. Facing the Hotel de Ville, in the center of the place, was a hideous scaffold. One saw the upright posts supporting a heavy beam, from which hung, trembling in the chill wind, three cords with nooses prepared. It was not the scaffold, nor the cords, nor the expressive noose that chilled the blood, and made the heart sick. On the ground was a mysterious instrument, shaped something like a wheel, against which leaned an

iron bar, accompanied by chains and cords, and on which one saw heavy dark stains by former torture. This was the wheel, the last invention of cruel ingenuity.

An audience was not wanting for this heartless spectacle. The execution would not take place for hours later, yet the place was filled to overflowing—an overflowing that rolled back into neighboring streets quite out of view, where the crowd amused itself by cries, songs, brutal jests and fights. The soldiers of the Prevost, with their grand batons, with difficulty opened a way for the officers, while the guard about the scaffold could scarce keep their ranks against the rolling, tumultuous crowd. The gamins of Paris, perched on sheds, balconies and trees, screamed shrilly at each other. The pedlers, then more numerous than now, threaded the crowd, giving utterance to their strange appeals. A singer, stationed on a corner, charmed the ears of a wide circle by a song which he accompanied on a cracked violin. One could have said that it was a market, a fête, or fair, but for the giant gallows with its pendent cords, which gave the true character of the attraction.

But it was not only the bourgeoisie, and mass of common people, who invaded the Grève. The privileged classes, the lords and ladies of the court,

were also there. In place, however, of crowding the pave, they occupied reserved seats at windows of houses convenient, the balconies of Hotel de Ville, and even the roofs of neighboring buildings. On every side, gay gentlemen, perfumed abbés, courtly dames, elegantly dressed, advanced their powdered heads to catch a better view, or nod one to the other. The court seemed to be enjoying a reception in Place de Grève. Window saluted window with smiles of satisfaction. Several curious nobles, unable to secure windows, had driven their equipages far into the crowd, and sat yawning while their footmen scowled insolently at the jeering crowd. Since the death of La Brinvilliers, of which Madame de Sévigné, crowded upon the street, could see but the head,—since the execution of Damien, which a young and beautiful duchess described with such evident delight—never had the place of Hotel de Ville witnessed so numerous and brilliant an assembly.

It was not a poisoner in the person of a marquis, nor yet a regicide-devoté, that called this immense crowd from their various homes to witness a brutal death, but a common robber with two accomplices, about whose career had so long hung a fearful mystery. Their various deeds, greatly exaggerated, were not more surprising than those of ordinary

occurrence coming to light each day; but their successful concealments, their sudden appearance and as sudden escapes, brought to belief almost the witchcraft of old. But gold has a power superior even to witchcraft—and now, slowly making its way through the tumultuous crowd like a vessel working against a tide, the cortège appears with its victims bound hand and foot between.

I stop without translating the graphic account of the terrible torture known as “breaking on the wheel,” and the subsequent death. But, having introduced this well-written account, as an artist gives an overture to a drama, let me say in connecting it, that the confession of one of these wretched criminals led to an investigation of the subterranean chambers then under nearly one third of Paris. Evidently quarries from which almost in its infancy Paris had materials for building—subsequently used as places for burial—the entrances had been gradually built over or destroyed, until the existence of them became in the public mind a matter of doubt and tradition, and the events to which we have alluded called the attention of authorities to their existence. That vast and noise-some chambers connected by galleries existed under the densely-populated and closely-built district of St. Germain, under such huge piles as St. Sulpice,

Pantheon, and the Palace of the Luxembourg, was a fact to make one wonder—and many a time while living in Place St. Sulpice, my mind went down into the darksome regions to grope blindly among the dead of a forgotten age.

It had been our continued intention to visit the "Catacombs," but the curiosity was somewhat allayed by a fearful picture of a few hours' stay in them given by our talented artist, Mr. Walcutt. By his industry and genius he had carried away a warmly-contested prize from an academy sustained by the Government, the possession of which gave him the right to visit many places, among which were the "Catacombs." He did not however avail himself of this privilege, until a party of English and American officers arrived with permits from the Government, and proposed that he should accompany them. They set off one noon, making the entrance near Hotel Cluny, preceded by a guide. This entrance, nor indeed any other, is not of a striking character. They entered a low doorway, and immediately commenced descending a narrow spiral stairway old, worn, and dirty. He counted sixty steps before arriving at the end, where a narrow gallery cut through the soft stone presented itself. The passage they traversed was so low and so narrow, two could scarcely walk abreast,

while the ceiling bore the marks of torches carried through it perhaps centuries before. Numerous other passages crossed, or led from this, and our friend was fast coming to the conclusion that these narrow burrows in the earth were any thing but the grand excavations he had been taught to expect, when they came suddenly upon a huge chamber hewn from the solid rock. The guide lit a number of torches, and distributing them among the rocks, called upon the party to mark the effect. The glare of light upon the white rocks, reflected by the lofty ceiling, sustained by huge pillars of masonry, and dashing with flashing starts towards the gloomy recesses, and yet gloomier entrances, as if attempting to penetrate and drive back the night—had certainly a very startling effect.

To one who had explored the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, had traversed great fields of night, crossed lakes, and heard the mysterious rush of unseen rivers, and watched the long line of red lights descending precipices—this view of the Catacombs dwindled into utter insignificance. But humanity throws an interest around objects nature can not approach. The doubtful origin of these chambers, the mysterious use assigned them in ages gone by, the fact that, above, a great city rung out its busy life—all served to create an awe no mere exhibition

of nature, however magnificent, could call into existence.

Our friend wished to do in the Catacombs as he often had done during a summer's residence near the Mammoth Cave—watch the effect of lights leaving him, so as from a good view to secure a sketch of the strange interior. He seated himself without speaking to the party that went on, not noticing his movement. The groupings and lights as the company left him were certainly striking and worth the arrangement. As they approached the further end of the huge chamber, he rose to follow, when their sudden disappearance into one of the low galleries—so many of which cross and re-cross the principal passage—alarmed him, and he hastened forward only, in the darkness that immediately followed, to stumble over a pile of stones. He rose, and again hastening forward ran against a pillar, and fell back stunned and bleeding. He gained his feet and hesitated. His first thought was that the party with their guide would return that way—his next, that, missing him, they would retrace their steps in his search. To attempt following them would be madness. He could only grope his way in blind darkness, through unknown and perhaps unexplored passages—while remaining in one place he at least would be in the route best known to

the guides. So seating himself, he counted the weary minutes, that seemed hours, in that dreary waiting. Indistinct remembrance of stories told him of persons who had disappeared and perished in these fearful depths, came up to make more unbearable his terrible position. There was no sound of life, save from the slow dropping of water, that seemed the very voice of solitude itself.

Hours seemed wearing away. Once he thought he heard the sound of steps, and, starting up, he felt his way along—hastening to meet them. In his groping he found, as he thought, the gallery by which they passed out, and he turned along it, but meeting no one, paused, hesitated, and then returned. He walked back, as he thought, toward the chamber from which his companions had vanished—but, after blindly pushing on, he became convinced, from the distance he traversed, that he had missed his way, and was indeed lost. It required but a moment to realize his position; and the cold perspiration started from every pore as he did so. What days might elapse before, in this labyrinth of winding passages, he could be found—what suffering—what a death, seemed inevitable! There was no utility now in remaining still—he might stumble upon the track of his friends—might find the stairs by which they had descended, or discover one of the

many outlets yet remaining open. Blindly groping, he painfully and slowly continued—now stumbling over loose stones—now stepping in pools of water from which he drank—and pausing every few moments to catch the sound of returning steps—yet pausing in vain—for around him reigned the stillness of the tomb. The tomb, indeed—for, whatever was the origin of these huge excavations, they had been used as burial-places—and every few moments, as he felt his way, his hand resting upon a smooth stone, he thought to grasp the skull of some unfortunate, consigned to this fearful resting-place perhaps centuries before.

Hours—they seemed ages—went by, and he began to experience that fatigue which comes from excessive mental excitement—and with it the dejection that said—Despair. Seating himself, his hearing keenly alive to every sound, he tried to rest—tried to be calm—tried to believe that in a few moments he would catch the sound of coming footsteps—hear the blessed human voice once more. But all in vain; the brooding silence—the cold earthly air—above all, the intense darkness, seemed to weigh upon his very heart, and crush out hope. He again started to his feet to continue his efforts. Turning a corner suddenly, he came upon a dying torch stuck in the crevice of a rock. No crew in

a polar sea, searching for lost comrades, ever came unexpectedly upon traces of their friends—no lost friends ever stumbled upon evidences of neighboring humanity—with the same joy our friend seized upon this brand. The company had evidently passed that way—would they return? He seized the torch and attempted to blow the fire into life again—he waved it hurriedly, but the flickering flame only served for a second to light the pillars, the jutting rocks and dark recesses, then plunge all in darkness more oppressive more profound than before. Fate seemed against him; yet, from the appearance of the torch, these very companions had passed but a few moments before. What signified that? they had not encountered him—probably had not missed him—perhaps never would. Why had he not shouted? they might have heard him. He did so now—throwing his entire voice into one effort he uttered a fearful cry, that rang out dismally along the passages, and came back again in dull echoes; but these last alone replied. He again sat down, resting his head upon his hands; he heard the question ringing in his ears again and again, with such fearful pertinacity, “Am I to die in this manner?” He heard again the water dripping in regular beats, with a monotony more terrible than utter silence; for his imagination saw

in it a huge clock beating out a measure for the life of men. He was startled to hear the sound of the organ and church music—deep, heavy, and indistinct—doubtless vespers at St. Sulpice. And he thought of the crowds entering that huge edifice, and listening to the divine music, little dreaming of the suffering and death far down in the black chambers beneath them. He thought of the great noisy world above, of the rattling voitures, laugh of children, hum of men, and gossiping of women. The companions who had accompanied him had probably returned to their homes, forgetful of him.

From this his mind wandered to other scenes, far, far away over the wide Atlantic—scenes of his childhood. He saw once more the Sciota flowing sunnily away, now widening into a lake—now slumbering apparently under huge banks covered with forest trees. Ah! how beautiful; how near and dear all seemed to him! Or he saw a home as wildly beautiful, but nearer still, where the winds whispered among bending trees, and wild birds sang, and two lovely eyes looked long, yet looked in vain for him who should never, never come again—never be heard of in his loathsome burial-place. Then the mind took up the dimly-remembered stories of persons lost in these vast chambers, and stumbled over by exploring parties after the

rats had half eaten their bodies. He could not bear the thought—he would make one more desperate effort for life. Starting forward he felt hastily his way about the huge chamber in which he was, in search of an entrance, but without success, and at last fell to the earth in utter insensibility. When he came again to consciousness, the blessed light of day was shining upon him, and friends were about his bed watching eagerly his return to life. Their story was as he had suspected. They were on their return before one of the party noted his absence; and then, quite a dispute arose as to whether he had entered at all. They were positive on both sides of the question. But one of them was so earnest in his appeals to their humanity, asserting positively that he had seen their lost comrade but a minute before, that, although the rest considered it quite absurd that any one would willingly drop 'behind in such a place, they turned to search for him. Had he remained where first he lost them, the greater part of his suffering would have been saved him. But after carefully retracing their steps, and asking the old man who had opened the entrance for them, and hearing his assertion that the same number came out that he had permitted to go in, they laughed at their fears and separated.

It is a singular fact that one of the company who had denied at first, and felt satisfied in his denial, that Mr. W. was one of the party—after they had separated suddenly remembered a little circumstance which brought the missing friend to mind. He hastened to his room, and, not finding him there, to his various places of resort, but with like success. As the night wore on, and no tidings of the lost could be had, he felt so certain of the terrible fact that he could not sleep, and at last hastened to the proper authorities with his startling announcement. The entire force was at once put in requisition; and, after hours of painful search, our hero was discovered and conveyed to a place where he could be cared for.

XXII.

Instruction.



WAS so discouraged in our efforts to acquire a knowledge of French—that a proposition to try a school where French was the only language spoken, met with my entire approbation, and, after a careful inquiry, in which all the

schools in and about Paris were searched and examined, Lucy and I selected that of Madame Dupont, and in a few days found ourselves safely ensconced in two little rooms in a wing of the huge establishment—one side looking over a gray old court on to the street, and the other into the

grounds full of old trees and a dense foliage that made shade every where. The old memory of my girlish school-days in the convent of Notre Dame came up as I sat at the window with grammar in lap, and saw the girls in groups or alone upon the smooth, hard graveled walks—some chatting, others romping, while here and there a pale-faced student bent over her task, as she slowly paced along, regardless of the uproar around. Oh! blessed school-days—so little appreciated while passing—so loved and dwelt upon when gone for ever! The very air grew bracing, and in the memory even, a sense of appetite only known to school life, came up.

The house, or rather palace that had been, with its grounds, was worthy of note. We were in quite a wing, and so rambling was the entire structure, that I looked over the trees at the main building, as if it belonged somewhere else; and to reach the school-room required such a threading of narrow passages—such descending and ascending of winding stairs, such opening of unexpected doors, that Christopher Columbus himself would have grown disheartened, and broken down before he had reached the nearest destination. The château had been built when the spot was quite in the country—and still the old trees, or a portion of them, stood guarded by high walls that shut out the busy

city; and of course the foundation dated far back I dare not say when—and each owner in his generation had added to the building as his taste or comfort dictated, without regard to any idea or plan of construction. Indeed, that severe sense of order which makes Doolittle at home set up a sham pump with white body, green top, and black handles on one side, to match a real article in like uniform on the other, is unknown in France. The owner of a domicile only knows that he needs a communication with some part, and the door, passage or stairway, or all three, find existence in the most violent opposition to proportion.

I was soon possessed of a wish to join the young life below, and, closing my book, attempted to descend. I found this quite a task. I selected, after shutting the door, a passage that I thought looked garden-wise, and followed, turning first one way and then another until fairly bewildered by the continuous route I seemed to be following. As is always the case when lost, I encountered no one of whom I could inquire—and at last, fairly puzzled, I paused before a door from which came the low monotonous sound, so common to school-girls when very earnestly at study. After a moment's hesitation I knocked, and to the response of "Entrez," pushed open the door. In a small three-cornered

room, almost a closet, and very plainly furnished, sat a little girl deep in a volume almost as large as herself. In response to my question, asked in very questionable French, she said:

"I speak very good English, if you please."

I should say that it was very good English, so good indeed that none but one born of several generations within the chalky cliffs could speak; but the answer was given so quietly I could not help smiling while looking at the little round-eyed creature before me. She seemed part of the furniture, so very plain and neat, clearly in keeping with the polished floor, the little iron bedstead—indeed with all the surroundings that exhibited only neatness and economy without adornment, if I may except the miniature portrait of a British officer suspended above the mantel-piece.

The little inmate of this petite apartment very cheerfully started up, and, laying aside her huge book, accompanied me, saying rather quickly that it would be of no use describing the way, we soon found ourselves at the door. Wishing to be polite, after this act of kindness, I invited her to walk with me, but she declined, and on my pressing said, no, positively—that she had left her door unlocked.

"Why," I asked, "what difference can that make?"

"Thieves," was the laconic reply. I looked in

astonishment. "Oh, you will get used to that before long," she continued, "and something worse, perhaps."

"Can it be possible madame will permit such characters in her house?" I demanded.

"Would n't have much of a school otherwise," was the comforting response. "Teachers lie, scholars steal, and all are French as they can be."

I thought this a specimen of ill-nature; so, to change the conversation, asked, "But do you never walk in the grounds, to get up an appetite, for example?"

"Have n't time, and have too much appetite—starve as it is—good-by," and away the curt little creature ran. At six o'clock we were summoned to dinner. There was no reason why the affair, so called, should be one minute before the time fixed, or any time after; it was just such as one could have at any hour, without affecting either appetite or viands; and while looking into my thin soup, and following the meager stream of courses, I began to have fearful misgivings that my little friend had presented me with rather a startling fact. This was more serious than I cared to undergo. My delicate state of health called for a generous diet, and, taking the dinner of the first day as a specimen, one could indeed be frightened. But our troubles did not terminate with the loss of dinner. Our rooms seemed

to me damp and chilly, so I ordered a fire. It created great astonishment, and some confusion. The *bonne* consulted the butler, the butler consulted Madame, and, after nearly two hours' delay, the poor woman appeared with two consumptive sticks, a handful of kindling, and, after some terrible efforts with a diminutive and wheezy little old pair of bellows, filled our rooms with smoke. The sticks would not burn, only smoked, and into the room; so I begged the domestic to cease her efforts, remove the refractory sticks, and, chilled through, Lucy and I crept into our several beds.

The next morning we awaited breakfast with a feeling of weakness and hunger quite beyond description. The meal itself was of such a character that after leaving the table I felt as unsatisfied and ill as before. We sent the *bonne* forth however with some money, and she returned with a bottle of ale, some bread and butter, and on this we breakfasted. I hurried over this impromptu under the impression that we were to be summoned to class, or receive some notification of the order of study. But we were mistaken; hour after hour went by without the slightest notice from any one. I at last addressed a note to Madame Dupont, asking some information as to the hours of study, and begging that, in consideration of my ill health, she

would favor me with a few extra dishes, for which I would very cheerfully pay. The answer was very kind and polite—referring me to the under-teachers for information as to recitations, and promising me the food I demanded without charge. To my utter astonishment I found that there was no order or fixed regulations whatever, but that the teachers, as well as a very active and authorized war between them and the scholars would permit, carried on the establishment in a very skirmishy and uncertain manner. The pupils picked at knowledge between battles.

For my dinner I brought in some ale on my own account, and the dishes prepared for me were all I could wish. But to sit among such a crowd of eager, hungry-looking faces, eating choice articles, was a task beyond my power of endurance. I compromised by sending a bottle of ale down the table—it did not return, and I forwarded a second, and then a third. It was a repast in itself—the unrestrained pleasure with which small and large received the unexpected donation. After dinner I was surprised at the appearance of my little round-eyed friend, who actually found time for a friendly visit. She came in with her quiet matter-of-course manner, and congratulated us upon our dinner.

“I thought you would find long walks quite un-

necessary to secure an appetite here. We had mustard to-day—always have an extra supply when the meat is tainted. Do you propose to supply the table with ale?”

I certainly did not, and so replied; but the thought struck me, and was evidently in her mind, that my extra dinners would be looked upon as very selfish, and of course be exceedingly unpopular. I turned to my little friend for advice. Indeed she began to interest me. Without beauty, unless her sparkling eyes could claim a portion, she had such a solemn, old way, I was puzzled in attempting to fix her age. It varied in my mind from fourteen to thirty.

“You have been in the school a long while?” I asked.

“Yes, over ten years.”

“Indeed; and remained here all the while?”

“Yes, I have no home—have no remembrance of one. I came here a child, and they tell me I am an old woman.”

“Your education must be nearly completed; you will soon leave?”

“Don’t know. I never learnt any thing until I took it up of myself. Can’t say when I will be taken away—don’t know any one to take me. But let me tell you of this eating. I have a tea-kettle,

gridiron, and a pan. I will fetch them, and you can buy and cook for yourself."

This proposition set me laughing—but it was palatable, and we sent little sprite for her culinary utensils, and invited her to take part in the enterprise. At least I assured her that her advice was necessary to secure us the supplies.

"Madame Howard, the English teacher, helps me to mine. I don't like her, however, and do not believe she will help you. But you can go out and get things for yourself."

There was something so very school-girlish in this proposition that I at once acceded to it; and we had some very amusing adventures in stocking our larder and cooking our meals. Under the pretense of walking in the morning for the benefit of health, we made grand excursions outside the barrier, and returned ladened with newly-laid eggs, fresh butter, ripe fruit, and at intervals a dressed fowl. We had no wish whatever to smuggle the taxable articles through the gates, where a guard was stationed to see that the city of Paris was not defrauded of its just revenue; but it seemed so far beneath the dignity of such a party to make an exhibit, that we passed very demurely the watchful guardians of the barriers. The trouble was not so much in procuring our eatables, as preparing them

for the table. Such proceedings were expressly forbidden, and it was astonishing what sharp noses our friends, the teachers, had. We had taught the fire to burn, and, in the cool evenings of early spring, we drew the curtains close, lighted our lamp, and heard the kettle sing low, soft music, as we partook in smothered laughs of our dear, precious, forbidden meals.

But I must not take up my entire letter with discussions on the subject of eating; although I consider it a most important feature in a boarding-school. From neglect in this respect, more diseases are grown than parents are aware of. At a time of life when the food should be plain, in plenty and wholesome, it is generally at boarding-schools of the vilest description. Madame Dupont's was a fair specimen, and, as I have said, it was scarcely possible to have more abominable fare.

We soon remarked the want of system in the establishment, and, next, the low estimate in which the under-teachers were held. Poor things, I must say they were not of a kind to command a higher. The establishment was conducted for the sole purpose of making money, in a French way. I do not object to this wish when it is managed with some regard to sense and honesty. An American Institution will attempt to realize handsomely by

sustaining a reputation for excellence—at least it will make a pretense in that direction. But the immediate sous is the thing demanded in France; and after the first disclosure no attempt is made at disguise. You pay in advance, and no effort is made to have you leave with any thing like satisfaction. You have left your money, and, from the countless throng of strangers, other victims may be found. There was a constant and bitter war between the scholars and teachers. The last were charged with being incapable and dishonorable, making up as spies what they needed as instructors. I could not blame them. They were the best to be had for the salaries paid, and did their utmost to earn their miserable stipends. The scholars were disobedient, treacherous, and cruel. As Johnson has said, the greater part of our cruelty originates in ignorance—we do not realize the pain we inflict—and children are cruel. It has made my heart ache to see the persecutions to which the poor teachers were subject. An English girl was the acknowledged leader—a naturally fine, brave, generous creature—but she was enlisted for the war, and the allies gave no quarter. Among the most suffering was the English teacher, a woman about thirty-five or forty years of age, who had yet the traces of great beauty in her face and figure, but so

marked up by care that it seemed only to increase the ill effect of the great loss. She was one of those patient, sorrowful creatures, who make the heart ache. Her face indicated any thing but strength of character. She seemed to shrink from the coarse, bitter assaults of the girls, and bore all in silence. Among her most active enemies was my little friend, who appeared absolutely to detest the poor woman—and strange, this was responded to by continued kindness. She was patient with all, but in this she returned each instance of unkindness with some pleasant act, and made presents even, that must have drawn heavily upon her miserable salary. I ventured on more than one occasion to remonstrate against this uncalled-for evidence of ugliness, but only received in reply the school-girl answer of, “I detest her—what is she always poking about me for?” and so I desisted. If education can be helped or injured by example, the education at Madame Dupont’s was in a perilous condition. The girls were treated upon the presumption that they were rogues—and listening at the key-holes, followed by unexplained punishment, with a continual life of petty deception, made up pretty much the system of the place. The scholars were promised rewards for doing their duty—and threatened with punishment for not under-

standing their instructors' caprices. I give, as specimen, an instance out of a thousand, that my readers may say whether I harshly attack the French schools or not. One of the pupils received from a former inmate of the establishment a very insulting, coarse letter. This was opened—as all letters intended for the pupils were opened and read by the principal—and afterward re-sealed and given to the child. The little thing was very much hurt, and showed it to her mother in her next visit to the school, which caused considerable excitement. The teacher was alarmed. Calling the recipient before her, she said: “It was very improper, Louise, for one to send, or you to receive this letter. And when Madame —— comes, you must say that you have not read it.”

“But I have read it,” was the naïve reply.

“My child,” said this guardian of youth, “it is proper, nay, necessary, that children should obey, without question, their superiors.”

The little girl, in presence of her instructor, said very demurely that she had not read the letter alluded to; but subsequently I heard her in the garden rating the offending party soundly for sending so impertinent a missive. She had both obeyed her teacher and her own proper impulses.

I look back at this revival of my school days

with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret. It was pleasure to be thrown with so many generous, impulsive hearts, as I found in a majority of the young ladies. And I am indignant when I remember what a perfect sham the entire concern was, looked at as a school. The children thought of nothing but their Sunday evenings, when a miniature ball or reception was enacted for the avowed purpose of instructing them in deportment. Quite unnecessary this; they, one and all, were adepts in what is considered necessary to make the ball-room attractive.

At one of these I noticed, while seated near the window, the thin, careworn, and anxious face of the English teacher looking into the room with so much earnestness that my eyes followed hers until they rested upon the little creature I have spoken of. I could not understand why the poor woman should be looking through the window, when she probably thought herself concealed, in place of joining the company, or why she should regard so intently my little friend. There was a mystery about the affair that greatly excited my curiosity; and, as I looked at her, I saw the tears gather in her eyes, and, with them glittering on the lids, she turned away.

This mystery was greatly augmented by an event

that followed nearly a month after. I was in the room of little Sophie, my energetic friend, advising with her upon the momentous question of a head-dress that was to improve her small share of beauty at some private theatricals in a neighboring school; and after the child left, feeling fatigued, I threw myself upon the bed to rest. I had lain but half an hour when a concealed door in the wall at one side of me suddenly opened, and, to my utter astonishment, the English teacher entered. In any other house, or with other persons, I should have started, or have been frightened; but as it was, I could only stare at the apparition, who evidently was not aware of my presence, for she hastily crossed the room, took from its place above the mantel the miniature and pressed it to her lips, then fell upon her knees kissing the picture, while a perfect storm of sobs and tears burst forth. My situation was exceedingly embarrassing, and I, probably, in my attempt to think of something to relieve me, would have ended in remaining quiet; but she began murmuring something that was probably improper to listen to in this manner, so, rising, I touched the poor woman upon the shoulder. She started to her feet, dropping the miniature, and for a moment stood staring at me in perfect astonishment. It was piteous to see her trembling with

fear while attempting to speak—and, without uttering a coherent expression, she ended by abruptly leaving the room.

Here was a romance in real life, and it excited my curiosity to such an extent, that I sought an opportunity to ask Madame Dupont something of the history of her English instructor. She gave it me without hesitation—indeed, with much fluency—and favored me with such eulogies and such minute particulars, that I began to suspect that she knew nothing whatever, or very little, of the subject. These suspicions were confirmed by Mademoiselle Thérèse, one of Madame Dupont's familiars, to whom I afterward appealed, favoring me with a history quite as minute, and differing in every particular. After all, I began to believe the poor creature was partially insane—and as for the concealed door, the walls were covered with them. Kate, an English pupil, gave me an instance very near my experience. After obtaining permission to pass the afternoon with a friend in the city, a violent headache actually drove her from the carriage to her room, where she locked the door, threw herself upon the bed, around which she drew the curtains with the hope of sleeping away her sickness. She was awakened from a doze by hearing the noise of drawers being opened, and, on peeping out, had the satisfac-

tion of seeing one of Madame's familiars, having entered from some unknown source, busy rummaging through her possessions.

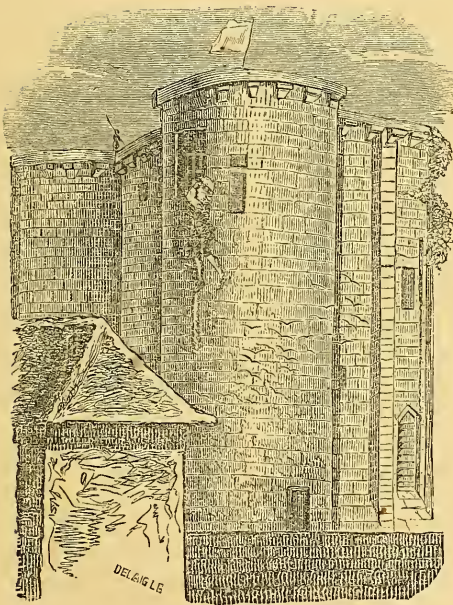
My doubts and anxieties were all resolved some weeks after the adventure, by the mysterious person herself, who entered my room while I was alone, and begged that I would not betray her; and, before I could assure her that I knew nothing, came out with the entire story. The little girl she so tenderly watched over was her own child—the miniature I had seen her kiss was that of her husband—both she had deserted, long, long before, and, as she said passionately, brought shame upon them; and now she sought only to be near without being known to her innocent child Sophie, and, by suffering and self-denial, if possible, retrieve a portion of her great sin. I assured the poor woman she had nothing to fear from me, and so we separated. My impulse was to acquaint Sophie with the fact—at least make some effort to have her regard the unknown mother with more kindness. This last I succeeded to some extent in accomplishing, and would have brought about the first—for I think however bad a mother may be, she will not have her child so, and under all circumstances is its best friend and protector. But while hesitating upon so important a move the

time limited for my stay expired, and I had no wish to protract it. Indeed, had not the quarter been paid for in advance, my residence would have been still more brief; as it was, the bill of extras presented on our departure was peculiarly French and dishonest. So we parted, leaving the actors to live out their romance without interference. I learned subsequently that Sophie had been recalled to England, and the teacher of English disappeared also. Whether to follow unseen her innocent child, or again to separate, I do not know, and probably never will.

You must not suppose, my dear friend, that I have taken my own feelings, and my own little experience, as a guide to my pen in these strictures on French schools. The institution I tried is pronounced one of the best in Paris, while the observation and experience of all I have met, who express themselves on this subject, sustain my own. From them all I must except that of Mrs. ———, an English lady, who really seeks to make her institution what it purports to be—a thorough system of education, with all the advantages an honest effort can accomplish, with the benefits arising from its position in Paris.

XXIII.

The Old Prison.



Y visiting the Arch of Triumph and the fine Column in The Place Vendôme, regularly, one can see a discontented member of French society commit suicide. The use of some court favor, and

a small consideration, properly placed, will gain you admittance to an execution. The Morgue is open

at all hours, and free to any wishing to see how distressed humanity turns up again. But the prisons of Paris are difficult of access. I have made various efforts, given some money and no little persuasion, but to no purpose. This is to be regretted. The largest and most interesting portion of French history pours through the vaulted passages and dim cells of these massive and silent friends of despotism—and my peculiar mind always needs the frame-work, as it were, to call up again before me the vivid pictures of the past. I have always regretted the folly of the mob that caused the destruction of the Bastille. That strange and ugly witness against cruel rulers should have been left to tell all future time the heartlessness of tyrants, and the justice of the Revolution. The darker deeds of Government should be left as witnesses, and the light, graceful, and fascinating evidences swept away. The people should have destroyed the Louvre, burned the Tuileries, and, after them, every palace in France—but left the prisons, gibbets, and instruments of torture, for their children's children to shudder at. I, however, regret the Bastille. Its historical associations make it something in my mind. I should like to walk through its somber passages, sit in its darker cells, and picture to myself the hundreds of authors, artists,

philosophers, courtiers, and soldiers, who had fretted day after day within its heavy walls.

Near Rue Bonaparte, in one of the dark courts made by old buildings of various shapes, but all high and weather-stained, stands an old prison which we had often gazed at with much interest. Every thing about it pertained to a former age. The long narrow windows, the arched door-ways, and, above all, the round projections at the corners, gave evidence of a time when the place was not only a prison, but often a garrison: Every few years the houses in the neighborhood are scraped, and to a certain extent repaired; but the old prison, like a place accursed, is neglected, and the dark stains of years gather and thicken upon its walls—while on the slates grow in corners the green moss—all giving a somber expression, as if, like a human head, the old house had thoughts and memories which wrote readable characters upon the countenance.

I had an intense desire to walk through and see the interior of this relic—but the sentinel who paced slowly to and fro before the entrance gave me to understand, very clearly, that such excursions were forbidden. One day, however, we made again an attempt—the sentinel shook his stupid head, and we were about turning away, when an officer, who

had witnessed the scene, stepped forward, and after a brief talk, politely invited us to enter. The invitation was as surprising as our request, but we followed, and were placed under the supervision of an old woman, the ordinary conductor on such occasions, and were soon staring intensely at the murky interior. We ascended a few steps, traversed a long, narrow, dim hall, from which opened low arched doors, and were shown room upon room, small, dark, and unwholesome, where humanity must have pined slowly, for the building was constructed before Christianity had taught the art of ventilation—to say nothing of the further care and comfort of the unfortunate. As I gazed at the heavy walls, the double-barred windows, the thick oak and well-ironed doors, I wondered at the care taken to keep a few miserable wretches shut out from liberty and sunlight, and asked had any ever escaped? We were in a small apartment lit by a single, narrow window heavily ironed, when I asked this question, more to myself than aloud—when the old woman nodded her head affirmatively, and pointed to a name, deeply engraved in a very rude manner, near the fire-place. After some study, I made out to reach the name of “Philip Comte de Villeneuve.” Another name was evidently engraved below, but so filled up and worn by time we could

not make it out. The old concierge seeing my attempt, said briefly, "Louise Bertole." I asked if she knew any thing of the history connected with these two names, but the answer was incomprehensible—something in reference to a book—so I dropped the subject; but as she passed the little room, serving her probably as a bed-chamber, but formerly an office to the prison, she ran in and returned with an old book, a little torn, and a good deal smoked, called the "Prisons of Paris," and, opening, pointed to the page where began the history and incidents connected with the building we had just examined. Of course I purchased this addition to an eccentric library, and was soon deep in the subject of our prison. A portion of this relating to the names I have mentioned is here given, translated well as one can translate not the best French in the world.

Count Philip de Villeneuve was the admirable Crichton of his day—young, handsome, and rich, his accomplishments were without limit, as his courage was beyond question. All concurred—save Cardinal Mazarin, who was jealous, and old Gen. Hubre, who was stupid—in believing that were Philip to turn his attention to some serious pursuit, he would be famous in the world. But the careless youth was given up to pleasure, and did he for

a short time devote himself to study or work, it was in quest of some trifle, unworthy the exertion. Philip was liked and admired by the Queen Mother, and of course hated by the Cardinal. It was not a safe or pleasant thing to be hated by the Cardinal. Secretly married to Anne of Austria, the Queen Mother, he had the government under his control, and made all suffer who crossed, or was believed to have crossed his path. Sprung from a low origin, he felt ill at ease in the presence of gentlemen; having struggled slowly into place, he never felt secure, and was for ever anticipating trouble. Villeneuve was a gentleman, and admired by the Queen. The Cardinal hated him for the one, and feared him for the other. He was a doomed man, only waiting for an overt act to justify his ruin. It came after awhile.

That the wily statesman had secured his position by secretly marrying Anne of Austria is now admitted as an historical fact. Be that as it may, certain it was that almost at any moment he could claim an audience with her Majesty, and gain admittance to her presence in a manner quite unknown to the great majority of the court. The gardens of the Palais Royale lay between the apartments of the Cardinal and the residence of the Queen Mother. They were exclusively appropriated

to the latter; and one night, when the statesman was returning through them to his rooms, he found to his consternation he had lost or forgotten the key to the secret panel that would admit him to his apartments. Here was a dilemma. He dare not return—he dare not call for assistance. It was a chill evening in December, with the rain descending in thick, penetrating mists, that made way through garments nowise fitted for a night in the open air. The cunning Cardinal was sorely puzzled. He clenched his hands in very vexation. He walked hastily to and fro to warm up his already chilling blood. He turned over and over various suggestions, but none were practical. He must do something or freeze. A high fence of iron railings crossed the gardens where now stands the gallery erected by Louis Philippe, to swell with rents the private coffers of the state—and, seeking the corner farthest from the sentry, the dignitary attempted to climb. By the aid of a small tree and a window-shutter, he gained the top, but, although said to be excellent at climbing, politically speaking, he made a bad business of this; for when he found himself on the points of the railing, it was with so little strength left, that he missed his hold, and, but for his gown catching upon the points, would have tumbled to the ground. As it was, he hung

dangling between heaven and earth—without grace, comfort, or dignity. The Cardinal shouted lustily, and the two sentries ran to his assistance—not precisely to his assistance, for they believed him a thief—and one placed himself on guard, while the other ran for aid. The sentinel, to amuse himself, asked numerous impertinent questions, and, to hasten the replies, poked the unfortunate with his musket. In vain the poor man asserted his position—the stupid fellow only laughed the more, and asked his highness “how he found the Queen’s kitchen,” and other questions equally absurd, such as whether he was taking a lesson in hanging, so as to be ready for the halter. The return of the soldiers, with an officer and guard, relieved his excellency from his painful and awkward position.

Of course so startling an adventure could not be suppressed. It was whispered, with much exaggeration, from salon to salon, and at last shaped itself into an epigram, which the delicacy of the French language, and yet more the delicacy of my own, will not permit me to translate. It is sufficient to say that it was very pointed—enough so to cause the shrewd Italian to trace it to its author, the Count Philip de Villeneuve. The sufferer was too wise to make an example avowedly of the author; that would be making bad worse; and Philip was seized

on a charge of high treason, and hurried to the Bastille. He took the proceeding with his accustomed grace and gentlemanly indifference. On being conducted to his cell he at first complained of its accommodations—but immediately added that it was quite well enough for his brief stay. “Monsieur le Comte relies upon his influence at court,” said the Governor, who accompanied him to his cell. “By no means,” coldly replied the Count; “I shall escape.” The only answer to this was a smile of derision. But sure enough, the prisoner did escape. It was the simplest thing in the world. He purchased a disguise of a guardian from one of the guards—and pretending madness, would throw his books, or stool, or pitcher at the turnkey, when he came in the evening with his dinner. It was a very disagreeable procedure for the keeper to have to jump out of the way of articles flying by so fiercely and irregular—and accordingly the little ceremonies were hurried through briefly as possible. One evening he found the Count asleep, and, not caring to awaken so troublesome a gentleman, he placed the meal upon the table and hastened away. It was not necessary to take any precaution. A great deal of noise would not have disturbed the occupant of the bed. In fact the Count had placed there a very bad imitation of

himself, and, standing in the shadow of the door, quietly walked out with the keeper, who of course mistook him for one of the guard. He continued a short time with them—dropped behind and turned into the first passage, and, by the aid of a little money and much self-possession, soon found himself outside of the hated prison.

One would suppose, after this, the Count would have concealed himself, or at least have avoided observation until his friends at court could have secured a pardon. He did no such thing—but returned to his hotel—donned his best apparel, and, after a hearty dinner, drove to the palace, where the astonished Mazarin found him gayly chatting with his friends, as if nothing had occurred. Mazarin was not of course in the best humor; he attributed this audacity to the interference of the Queen Mother, and his venomous little nature was aroused. That night the Count was re-arrested and returned to the Bastille before the wonder-stricken Governor had discovered the trick that had been played upon him.

The Count was placed in a room considered the most secure in the prison. It was in one of the towers, and, while almost cut off from the main body of the building, was at such a great height that no communication could be had from without. The Governor said, ironically, "that he hoped the Count

would find the apartment sufficiently to his taste to remain in it?" "By no means," was the reply, "I shall escape." This was considered absurd, and so treated. And really the brave gentleman was puzzled. A large number of guards—a great quantity of huge doors were between him and the entrance—and one could not fly—at least the attempt would as likely free one from earth as from prison. Fortunately, his friends kept him supplied with money from his estates, and he set about corrupting the guard. But one came near him, a grim old Cerberus, with as much wickedness and cruelty in his one head as that celebrated dog could possibly have in three. The first approaches were slow and painful. The overtures were rejected with threats; but the Count persevered. The enemy yielded slowly. At first he lent only an ear to the proposals—then he received money, and the sums grew larger and were given more frequently, as various evidences appeared of willingness to assist. He secured a file to remove the bars from his window, and lastly a rope by which to descend into the moat below. Once or twice the Count's suspicions were aroused. The man was too ready. He even went so far as to assist in removing the iron bars which crossed the window. But why hesitate—why suspect or quar-

rel with the only chance of escape? He put aside his suspicions, and carefully hid his rope, waiting patiently for a night sufficiently dark to attempt the dizzy feat. It came at last, a night of storm—the rain was dashed by strong winds against the casement, and the old towers murmured as if holding talk with the genius of the tempest. Nothing daunted, the brave young man pulled away the bars—fastened the rope, and gave himself without hesitation to the perilous descent. The winds blew with a force that made him vibrate to and fro, in a manner greatly to increase the labor of the task. He swung from side to side, striking against the projections of the building with a violence at times almost sufficient to make him lose his firm grasp upon the cord. He persevered, reaching at last with much pain and peril the end of the rope, but, to his astonishment, not the water. His first impulse was to let himself drop, thinking the distance not great; but a second's thought made him hesitate, and well it was that he did. A vivid flash of lightning exhibited the terrible fact that he was swinging half-way between his window and the ground. The treason—the cruel trap was but too evident. To let himself fall would be certain death—and yet he could not continue clinging in the storm to the cord; his remaining strength would

soon be exhausted. He determined to return. With desperate efforts he clambered a short distance up the rope, and, holding by his teeth and one hand, with the other he passed the end of the rope around his leg in such a manner as to afford him a support—and loosening his wearied grasp he gathered breath and strength for his new efforts.

As the Count swung, resting upon the narrow cord, the storm swept by, but the wind continued, and the stars twinkled in the blue depths, which the many lights of the vast city seemed reflecting. One little life in that vast multitude—one little existence in the immensity of space—appeared scarcely worth struggling to preserve; yet to the young man, whose brave heart never faltered, the multitude below, and the very stars above, seemed only secondary to himself. The sublime egotism of heroic character nerved him to the contest, and he commenced his painful ascent. Slowly he strove, gaining little by little, until the window ledge was within his grasp—by a terrible and last effort he gained this, drew himself in, and fell exhausted upon his bed. He did not despair; but from the very mouth of a treacherous defeat won his victory. Seizing cloak and hat he threw them from the window, and, in the dim light of coming day, had the satisfaction of seeing them floating in the moat below; he then

concealed himself, waiting patiently for the approach of his cruel jailer. He came at last, opened the door, and uttered an exclamation of delight on seeing the bars removed, and the cord yet hanging from the window. He gave but one glance at the cloak and hat swimming below, and hastened away to announce the death of their troublesome prisoner. In his hurry he left unlocked the prison-door, and Philip was quick to follow. In the hall he found a number of tools, left the night before by a workman employed on some repairs. He seized a hammer, followed with a quick, light step, the treacherous keeper, and at the first door he stopped to unlock, felled him to the floor. It was so sudden and fierce, that the man fell like a log. Philip seized the keys, unlocked the door, and, after shutting and locking it behind him, fled swiftly along the deserted hall. He encountered many other doors, history tells us, and several domestics; but by his wit and impudence passed them all, to find himself once more beyond the walls of his hated prison.

One would suppose, now at least after this narrow escape from death, he would make some effort to escape the hands of enemies so unrelenting. By no manner of means—the very night of his escape he appeared as usual at the palace. One can but suspect, after all, while reading from this true history

the Count Philip's pertinacity in courting the vengeance of the Cardinal, that he had, or believed that he had, some influence in the quarter suspected by his powerful enemy. Be that as it may—he was immediately seized upon by the guards under command of “this shade of Richelieu,” and the shade set about thinking of some disposition other than the Bastille afforded. The weak imitator of a great man regarded the Bastille as a State prison, subject to the interference, if not under the control of others than himself, and had, on that account, what he called his “petite maison,” entirely subject to his tyrannical and somewhat capricious will. To this, Count Philip was consigned, with orders to place him in the best-secured apartment, and, under penalty of death, suffer no escape. To the adventurous young man the prospect was not cheering. He found himself in a low, arched chamber, into which the light struggled dimly from a long, narrow window heavily barred. Into this he had been brought blind-folded, traversing many passages—hearing numerous doors open and shut for him, and, being fairly bewildered by the many turns he was forced to make. He seemed, indeed, introduced to his tomb. With a heavy heart he turned from the material obstacles to the human. He turned at first from the glance with horror

His keeper was a woman—a deformed woman. Indeed the responsible guardians of this prison were an old soldier and his daughter. The man, a wreck of former strength eminently developed, had but one arm, and was lame. The daughter, as I said, was deformed. I can not give, as the French author has, a minute description of this ill-looking person. An injury to the spine, when young, had destroyed all symmetry of figure, and nothing but the head remained to testify to the beauty so cruelly destroyed. Could that head have been separated from its fearful support, it would have appeared the head of a Madonna. But placed as it was, it seemed to add to the deformity. The great quantity of silken black hair fell over a complexion of startling purity—and large lustrous eyes lit up a face, so exquisitely regular, so delicate, so expressive, that a sculptor might give a life of ideal effort for this—our reality. But, alas! this head of an angel was chained down to the body of a fiend, was indeed its exponent, and exhibited but expressions angry, impatient, or painful. The heart born to be full of sympathies—kind as the spring, generous as the day—had been locked up in its loathsome prison-house; and like a plant shut out from light, wilted into a living death. But I write in advance of my story. Day after day went by,

and Philip's active intellect found no means of escape. No one approached him save this woman, with the domestics; and she stood silent, with keys in hand, while he ate his meals, and they arranged his cell. This ended, she followed them out, giving one or two searching glances to the interior as she went. He was, indeed, well guarded—the only important prisoner, he had the undivided attention of an honest, stout, old soldier, aided by the vigilance of a morbidly sharpened intellect, and stimulated by the hope of reward if successful in keeping the prisoner, and the certainty of death if he failed. Philip's was not a spirit to despair. He said to himself, "Why, this is a woman; I will appeal to her feelings. I will make love to her." The first interview after this resolution made him start back from his own hidden purpose—so hideous in person—so cold and sarcastic in expression. But it was necessary, and he accordingly approached cautiously his victim. So clear a head—so shrewd an intellect would suspect at once the design of approaches too hastily made. There was no reasonable motive to which to appeal—nothing natural to rest upon. I wish I had the space to follow the French author in his history of this affair—in his cold anatomy of the being he had selected to dissect. The poor heart, imprisoned in its fearful

tomb, was yet human; the strong, yet unrecognized, unacknowledged longing for human sympathy—that great principle of life that moves and controls all our actions—there had its growth, morbidly perhaps—like a plant deprived of light—yet positive and strong. It is hard to know the fact that one created to love and be loved saw the world shrink away; the very child start from the offered caress, and no recognition given but of horror and disgust; walked alone in crowds, and could die unlamented. For even the father, rough old soldier as he was, saw only a deformed child where he had hoped for comfort in loveliness, and forgot that although the beauty was gone, feeling remained. The soul thus shunned turned upon the world, and gave harshness for harshness. The winter freezes the surface of the stream, yet the water runs fresh below; and so Philip found beneath the hard exterior the quick throbbings of loving humanity. “You should not treat me so harshly, but rather let us be friends. We are enough alike. I am buried here for life, and you also. Come, let us make things pleasant.” The answer was an impatient one—but, nothing daunted, he continued. As I said, I have not the patience to follow with the French historian, step by step, this strange affair. The many approaches—the many repulses—yet still patient,

persevering, ever kind and sad in appeals to a heart that was at last awakened to a sense of its own impulses—to its own power. No great boon suddenly bestowed—no gift of light to the born blind—no draught of water to the famished traveler—no cry of a first-born babe falling upon a mother's ear, ever gave half the delight, the intense enjoyment, as did the first utterings of sympathy and affection to this poor, forlorn, outcast of humanity. Her hard, harsh nature softened and changed. To her, as if by magic, changed the world—all things grew beautiful—life had an object, the earth a heaven. Such natures will not be trampled or imposed upon. Philip conceived his plans, and made his approaches in intense selfish hypocrisy. He pretended kindness when he felt only disgust—he sought to awaken affection only for the purpose of betraying it. But all this gradually changed when he found himself fascinated by a clear, subtle intellect, approaching almost genius, and stored with treasures to which his own could make no pretense. The mind, turned upon itself, had not been idle. The books she had devoured—the poetry she had treasured up—the sciences she had mastered, were all spread before him. The dim, ugly, little cell gradually changed to the closet of a student. Philip found himself supplied with books, pen, ink, paper, and a lamp,

things denied to him before, and the comforts, even luxuries to which he had been accustomed. These were much, but nothing to the charm—the fascination of the strange being accident had brought him in contact with. And she became less and less repulsive as the attractions of her mind grew upon his likings. Week after week, month after month, passed away, and, lost in study, lost in the interest of other and higher things, Philip forgot his projected escape. New desires, new hopes of purer ambition took possession of his fine nature, and he looked back with astonishment at the idle life of stupid dissipation he had passed. Under the teachings, at least under the influence of the weird creature he had sought to use, his nature was realizing its own strength and high destiny.

What would have been the result of this had it continued as it commenced, we can not say. But a new fact came to change the current of events. Accustomed to an active out-door life, the close, badly-ventilated cell began in time to exercise a pernicious influence upon his health. He slowly wore away, losing appetite and spirits. His respiration seemed impeded, and a subtle fever the greater part of the time seemed to be consuming him. All this was seen with intense anguish by Louise. She nursed, encouraged, and prescribed

for him, as she would for a child. But it was of no avail. The prison-fever had taken possession of its victim, and was not to be baffled or destroyed. "Ah me!" she said in her soft, low voice to him one night as the lamp-light fell upon his sunken cheeks and ghostly eyes,—“You will die here, Philip—you are dying;” and her words seemed struggling up through tears; “but no, you shall not perish here—you want air, exercise—pure air.”

She hastily left the room, but in a few minutes returned, bidding Philip follow her. He did so, slowly threading the intricate passages, and opening door after door, until at last they stood upon the threshold—the stars glittering above, and the free, cold air came dashing against their faces. Philip was almost giddy with delight—like a very child he almost shouted in the sense of exquisite enjoyment. A second's thought brought the reality to him, and he turned to his guide. “Go,” she said, “be free, be happy.” “But you?” he asked. “Have no thought of me—or if you do, only as a prison dream, having no existence.” “But you will be punished for this—and your father——.” The poor girl started, yet said nothing. “No,” continued Philip, “to leave in this way will be the act only of a coward—let us return—return to our books—and laugh at the Cardinal, brigand that he is. Let

us return, and be philosophers. I will tell you how deformed bodies have fair and truthful souls—and deceitful, crooked, cruel souls are hid in beautiful bodies. Let us return and mock them all—we will be happy in spite of Lord Cardinals and forgetful Queens.” But the persuasive words had no effect. She had evidently determined upon securing his release, whatever the consequences might be; and after some hesitation Philip, feeling this, and above all, seduced by the exquisite sense of freedom, acting upon a nature made yet more sensitive by ill health, said:

“I must go, but will not desert you. I will see my friends, find means by which you can be saved, and return to my cell.” He stooped, imprinted a kiss upon the forehead of his poor little liberator, and in a second had disappeared. She was alone; and from the silent street she looked up through blinding tears to the stars, as if searching for the happiness so lately fled, and then slowly entered the prison. Many and many a poor wretch had beat out against those dreary walls his miserable existence—but never before had the prison been such a prison as that moment when receiving its keeper.

Philip returned, but not as he had promised. The

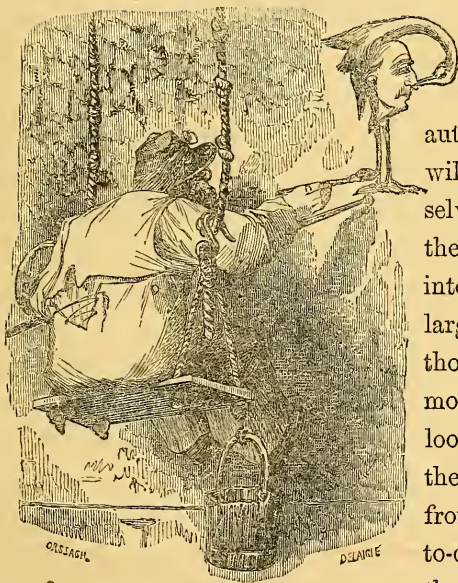
fever he carried away gathered sufficient strength to prostrate him upon his bed, where, protected and concealed by his friends, many days were lost—a sad loss indeed. The first efforts in returning consciousness was inquiry as to his poor friend, and the information was of such a nature that, regardless of advice and entreaties, he hastened, ill as he was, first to the Queen Mother and then to the Old Prison. He returned too late—the vengeance of the Cardinal had been swift. I hasten over the fearful scenes so minutely described in the book, in which poor Louise Bertole realized her cruel destiny—and saw not only her own fearful end, but that of her old father. It was a chill, dark morning, with the rain falling in thick mists, when Philip staggered from his carriage to see a scaffold in the court-yard, and, on a rude table in the little office, two forms covered by a sheet—the peculiar outline of which but too plainly indicating the dead beneath.

Philip never returned to prison. The interference of high personages in his behalf, and subsequently the death of the Cardinal, restored him to liberty, but never to his former self. All were surprised at the sober, thoughtful man, who, from a reckless courtier, became a student and a philosopher. This

is the little romance of the "Old Prison," and let all who visit Paris procure the book, with its rude details, and, under the shadow of the frowning witness to their truth, read to the sorrowful end.

XXIV.

Authors and Artists.



POLITICAL events, things in which the authors of France will interest themselves, have had the effect to throw into exile the larger number of those a stranger most desires to look upon. Of the great names from which the to-day's history of the people will be

suspended, very few remain in Paris—their beloved Paris; the rest are wandering over the earth, suffering outcasts. The men who will be

remembered as only the undying dead are remembered, live in obscure alleys, miserable garrets, and gain a doubtful livelihood by teaching French, music, fencing, and, even by hard manual labor in alien places.

Lamartine is yet in Paris, with brain-driven fingers striving night and day to clear off debts his little experiment at statesmanship brought him. Through the kindness of our excellent consul, Mr. McRae, we had the pleasure of a presentation to the great man, shortly after taking up our residence in Paris. The interview was enough common-place—he looked upon us only as some of the many curious Americans who break into his room for an intense stare at one whose name once rung over the wide earth. Well, I do not say but what the past statesman was very right—such was our motive and conduct.

His receptions were at an early hour, and we drove from Mr. McRae's residence immediately after dinner—that is, half-past eight or thereabouts. Pulling up in front of a huge house in the Rue Ville Eveque, we found the porte cochere open, and, hanging upon the arm of our pleasant introducer, we led the way to the Rez de Chaussee, passing through first a conservatory filled with plants, more or less in flower, to the entrance where a solemn-looking domestic threw open the door with a pre-

tended announcement of our names. M. Lamartine rose to meet us, and I was absolutely startled by his resemblance to Henry Clay—a handsome edition of Henry Clay—Henry Clay revised and improved, but yet in expression, almost in feature, in every movement, Henry Clay.

We were presented to Madame Lamartine and several present, whose names I have entirely forgotten. The room was very small, with the walls entirely covered by paintings from the hand of Madame Lamartine, and giving undoubted evidences of genius in that line. As I said, our interview was without any striking event or word worthy of record. Lamartine looked wearied to death, and expressed himself ill, from fever and hard work. Poor man, the sea of debt he had to encounter was appalling. He began one year since with 300,000 francs before him, and nothing but that never-resting brain to blot it out—nothing to lift it but the delicate pen. Happily his writings are popular, and he has only to exhibit the title-page of any effort to find it a check on abundance. The amount in this way has been reduced to 50,000 francs.

This visit to Lamartine, with an accidental encounter with Dumas, makes up the extent of our literary lion-seeing in Paris. We were walking along the Boulevards, near Rue Lafitte, one day,

when this last-named romance-writer passed us. I knew him by the many prints and portraits in circulation, and we all turned for a hearty stare. He passed at a brisk walk, worthy the man who spins off such volumes in so short a time. He was on his way to an open carriage, in which were several gentlemen waiting to speak to him; and we paused, D. asserting that if Monte Cristo came back near us he intended addressing him. The Monte Cristo did return, and D. in the most natural manner asked the direction to an adjoining street. The quick, restless eyes of the giant-killer took us all in at a glance, and then rattled out the direction very much in the same style with which he wrote the *Three Mousquetaires*. Then the author of a hundred romances, having indulged in one truth, went on. I watched the rapidly-vanishing phenomenon. I saw the hundred volumes yet to come ascend the steps of *Café de Paris*, and the coat-tail of the fabulous, world-renowned romancer vibrating as it disappeared.

Out of the almost hundreds of famous authors in and about Paris, to have one's observations confined to an evening with Lamartine, and a glance at Dumas, is a fact by no manner of means pleasant to admit. Yet such it is; the curiosity soon wears away when one is in the world of wonders; not

only is this true in reference to authors, but every day I find myself passing famous places with scarcely a thought for them.

D., who had seized Lamennais' books, and spelled through them soon as he could understand a dozen words, was ever promising himself, with enthusiasm, great pleasure in an acquaintance, when his knowledge of the language would permit a free intercourse. Before that day came the large-headed and simple-hearted philosopher folded his cloak about him and laid down to die—as the good only die. We determined to assist at his funeral, and, unaware of an order issued by the police, set out for his residence.

It was a beautiful day. The sun poured its clear light over steeple, dome, and river, where the busy thousands wended their many ways—and a confused murmur, like a half-suppressed prayer, went up from the mighty city. We passed the Madeleine, and saw the front draped in immense festoons of black velvet, and the stupid idea entered our minds that perhaps the government was doing honor to one of the "kings of thought." Alas! no. It was some famous nobody for whom the cannon boomed, and plumes nodded, and vast ranks of glittering soldiery lined the wide thoroughfare, keeping back the staring crowds.

We left the heavy Madeleine suffering in the sunlight from its pomp of woe, and soon gained Rue ———, late the residence of Lamennais, before which a few carriages and a small crowd were gathered. He had, in his last illness, requested that no priest should trouble him, so no ceremonies were observed in his burial. The crowd was not so great that we experienced much trouble in making our way through. But we were surprised at the appearance of the military, who here and there red-dotted the little throng.

We ascended the steep, narrow stairs, to the apartments so lately occupied by the great author. Every thing exhibited neatness and order, but no wealth or luxury. The library of well-used books—I picked up a volume and saw the margin covered with penciled notes—the desk with pen and ink—the arm-chair—all were so many mute witnesses of the busy brain now stilled for ever. I felt strangely grieved, as if I were witnessing an indignity offered to the mighty dead. Having just passed the Madeleine, where the great organ roared as if in response to the mouthing cannon, and one saw the glitter of arms among the lace stole of priests as power stooped in the mockery of woe over unworthy humanity—and to see here the almost secret manner in which the purest and noblest of his kind was

being placed in his last resting-place! But the worst was yet to come.

The hearse had received its tenant, the family placed in the one mourning coach, and the crowd, numbering not more than three or four hundred, were about forming into a procession to follow in respectful silence the remains of one so loved—when a gend'arme suddenly threw himself between them and the hearse exclaiming, "What are you doing here—allez vous en?"

There was something so insolent in manner and tone, that I find it impossible to translate, or put on paper, the insult. The company crowded back perfectly astounded—the greater number certainly students and artists, and I doubt whether so grievous an outrage could have been offered to other than bookmen. Several cries of "shame" were heard, but the little procession broke up, and these followed the hearse at a distance, which now, to our disgust and astonishment, began to move in indecent haste. We returned heart-sick to our home, but learned afterward that twice on its route the attempt to re-form in procession was in like manner broken up, and even at the gates of the grave-yard, so generally open to all, a guard prevented any but the members of the family to enter. I make no comments upon this—it needs none.

I have seen a great deal of Mr. Vattemare, the originator of the "international exchange of books," who has done so much for the support of our libraries and the general diffusion of useful knowledge in the United States. He is a very entertaining gentleman, and so kind to Americans visiting Paris that he might well be made, as he is now considered, our resident representative. The greatest benefit Mr. Vattemare could now do to international library exchanges would be to give us a history of his own times as seen both by Mr. Alexander and Mr. Vattemare.

And this was my first year's literary experience in Paris. I might as well have passed the same time in West Liberty, Ohio. Yet I would give all the stone monuments of this beautiful city for an interview with minds yet more monumental, who pass away, leaving only the shadow of themselves behind; for no one, whatever may be his or her genius, leaves a work approaching the work designed—but only evidence of what might have been done were the means of doing only more perfect. To converse, to look upon genius, is to see the living spirit, while its work only gives the inanimate body—the dry bones. What great tragedies have lived in the soul and beamed from the eyes of Shakspeare, never reduced to paper! What nim-

ble wit, what mirth-provoking humors, defying words, have been born at their tavern dinners when Ben Johnson presided, that there exhaled never to be heard again!

With artists I was more fortunate, and to Healy, Rossiter, Walcutt, Cranch, Powers, and May, I owe much—more indeed than my poor words can well express. The society they made up of gentle, refined, intelligent men, with the frequent reunions at rooms where every day saw some new creation—evidences of continued effort by those destined to leave their mark upon the age—have given me some of the sunniest hours in Paris. There is no place so delightful to me as the atelier of the artist. Exhibition-rooms can give me no such pleasure as the narrow dim-lit walls on which are caught the many thoughts of genius half expressed—only sketched at or finished, while all the time you hear the talk of the gifted creator.

No one has made more progress within the limit of my recollection than Mr. Healy. He has been devoting himself almost exclusively to portrait-painting, but such portraits are pictures in the next generation. Like Stuart, they will be precious, long after the originals have passed from human knowledge. I hold this to be a very high work of art—indeed the truest historical painting, when the char-

acter by a few touches of the brush is fixed for ever on the canvas. It was feeling this power in himself that made Mr. Healy select as an historical picture a subject that yet had the living heads from which to gather the event. On this account his great effort of Webster replying to Hayne must grow more valuable as it gets in age. The cluster of eminent statesmen who have by their intellect and eloquence marked our age, are all there, undying in their calm show of strength, which the artist has so quietly given us. For in an exhibit of a scene such as this, all unnatural efforts at theatrical display would be in bad taste. If we could only lift the curtain and look in upon the reality, when some great event is being enacted, we should be content. Mr. Healy has lifted the curtain, and fixed the startling fact before us. As I said before, each portrait on Mr. Healy's easel is an historical painting, remarkable first as a likeness, then precious as a picture; and, in devoting himself to this line, by his genius and industry, bids fair to be the most remarkable living.

In passing from Mr. Healy to Rossiter, I go from the historical to the purely fanciful. The heads of the two artists themselves would tell the difference. I can not remember the last-named gentleman's beautiful efforts without his fine head com-

ing in between and through it seeing the picture. Mr. Rossiter, too, has been a hard student, and his many efforts returned to the United States attest his success. I am sorry to say that some of the finest were painted and shipped while I was idling away the summer in Italy. But he is not one to be content with what he has completed.

In no atelier have I passed more and pleasanter hours than in that of Mr. Walcutt. Indeed it could not be otherwise, for with a generous enthusiasm, quite beyond my poor thanks, he was continually throwing off illustrations of my own thoughts. With Mr. Walcutt's quick and graceful pencil, Bell Smith is in a fair way of being an illumination.

I am more and more satisfied that no American artist should leave his native shores, as a student in Europe, until he has established a style for himself, and gone far toward exhausting the nature so bountiful around him. When Cole was asked in what school he studied, he replied in that of the Juniata. In such schools must the great national one be built, and not by base imitations of exhausted originals.

Mr. Healy, looking over my shoulder while I write this, with one of his pencils, says all wrong. Well he is the better judge, so I will say no more

—but will patiently let him transfer your servant to canvas, while Lucy reads us “Hard Times.” Blessed Dickens! with one brush of his pen he has wiped out a whole race of stinging bumblebees. The Bounderbys, the droning, eternal boasting self-made men—the boring, agonizing “I’s,” who never have done with that one story of “I did—I have done.”

THE END.







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